

**DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

2

451

Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 06 nP. will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

[illegible]

THE LIFE OF
WASHINGTON IRVING

VOLUME I



WASHINGTON IRVING, *act c.* 37
After the painting (1820), by Gilbert Stuart Newton.
(Courtesy of A. Duer Irving, New York City)

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING

BY
STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
IN YALE UNIVERSITY

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

1935

COPYRIGHT, 1935, BY
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK, INC.

*All rights reserved The reprinting of
this book in whole or part without
the Publisher's permission is forbidden*

FIRST EDITION

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To the Memory of
MY FATHER

PREFACE

THIS biography is based upon printed records concerning Irving and also upon collections of manuscripts in his handwriting. These are scattered throughout Europe and America in libraries and in the hands of private persons. Whenever possible, all facts and quotations have been derived from the original manuscripts, whether published or unpublished. To evaluate these collections is difficult, for a single letter in a small Spanish town may exceed in biographical and critical interest extensive documents in a large American library, but the important assemblies of Irvingiana may be named in the following order: the Seligman and George S. Hellman Collections in the New York Public Library; the collection in the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University; the collection in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California; the collection (recently sold) of the late Dr. Roderick Terry, of Newport, Rhode Island. In addition, manuscripts have been discovered in almost every section of America, in private and public libraries and historical societies, and also in such diverse places as London, Paris, Nantes, Berlin, and Seville.

Irving's manuscripts consist of journals, notebooks (common-place books, travel notes, memoranda for his writing), letters, and texts, original and revised, for his published books.* His extant journals include all or parts of the following years: 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1815, 1816, 1818, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1832, 1833, 1842. His extant notebooks are concerned with the years 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1815, 1817, 1818, 1821, 1825, 1828, 1829, 1835. Some of the notebooks (1805, 1810, 1817, 1828, 1829) contain dated entries and were evidently used by Irving for brief periods as journals. All these items are in the New York Public Library except the following: Journal, 1803 (Mrs. Sheldon Tilney, New York City); Journal,

* For detailed descriptions and for the precise limits of specific journals, notebooks, and letters, see in the present work, *passim*. See also *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, May, 1920, pp. [275]-279; *The Seligman Collection of Irvingiana* (New York, 1926); and *The Hellman Collection of Irvingiana* (New York, 1929).

1823-1824 (the late Dr. Roderick Terry); Notebook, 1805 (W. F. Clarke, Scarsdale, New York); Notebook, 1810 (Yale University); Notebook, 1817, Tour in Scotland (Preston Davie, Tuxedo Park, New York); Notebook, 1817, Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c. (Yale University); Notebook, 1821 (Mrs. Louis Dupont Irving, Sunnyside, Tarrytown, New York); Notebook, 1828 (W. T. H. Howe, Cincinnati); Notebook, 1829 (Yale University). Despite the fact that certain years were omitted by Irving, and that some of the volumes have, presumably, not survived, the journal has been cited as a continuous series. The location of each volume has been noted at its first mention in each chapter, and the same principle has been employed in the first mention of every notebook, letter, or text. In the notes of this biography, at the end of each volume, will be found, therefore, a reasonably complete, though unsynthesized, census of Irving's manuscripts. This statement does not apply to Irving's texts, which have been widely scattered, and which often, as in the case of the *Life of George Washington*, have been separated into single leaves or groups of leaves. Since the situations of letters change, through sales and gifts, almost monthly, it has been possible to give only the last known location of a manuscript. When this last known location of a letter was at a sale, the date and place of this sale have been named. Although some awkwardness of appearance results, it has seemed best to retain the original spelling and punctuation of all quotations from books, periodicals, and manuscripts, thus preserving the actual records and adding also, in my opinion, an intangible reality to the persons and events described. So Irving spoke and so he wrote. His imperfect grammar, orthography, and accenting in French and Spanish are rivalled in his English by his punctuation and spelling, arts which he never mastered. The exact transcriptions from old magazines and old books record obvious misspellings and sometimes inconsistencies within a single passage. In, for example, the matter of Spanish accents, the reader will observe irregularities, but it should be noted that these errors or omissions occurred in the originals, and, according to the principle employed, are necessarily repeated in the quotations. The Index will be found at the end of the second volume. The notes have been condensed by the use of the following table of abbreviations and short titles: (B.M.) British Museum; (C.) Columbia University; (D.P.) Duyckinck Papers, New York Public Library; (D.S.) Department of State, Washington; (E.W.H.) Edward W. Harden, New York City; (G.S.H.) George S. Hellman, New York City; (G.W.) Gabriel

Wells, New York City ; (H.) Harvard University ; (H.E.H.) Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California ; (H.W.L.D.) H. W. L. Dana, Cambridge, Massachusetts ; (*Irv.*) *Irvingiana: A Memorial of Washington Irving*, New York, 1860 ; (J.M.) the late Sir John Murray, London ; (L.C.) Library of Congress ; (Mass.) Massachusetts Historical Society ; (M.M.) Mrs. Margery Marten, Bury St. Edmunds, England ; * (*Memoirs . . . Moore*) *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, ed. Lord John Russell, New York, 1857 ; (Minn.) Minnesota Historical Society ; (Morgan) Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City ; (N.Y.H.S.) New York Historical Society ; (N.Y.P.L.) New York Public Library ; (O.) Count Osborne, Puerto de Santa Maria, Spain ; (P.D.) Preston Davie, Tuxedo Park, New York ; (Penn.) Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia ; (P.I.) Peabody Institute, Baltimore ; (P.M.I.) *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, ed. Pierre M. Irving, New York, 1862-1864 ; (S.) Sunnyside, Tarrytown, New York ; (T.) The late Dr. Roderick Terry, Newport, Rhode Island ; (T.F.M.) T. F. Madigan, New York City ; (T.T.P.L.) T. T. Payne Luquer, Bedford, New York ; (W.C.B., *Discourse*) W. C. Bryant, *A Discourse on the Life, Character and Genius of Washington Irving*, New York, 1860 ; (W.T.) Ward Terry, New York City ; (W.T.H.H.) W. T. H. Howe, Cincinnati ; (Y.) Yale University.

The references in the text and notes concerning Irving's published works are, unless otherwise stated, to the Riverside edition, New York, 1864-1869. This is the text of the author's revised edition. Appendix I consists of a genealogy of the Irving family ; Appendix II reproduces fully and accurately for the first time the sixteen-page manuscript fragment in the Sterling Memorial Library, Yale University ; and Appendix III records, supplementing the notes, the results of an intensive study of Irving's writings, with particular emphasis upon sources and contemporary criticism. The Bibliography, to be published as a third separate volume, furnishes a check list of Irving's books and articles, and also a selective record of criticism of his work. For a descriptive and analytical bibliography the reader is referred to W. R. Langfeld and P. C. Blackburn, *Washington Irving. A Bibliography . . .*, New York, 1933. I believe that the use of these combined bibliographies will afford the

* Among the newly discovered manuscripts pertaining to Irving few are more important than the Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823, now in the possession of Mrs. Margery Marten, of Bury St. Edmunds, England. See in the present work, chap. x, note 187.

student of American literature an effective approach to the further study of Irving.

It is impossible to name without ungracious omissions the many persons and groups of persons to whom I am deeply in debt for assistance during the composition of this biography. In matters of particular detail such obligation is often expressed in the notes. Yet I cannot conclude this Preface without mentioning with gratitude Professor Nelson F. Adkins ; Mr. Frederick W. Allen ; Mr. Hervey Allen ; Professor Theodore Andersson ; Mr. G. S. Arseniew, of Paris ; Mr. Wentworth C. Bacon ; Señor Leopoldo Torres Balbás, of Granada ; Mr. Homer F. Barnes ; Mr. Oliver Barrett ; Mr. Leonard B. Beach ; Mr. G. P. Beecher, of Havre ; Mr. Walter R. Benjamin ; Professor A. B. Benson ; Señor Antonio Gallego y Burín, of Granada ; Mr. Stanley T. Bush, of Madrid ; Dr. Henry S. Canby ; Dr. José Castillejo, of Madrid ; Mr. J. N. Chester ; Mr. Starling W. Childs ; Mrs. Willard R. Cooke ; Professor Alexander Cowie ; Mr. A. B. Crawford ; Mr. H. W. L. Dana ; Mr. Preston Davie ; Miss Margaret L. Dawson, of Braintree, Essex, England ; Mr. John B. Derby ; Mr. James F. Drake ; Professor Waldo H. Dunn ; Miss Mary Allen Edge ; Mr. H. L. Elvin, of Cambridge, England ; Mr. E. Faure, of Bordeaux ; Professor Max Foerster ; Mr. John P. Frothingham ; Mr. Henry Fuller, of Teddington, England ; Professor E. S. Furniss ; Professor Emilio Goggio ; Miss H. B. Gould, of Valladolid ; Herr Gerhard Gräfe, of Berlin ; Mr. E. Allison Grant ; Miss Belle Da Costa Greene ; Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Greenway ; Mrs. E. M. Grinnell ; Professor E. M. Gwathmey ; Miss Elizabeth Hahn ; Mr. Gordon S. Haight ; Miss Ruth Hall ; Mr. Ogden A. Hammond ; Mr. M. Hartzof ; Mr. E. W. Harden ; Mr. George S. Hellman ; Professor G. L. Hendrickson ; Professor E. H. Hespelt ; Mr. James Hillhouse ; Mr. W. T. H. Howe ; Mrs. De Witt Hubbell ; Mr. A. Duer Irving ; Mrs. Louis Dupont Irving ; Mr. Grenville Kane ; Mr. Andrew Keogh ; Mrs. Lawrence H. Kingsford ; Mr. C. W. Langdon ; Mr. W. R. Langfeld ; Mr. Wilmer S. Leech ; Señor Ricardo León, of Madrid ; Mr. W. S. Lewis ; Señor Luis Seca de Lucena, of Granada ; Mr. T. T. Payne Luquer ; Mr. H. M. Lydenberg ; Professor T. O. Mabbott ; Mr. T. F. Madigan ; Don Francisco Marín, of Madrid ; Mr. John H. McDill ; Professor Tremaine McDowell ; Miss Sydney McLean ; Mr. Clive Mecklem ; Professor Robert J. Menner ; Mr. E. G. Miner ; Mrs. Nicholas Moseley ; Professor Kenneth B. Murdock ; the late Sir John Murray, of London ; Mrs. C. H. Neely ; Mr. Edward Nichols ; Miss Grace Lee Nute ; Miss Anastatia O'Keefe ; Count Osborne, of Puerto de Santa María ; Mr. Victor H.

Paltsits ; Mr. Henry H. Pasco ; Mr. Norman H. Pearson ; Señor José de la Peña, of Seville ; Miss Clara L. Penney ; Señor Rafael Picardo, of Cádiz ; Captain F. L. Pleadwell ; Professor K. W. Porter ; Miss Ann Pratt ; Mr. W. L. Reenan ; Professor R. Selden Rose ; Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach ; Mr. William Ruff, Jr. ; Professor Ralph L. Rusk ; Professor Carl F. Schreiber ; Mr. Carl G. Smedburg ; Professor R. E. Spiller ; Mr. R. L. Sprague, of Gibraltar ; Professor Randall Stewart ; Dr. A. P. Stokes ; Mr. Harry Stone ; the late Mr. E. C. Storrow ; Mrs. E. C. Storrow ; Miss Elizabeth Strout ; Mr. Allyn M. Suffens ; Mrs. Huntington Tappin ; the late Dr. Roderick Terry ; Mr. Ward Terry ; Mrs. Sheldon Tilney ; Professor Chauncey B. Tinker ; Mr. Victor Tyler ; Mrs. Helen Irving Van Wart ; Mr. Milton Waldman ; Miss Dorothy Waples ; Professor Harry R. Warfel ; Miss Mabel C. Weakes ; Mr. Gabriel Wells ; Miss Alice B. Williams ; Mrs. Mary Lee R. Williams ; Mr. G. P. Winship ; Mr. T. A. Zunder.

The American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts ; the American Art Association, New York City ; the American Council of Learned Societies ; the American Embassy, London ; the American Embassy, Madrid ; the Archivo Histórico Nacional, Madrid ; the Archivo General de Indias, Seville ; the Biblioteca Colombina, Seville ; the Biblioteca de la Sociedad de Amigos, Seville ; the Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid ; the Bibliothèque Municipale, Bordeaux ; the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris ; the Birmingham Public Libraries, Birmingham, England ; the Boston Public Library ; the Brick Row Book Shop, New York City ; the British Museum ; the Columbia University Library ; the Department of State, Washington, D. C. ; the General Education Board ; Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston ; the Harvard University Library ; the Henry E. Huntington Library ; the Hispanic Society of America, New York City ; the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia ; the Library of Congress ; the Maine Historical Society, Portland ; the Massachusetts Historical Society, Cambridge ; the Minnesota Historical Society, Minneapolis ; the New York Historical Society, New York City ; the New York Public Library ; the Peabody Institute, Baltimore ; the Phoenix Book Store, New York City ; the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City ; the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin ; the Public Records Office, London ; the Sterling Memorial Library, Yale University.

S. T. W.

INTRODUCTION

THE reader, after glancing through the pages of this long book, will, perhaps, wonder momentarily about the need for so detailed a portrait of the first American man of letters, Washington Irving. Out of the past he emerges as a talented writer, hardly more ; as the author of two or three enduring sketches or tales ; as a man singularly lovable, commanding the affections of his countrymen during his lifetime and after his death. How else, in the usual broad outlines, should his portrait be ? But is it possible to add subtler, more delicate tints to the conventional image, showing him hated as well as loved, writing desperately for bread instead of dwelling serenely in the Alhambra or at Sunnyside ? I think so. It is unlikely that the old painting of Geoffrey Crayon will fall from the wall ; my investigation reaffirms some of Irving's best-known characteristics. Yet it is my hope that the familiar memory of a rare spirit may be enriched by better perspective, more finish, more understanding, more finality of knowledge. At any rate, this is my purpose in attempting a definitive biography of Irving.

Other interests have encouraged me to complete a manuscript commenced ten years ago. One of these has been to inquire into a problem which puzzled that acute critic of the literature of his epoch Edgar Allan Poe, and which still arises in the minds of modern readers of Irving, namely, the contrast between this essayist's actual intellectual equipment and his enormous popularity in his own day. "It is a theme," declared Poe, "upon which I would like very much to write. . . . A nice distinction might be drawn between his just and surreptitious reputation — between what is due to the pioneer solely, and what to the writer."* Indeed, as I continued my study of the age in which Irving lived, the question became not at all the measuring of his literary work by the immemorial touchstones of the past, tested by which he is often trivial, or by the standards of to-day, by which he has been outmoded, but a study of his career and writings in fusion with the literary criteria of his own time. For through such an approach he becomes a

* See, in the present work, II, 101-102.

clarifying mirror of some aspects of culture in America during the first half of the nineteenth century. To understand Irving's hold upon his generation is to understand a dominating tendency of American literature prior to the Civil War, which, beginning only two years after Irving's death, helped to destroy the cult of elegance and made comprehensible the voices of a Whitman or a Clemens. Hence, in this biography, the emphasis upon Irving's contemporary reputation ; it reveals the literary principles of the age for which he wrote.

Yet my study of literary standards in an era which consistently intermingled the aims of art, morality, politics, and business, involved me at once in the study of Irving as a public figure. For his fame as a man of letters was inseparably joined with his rôles of journalist, politician, diplomat. It may be said, I think, that no writer before 1850, with the exceptions of Poe and Hawthorne, became eminent among Americans without their approval of his opinions on subjects far dearer to them than what Irving called "the gentlemanlike exercise of the pen." Was the literary man a Democrat or a Whig ? Was he a successful man of affairs, perceiving that literature, among men who were building a republic, should be avocational ? Did his books inculcate sound nationalism, sound politics, sound morality ? The delay in the recognition of Hawthorne and Poe may be attributed partly to their heterodoxy under such catechisms ; and the prolonged obloquy suffered by the patriot and social critic Cooper may be ascribed to his violent expression of his honest convictions concerning America. Admiration at the world-famous "Leatherstocking Tales" could not survive, among Cooper's contemporaries, the resentment aroused by *A Letter to My Countrymen*. But Irving's answers to these questions satisfied the vast majority of Americans. "You have," wrote John Pendleton Kennedy, "convinced our wise ones at home, that a man may sometimes write a volume, without losing his character." * When Irving was not orthodox, he was tactfully silent, and praise of him as an author was never drowned out, as in the case of Cooper, by abuse of him as a critic of his own people. His writings epitomized his compatriots' *bourgeois* culture and flattered their aspirations to be gentlemen, to write according to English models, to make money, to exploit the West, to found traditions, to be respected abroad. And always behind this attitude, which so sickened Cooper, was the drama of Irving's life, externally remote from the artistic aims which in his best moments begged him to have

* *Horseshoe Robinson*, Philadelphia, 1835, Dedication to Irving.

done with all this : reporter at the trial of Aaron Burr, Secretary of the American Legation in London, agent of Jackson and Van Buren, tenderfoot explorer of the frontier, Minister to Spain. This story my biography endeavors to tell.

The story, moreover, apart from its illumination of Irving's character and writings, is not commonplace. The brothers in the Orkneys, one of whom was a sailor, the other a tailor, did not foresee that this member of their family was, in the next generation, to return to Europe to be presented at the courts of Frederick Augustus I, Queen Victoria, and Isabella II. In spite of his protests concerning his maladjustment to the world of men, Irving had his part in the events of his time. Few careers of American men of letters are more varied in background ; few offer so many glimpses behind the scenes into the literary, social, and political worlds of five different nations. If Irving himself wearies us, mild-mannered, urbane, indecisive, discreetly ambitious, imitatively romantic, affectionate, and, at times, timid and dependent, the picturesque settings in which he moved, and which he repeatedly changed to satisfy his volatile temperament, do not. Historians of the nineteenth century may learn a good deal from following Irving down Broadway on the day when he saw Washington, to remember him " perfectly " ; into the Paris of 1805, with its gossip of Napoleon ; into the Philadelphia of 1807 ; to Sacketts Harbor, in the War of 1812 ; or to the frontier post of St. Louis. For the Paris newspapers, in 1824, he wrote an article on the death of Louis XVIII ; he was in Alexander Everett's counsel in Madrid in the days of Ferdinand VII ; he directed the American Legation in London during England's turbulent struggles for the Reform Bill ; he betrayed, so his enemies said, President Van Buren, and helped to elect Harrison ; he managed American policies in Spain toward Cuba, and — but the reader, if patient, may, I hope, see for himself how Irving's weakness, in respect to our curiosity about the past, becomes his strength. Never deeply creative, never the leader in events nor wisely critical of these, he was a sharp-eyed observer. Few significant episodes of contemporary life escaped his pen, and if we tire of him as a minor actor, we do not forget the stage which he described so vividly.

In recounting this story of Irving's life, I have had constantly in mind those students and scholars of American literature and American history who hope by factual investigation to lay the foundations of a criticism of American thought, for which, in my judgment, the materials are not yet fully discovered and ordered. Such a criticism must be based not merely upon imaginative interpretation of the

past, but upon those tedious researches, well described by Diedrich Knickerbocker, which underlie the best criticism in older countries than America. If the biography errs upon this side, I can only plead my honest belief that out of such preparation will be born eventually America's best self-criticism. Thus some facts, inconsequential, perhaps, except in a full-length portrait of Irving, have been included in these volumes in the hope that they may aid critics and historians in their reconstruction of our past since the Revolution.

Yet this groundwork, such as the analysis of the sources and content of Irving's forgotten books or of his debts to the literatures of Germany and Spain, has, for the most part, been relegated to notes and appendices. Over these, all save the scholar and the antiquarian will, I fear, pass hastily. Yet I have thought of other readers than the student of American literature, and as I finish my long task, I still feel, as at its beginning, that the narrative of Washington Irving will remain, for nearly everyone, invested with interest. Whether the reader was introduced to Irving by "Rip Van Winkle" in childhood, by the classroom lecturer, by the condescensions of modern criticism, or merely by Irving's associations at every turn with American traditions, still he will think, I believe, this story of the first American man of letters worth retelling in detail. For Irving's career, in contrast to his writings, had that volume and variety which entitle him to be remembered, through a full biography, as a famous American; this, despite his modesty, his caution, and the slenderness of his talents, he was. Lacking force and concentration, his life experience, nevertheless, ranged freely over that past to which we now look back with mingled feelings of superiority and longing. Irving, as Poe said, pioneered in the democracy — in literature, history, travel, politics, and diplomacy. These adventures and the man himself I have tried to describe for all readers, completely and truly.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

New Haven, Connecticut,

October 1, 1935

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BOYHOOD AND EARLY INFLUENCES [1783-1798]	1
II. BEGINNINGS IN LAW, TRAVEL, AND WRITING [1798-1804]	23
III. FIRST JOURNEY TO EUROPE [1804-1806]	44
IV. LAWYER AND NEW YORK MAN OF LETTERS; "SAL-MAGUNDI"; POLITICS; MATILDA HOFFMAN [1806-1809]	74
V. "A HISTORY OF NEW YORK"; DISILLUSIONMENT [1809-1811]	108
VI. EDITOR AND OFFICER [1811-1815]	132
VII. FIRST YEARS IN ENGLAND; WALTER SCOTT [1815-1819]	145
VIII. GEOFFREY CRAYON'S "SKETCH BOOK" [1819-1820]	168
IX. GEOFFREY CRAYON IN LONDON AND PARIS; "BRACE-BRIDGE HALL" [1820-1822]	192
X. THE WINTER IN DRESDEN; EMILY FOSTER [1822-1823]	215
XI. HACK WRITER AND DRAMATIST; "TALES OF A TRAVELLER" [1823-1824]	255
XII. PARIS AND BORDEAUX [1825]	280
XIII. MADRID; THE HISTORIAN OF COLUMBUS [1826-1828]	297
XIV. SEVILLE; "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA" [1828]	326
XV. THE ALHAMBRA [1829]	360
NOTES TO CHAPTERS I-XV	379

ILLUSTRATIONS

Washington Irving, <i>aet. c. 37</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
After the painting (1820) by Gilbert Stuart Newton in the possession of Sir John Murray, London.	
William Street in 1800	<i>Facing page 6</i>
Looking from Liberty Street toward Maiden Lane. From a litho- graph originally made for <i>Valentine's Manual</i> and published in D. G. Mitchell, <i>American Lands and Letters</i> , New York, 1897.	
Page of Washington Irving's Journal, 1803	28
From the original journal in the possession of Mrs. Sheldon Tilney, New York City.	
Ann Hoffman	34
From the painting by Edward G. Malbone, in the possession of Mrs. Charles H. Neely, Bronxville, New York.	
Page of Irving's Diary, in Paris, May, 1805	68
From the original diary in the possession of Gabriel Wells, New York City.	
Washington Irving, <i>aet. 22</i>	68
After the painting by John Vanderlyn.	
Pages of <i>Salmagundi</i>	80
From the copy of the first edition in the possession of Yale University.	
Washington Irving and Diedrich Knickerbocker	80
From the <i>Knickerbocker</i> , <i>New-York Monthly Magazine</i> , February, 1834.	
"The Little Man in Black"	80
From an engraving by Alexander Anderson, in <i>Salmagundi</i> , New York, 1820.	
Letter of Matilda Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, New York, August 29, 1807	88
From the original letter in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society, Minneapolis.	

Matilda Hoffman	102
From the miniature by Edward G. Malbone, in the possession of the New York Historical Society, New York City.	
Peter Stuyvesant's Army Entering New Amsterdam	116
After the drawing by William Heath.	
Irving's Sketch of the Brig o' Doon at Ayr	164
From the original Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817, in the possession of Yale University.	
Front Cover of Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817	164
From the original notebook in the possession of Yale University.	
Rip Van Winkle's Return	184
After the drawing by Felix O. C. Darley.	
Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman	184
After the drawing by Felix O. C. Darley.	
Washington Irving, <i>aet.</i> 37	202
After the line engraving by M. I. Danforth in 1831, after the painting by C. R. Leslie (in 1820) in the New York Public Library.	
Title-page of <i>Bracebridge Hall</i> and a Page from "St. Mark's Eve," in an Early German Translation	230
From a copy of the book in the possession of Stanley T. Williams.	
Flora Foster and Emily Foster	238
From a water color by Henry Deffel, copied by Flora M. E. Wilson, 1891. Copy in the possession of Sir G. A. Thomas, London.	
Pages of the Journal of Emily Foster, July 29 and 30, 1823 .	248
From the original journal in the possession of Mrs. Margery Marten, Bury St. Edmunds, England.	
Thomas Wentworth Storrow	256
From the painting (<i>c.</i> 1806) by Gilbert Stuart, in the possession of Mrs. Edward Cabot Storrow, Needham, Massachusetts.	
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley	286
After the painting by S. J. Stamp, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.	
John Howard Payne	286
From the portrait of Payne as Hamlet, by C. R. Leslie, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.	
House of Reuben Beasley, Havre	290
From a photograph by G. P. Beecher, Havre.	

ILLUSTRATIONS

xxi

Château Margaux	290
From a photograph in the possession of the Guestier family, Bordeaux.	
Bordeaux Home of the Guestier Family, 37 Rue Pavé des Chartrons	290
From a photograph in the possession of the Guestier family.	
Cuvier du Château de Beycheville, en 1826	290
From an old print in the possession of the Guestier family.	
M. Daniel Guestier, 1755-1847	290
After a lithograph in the possession of the Guestier family.	
Martín Fernández de Navarrete	322
From the portrait in the possession of the Navarrete family, Logroño, Spain.	
Letter of Navarrete to Irving, April 1, 1831	322
From the original letter in the possession of the New York Public Library.	
Washington Irving, <i>aet.</i> 45	334
After the drawing by David Wilkie, in Seville, 1828.	
Caracol and View of Puerto de Santa María	342
Approach to Caracol	342
Caracol	342
Here Irving completed <i>The Conquest of Granada</i> .	
Calle Jesús, Seville	342
Fernán Caballero lived at Number 8.	
Johann Nikolaus Böhl von Faber, with a Copy of His <i>Rimas antiguas castellanas</i>	348
From the portrait in the possession of Count Osborne, Puerto de Santa María, Spain.	
Cecilia Böhl von Faber ("Fernán Caballero")	352
From the portrait in the possession of Count Osborne, Puerto de Santa María, Spain.	
View from Irving's Rooms in the Alhambra	366
From a photograph by Mrs. Mary Lee R. Williams.	
Court of Lindaraxa, near Irving's Rooms in the Alhambra	366
From a photograph by Mrs. Mary Lee R. Williams.	
A Room in Irving's Suite in the Alhambra	366
From a photograph in the possession of Señor Leopoldo Torres Balbás, Granada.	

THE LIFE OF
WASHINGTON IRVING

VOLUME I

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND EARLY INFLUENCES

1783-1798

AT NOON, on April 8, 1783, Deacon William Irving, merchant of New York, mingled in the crowds at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, and in Broad Street before the old City Hall. There was a stir of excitement; coming forward, the Town Major read aloud a proclamation from His Britannic Majesty. It declared a cessation of arms between his Government and that of the thirteen American colonies. Peace, at last! This formal edict spelled relief to men such as William Irving, whose house had been under the fire of Britain's cannon, whose rooms had quartered her officers, and who had on one occasion fled to Rahway, New Jersey, to escape her oppression.¹ His gratitude was sincere. Though his twenty years of business in New York had been clouded by the war, he had remained passionately devoted to the American cause, and he now planned to take "every step necessary to establish his character as an American citizen."² This plain Scottish family of Irvings, without the seductions of eminent English connections, long prided itself upon its loyalty to the American arms.

Yet the joy of the moment was tempered. Under the brick arches of the City Hall Deacon Irving heard the groans and hisses of the Tories, who uttered "bitter reproaches and curses upon their king, for having deserted them in the midst of their calamities."³ For them, the underling who pronounced the dismal words was decreeing ruin and exile; during the remainder of the year they embarked in thousands for Nova Scotia and the mother country.⁴ From all this Deacon Irving and his family were free, but he must have sensed the prevailing mood of despair. As he walked back to his home at 131 William Street,⁵ about half-way between Fulton and John Streets, it is possible that he foresaw the slow, insulting evacuation of the enemy, and the pain-

ful convalescence of the little city of about twenty thousand souls.⁶

Just now it lay apathetic under the blight of seven years of war. The long military domination had wrought economic chaos. No one could escape the devastating results of the quartering of hostile troops, the lapse of rents, the confiscation of property, the destruction of records and land titles, and now the imperious tension of financial obligations. The ills of the city were visible not only in the anxiety of its inhabitants but in its very appearance. About 1783 it possessed but a few hundred houses. The streets which led from Broadway down to the river bore only scattered, inferior dwellings,⁷ and no thoroughfare above Dey Street was paved. Horses and cows grazed in the fields near Read Street, and hogs, mud, and colored slaves⁸ were among the more cheerful subjects for the diarists of the period. The river trade at Dock (Pearl) Street, the commerce with foreign nations at Water and Front Streets, the manufactories on the Kolch, or Fresh Water Pond — all were ominously idle. Toward the north the open meadows were ennobled by the bridewell, the poorhouse, the jail, and the gallows. The ragged rows of houses, the filthy wharves, the desecrated churches seemed to travesty those few old colonial mansions whose owners were to commence the rebuilding of New York.⁹

Looking westward, Deacon Irving, on his walk home, might have marveled, if such thoughts ever arose in his stern mind, at the primeval beauty of the North River; only two houses at the corner of Vesey Street and the bleak façade of King's College checked his eye from traveling toward the wilderness, the fruitful background which was to rival the rugged harbor in creating a city from this war-racked village.¹⁰ No such fancies probably beset the Deacon; instead he saw the scorched skeletons of old Dutch houses, and the ruined semicircular front of old Trinity. He understood how grievous had been the distress of a community which during seven years had been unable to remove these blackened relics of the fire of September 21, 1776,¹¹ in a New York which during the war had lost hundreds of dwelling houses. Indeed, Deacon Irving was fortunate in owning a shelter for his family.

Entering his home, he was approaching a scene as immemorial as those of war or the making of nations. Five days earlier, at half past eight on the evening of April 3, 1783, his wife had been delivered of a son.¹² He may have knelt in prayer, but the sanctity of such events was lightened, even in this religious household, by

their frequency. The new-born child was the Deacon's eleventh; he was welcomed by four brothers and three sisters. Twenty-two years earlier, William Irving, then a petty officer on an armed packet ship in the King's service, had married in Plymouth, England, on May 18, 1761, Sarah Sanders, the granddaughter of an English curate.¹³ The couple had buried their first child, a son, in England,¹⁴ had settled in New York, on July 18, 1763,¹⁵ and since that date had lost two other sons in infancy. Three of the seven sons had been christened — the father was persistent on this point — William.¹⁶ On the important question of naming the present infant he now, perhaps from an indifference which the child was to reciprocate, yielded to the mother. She, too, had borne the shocks of the time, had unselfishly nursed wounded prisoners back to health. Under the spell of the liberator whose name was upon everyone's lips, "Washington's work," said she, "is ended, and the child shall be named after him!"¹⁷

It is important to observe that this Scottish-English family into which Washington Irving was born was, contrary to later legend, both poor and socially inconspicuous. The ancestors of William Irving, in the Orkneys, were seamen, tradesmen, and small shopkeepers,¹⁸ and at the time of Washington's birth, the eldest son, William, nearly seventeen years old, was already active in his father's insecure business at 75 William Street. Ebenezer, too, now only seven years of age, was to give his life to commerce. The advance in the Irvings' gentility — a common experience in New York families of this day — was in the eventual escape of Peter, now ten, into medicine; of John Treat, now almost five, into law; and of Washington into writing. The Irvings had, during the last years of the eighteenth century, little association with those distinguished cliques which enhanced the brilliant Federalist society of New York.¹⁹ The family trade was variously wine, hardware, sugar, and auctioneering.²⁰ William Irving and his sons belonged unmistakably to the middle class, to a group of merchants of moderate, fluctuating fortunes, and never to that coterie of business men who by force of wealth penetrated the society of old Dutch and British families.

By 1800, the intellect of William and the personal charm of Peter were to win a social suffrage, by which Washington was to profit, but even at this later date, the name of Irving was not apparently on rosters of a society²¹ which some Americans hoped to keep as patrician as before the Revolution. In the republic's gradual fusion of undistinguished wealth and distinguished poverty

may be traced the rise in New York of many families such as the Irvings. In contrast to the Spanish colonies in Mexico and the French in Canada, the English settlements in America showed during the eighteenth century the consequences of liberalizing tendencies in education and social attitudes, tendencies accounting in large measure for the emergence of Irving from his *bourgeois* background. In the democracy to which he was to return from England as a successful man of letters in 1832, origins mattered far less; enlightening principles had done their work. But on this day in 1783 the new-born infant belonged to a sharply defined class, that of tolerably prosperous merchants. This we should recall later in analyzing certain shades of Washington Irving's character.

This middle-class family, patriotic, religious, self-respecting, had another characteristic of enduring importance for its youngest child; all its members, with the possible exception of its austere founder, were bound together by ties of singularly intense devotion. The story of Washington Irving, at least until his thirty-second year, and even afterwards, is often that of affectionate interdependence among the five brothers. Nor were his ties with his three sisters, Ann, Catherine, and Sarah, at the time of his birth aged, respectively, thirteen, nine, and two, ever broken save by death. Now, less casual than the Deacon, the sisters welcomed the advent of this "little rack of bones," took care of him, read to him, and sang to him songs of the Highlands which he was never to forget.²²

Thus many of the child's earliest memories were of these sisters and of the mother, whose favorite he was.²³ She was of "elegant shape, with large English features."²⁴ In her face, thought a contemporary, dwelt "an indescribable life and beauty."²⁵ Of the incidents in her family life little is known, but her children recalled her as infinitely kind, with a touch of that quick, cheerful impatience which became a matter of jest as a family trait. She had known poverty and grief; she had borne eleven children. She was very sane, and there is no evidence that she added unwisely to the overprotective care of the brothers and sisters for her youngest. She expended certainly no exclusive mother love upon this, the most gifted of her sons; her affection for them all was fervent. To judge from the only known surviving letter²⁶ written to her by Washington, when he was thirty-three and she nearly eighty, his love for her was hallowed by the deepest reverence. He remembered himself as a boy looking up into her eyes, shaded by long lashes, and full of tenderness,²⁷ and five years before his own death

he wrote: "I dream of her to this day and wake up with tears on my cheeks."²⁸ Sarah Sanders Irving lives again in those moving passages written soon after her death by her son, as he describes the relations of a mother and her child.²⁹ In spite of long absences from her, and his franker intercourse with his brothers, the influence of Mrs. Irving upon this son was lasting; her memory was a benediction.

In contrast, the other, and dominant, member of the family cast over the imaginative child a shadow, not black but pervasive. That shadow was religion. Five years after his arrival in America, William Irving had seen part of the congregation of the Wall Street Presbyterian Church withdraw, haggling over differences concerning psalmody, founding the new group known as the Associate Reformed Church, in Little Queen Street.³⁰ William Irving's activities in any particular sect are obscure, but in 1783 he held in the general organization of the New York Scottish churches the office of Deacon, and in 1789 that of Elder.³¹ Of his religious zeal, and of his rigor, the rest of the world, like his sons, had no doubt. During Washington's most impressionable years Deacon Irving was, says a fellow citizen, "of grave and majestic bearing, and a form and expression which, when once fixed in the mind, could not easily be forgotten."³²

Certainly his youngest son did not forget him; eyed him, indeed, with fear, and at times with that distaste which a humane spirit feels for an alien nature. It was, says the admiring contemporary, describing him in family prayers,

a most touching spectacle to see the majestic old man, bowed and hoary with extreme age, leaning upon his staff, as he stood among his family and sung a closing hymn, generally one appropriate to his condition, while tears of emotion ran down his cheeks. . . .

"Death may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my moments move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

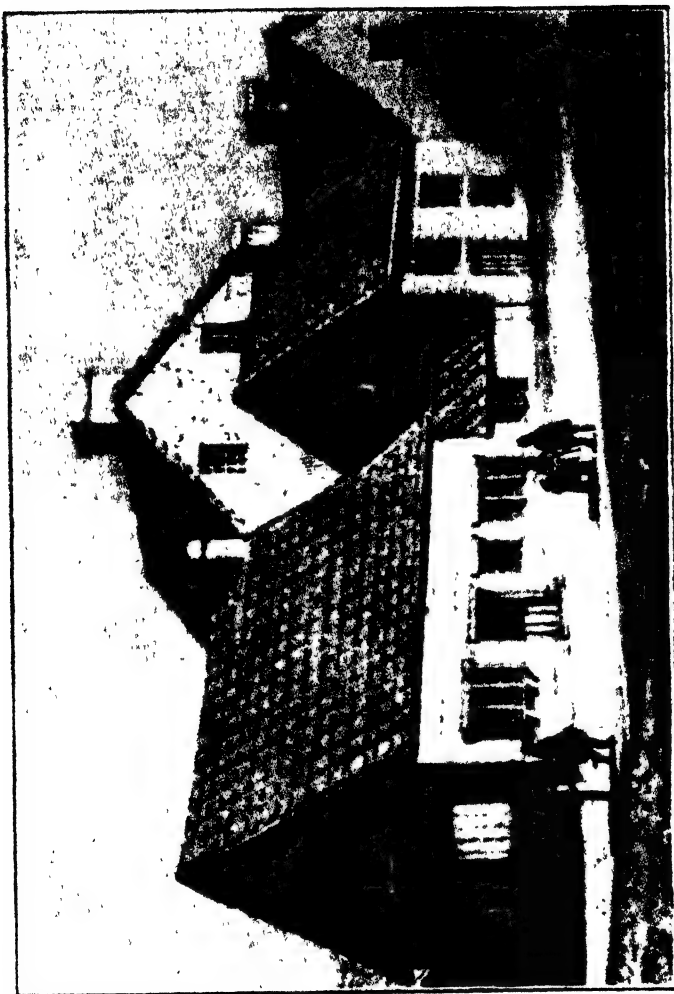
"With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of my Lord ;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward."³³

His sons listened, perhaps moved temporarily, but unconverted. These hymns Washington was to recall as a dark memory twenty-five years later when leading a purposeless life in Germany.³⁴ To

him his father remained always a church dignitary. The other sons, who knew him before religion became a hardened outer casing, spoke more kindly: "The good old man,"⁸⁵ said William, and afterwards handed down the stock anecdote which all such fathers contrive to bequeath, about a hidden tenderness. Deacon Irving was inarticulate, and he was an inflexible Covenanter and, in his creed, a formalist. It was not strange that the brothers and sisters went to eternity in their own ways. They shared the skepticisms of late-eighteenth-century America toward religions touched with the Calvinistic doctrines of the sovereignty of God and the depravity of man. They partook of the "Age of Enlightenment." To the faith of their people not one of William Irving's sons remained true,⁸⁶ and on the most imaginative of them this early discipline imprinted traces of bitterness.

In the house and in the garden at 128 William Street, where the family had moved within a very few weeks⁸⁷ after Washington's birth, we find the plastic subject of all these mingled influences. In this house, to the north of the Golden Hill Inn, which was nearly opposite his birthplace, were fixed his early recollections of boyhood.⁸⁸ From here he was taken on January 1, 1784, to be baptized in the Episcopal Chapel of St. George. The ceremony was, of course, Presbyterian; during the war the Irvings, like others of their sect, had held their services in this Chapel.⁸⁹ The Irving home itself was a substantial house, a proper lodging for a substantial family, and a contemporary record describes it as considerably better than the other miserable dwellings in William Street.⁴⁰ These sheltered in combinations of office and residence, according to the custom of the day, saddlers, jewelers, druggists, and venders of pig iron, but chiefly merchants of the dry-goods trade, of which the street was to be the center.⁴¹ The house itself, like the old Dutch Church in the same street, has long since perished. About 1870 Walter Barrett recollected it as a "modest two-story wood and brick house";⁴² but Pierre Munro Irving, who visited it with his uncle in 1849, found it to be "a triple structure, composed of a front and rear edifice of two stories, with a narrow central building, forming a passage between them, and connecting the two; its roof descending to an attic window in each division."⁴³ The new home was evidently a derelict of the war; it had then sheltered a British commissary; Irving never forgot the "*broad arrow*" on its front door.⁴⁴

Here and in the narrow garden,⁴⁵ where they thrust him forth, brothers, sisters, mother, and father contended unconsciously, as



WILLIAM STREET IN 1800
Looking from Liberty Street toward Maiden Lane.
(Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City)

is the law of families, in shaping his character. The garden teemed with flowers, apricots, greengages and nectarines; ⁴⁶ to the end of his life Irving had a vivid way of describing blossoms and fruits. For the children this was "a little busy world of their own in which they mimicked the big world without," living much by themselves and making their own toys. ⁴⁷ Here Irving experienced the quick joys and sorrows of the sensitive child. This sensitivity is hardly extraordinary even in persons less talented than Washington Irving, but it is important to our narrative. For during the first six years of his life this robust family of Irvings evidently indulged in natural but unwise procedures. He was undersized; ⁴⁸ he was precocious. They discovered that he "was easily moved to pity and tears by a tale of distress." ⁴⁹ They erred, as did those other guardians of a greater genius, Edgar Allan Poe. "My parents and friends," said Irving in retrospect, "boasted of my sensibility and delighted to play upon it. A morbid feeling [was] produced." ⁵⁰

In describing this tendency, often recurring in private memoranda, Irving exaggerated; his was essentially a healthy nature. Yet this strain was part of him. Though the weakness never became, as in unusual genius, a source of great power, it accounts for some passages of his finest prose. In moods of depression he secretly set down these painful memories, "feelings since I entered upon the world, which like severe wounds and maims in the body, leave forever after a morbid sensitiveness, and a quick susceptibility to any new injury." ⁵¹ An unwitting abettor of such sensibility seems to have been Deacon William Irving. A lad in a garden, endowed with a "great facility at receiving pleasurable impressions," ⁵² found it impossible to be grateful for the ability to quote Watts ⁵³ or for the sacrifice of half holidays to the catechism and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and was irritated by the gloom of this Covenanter religion. "When I was young," he once said, omitting, according to his custom, his father's name, "I was led to think that somehow or other every thing that was pleasant was wicked." ⁵⁴ And — alas for the hopes of parents! — William Irving's teachings inspired this vigorous passage: "When I was a child religion was forced upon me before I could understand or appreciate it. I was made to swallow it whether I would or not, and that too in its most ungracious forms. I was tasked with it; thwarted with it; wearied with it in a thousand harsh and disagreeable ways; until I was disgusted with all its forms and observances." ⁵⁵ Yet in condemning this excess of feeling, stimulated before the age of six by relatives and friends, Irving was, perhaps, unjust. Out of these various influences was

born in him that art of weaving dreams which was to make beautiful many a lonely moment, whether he was in the Catskills, the Alpujarras, or drab London lodgings. Just now he felt also, in the garden in William Street, the first sweetness of such moods: "When I was very young I had an impossible flow of spirits that often went beyond my strength. Every thing was fairy land to me." ⁵⁶

Meanwhile Brother William, who cherished a taste for politics, watched another infant, the young republic, striving for manhood. Its early days bordered on the ridiculous; William heard, on June 4, 1783, the usual celebration of the King's birthday, "with every demonstration of loyalty and joy." ⁵⁷ On September 3, in the same year, the formal treaty of peace was signed in Paris, and on November 25 Washington and his army took possession of the city. It seems unlucky that the youngest Irving, lover of pageants, should not have witnessed this and the succeeding festivals, but he could afford to miss it, he who was to know well three kings, three queens, and four presidents of this new nation. So during the first six years of his life he played in the garden, unmindful of events shaping his own national career: John Adams' appointment to the Court of St. James's, the new Constitution, Spanish policies in the Southwest. As political cults reared their heads, the Irvings inclined toward a mild Federalism, though Brother William, whose party loyalties perhaps varied discreetly with his business interests, was later to align himself with the Republicans, or Democrats. ⁵⁸

In the city itself the first Mayor, James Duane, was disentangling his own legal status, Pierre van Cortlandt was organizing the state legislature, and Alexander Hamilton was founding the Bank of New York. ⁵⁹ Hamilton occupied the Walton House, an old mansion, not far from the Irving home, and Aaron Burr was living at 10 Little Queen Street. One day, from a place in Broadway which later became the site of the St. Nicholas Hotel, Alexander Anderson, the first American wood engraver, made a sketch of Lispenard's Meadows. In John Street the new theater was open. ⁶⁰ Such incidents formed the pattern of events, and in this pattern the child in the garden was soon to have a part. Perhaps, after all, in his years of childhood he was more fortunate than his brothers. If he had missed the last battles of the Revolution, Washington's farewell in Fraunce's tavern to his generals, and Lafayette's visit to New York in 1784, still each day the city was becoming more livable. "The vestiges," wrote a Frenchman concerning the year 1788, "of this terrible conflagration disappear; the activity which

reigns every-where, announces a rising posterity ; they enlarge in every quarter, and extend their streets. Elegant buildings, in the English style, take place of those sharp-roofed sloping houses of the Dutch." ⁶¹

This sprawling colonial village now occupied about three hundred and fifty acres ; the schools were better ; and a meticulous observer counted houses to the number of three thousand, three hundred and forty.⁶² For a mind destined to be stored with such memories of the stage as Washington Irving's, it was unfortunate to be absent from the first performance of Royall Tyler's *The Contrast*.⁶³ He had, too, but a confused understanding of his parents' excitement on the evening of July 26, 1788. They had heard "the joyful tidings of the adoption of the New Constitution, at Poughkeepsie," on the day previous. "The bells in the City were immediately set a ringing, and from the Fort and the Federal Ship Hamilton, were fired several salutes. The Merchants at the Coffee House testified their joy by repeated huzzas. . . . A general joy ran through the whole city."⁶⁴ Fate had chosen to mature Washington Irving slowly, with the republic. Most of the institutions in which he was to have a part were engendered while he played in the garden. At about this time the New York Society Library, a source for his first remarkable book, was reorganized. In 1791 the Society could announce "upwards of 3000 volumes."⁶⁵

Incidentally, young Irving's first connection with public personages was dramatic. On April 23, 1789, George Washington entered the city for the inaugural, and graciously permitted the most boisterous of welcomes. For days the cheering crowds jammed the streets; for many nights the citizens attended dinners, balls, receptions, and ovations at the theaters.⁶⁶ Seventy years later Irving described this tumult,⁶⁷ and then laid down his pen to die. After the inauguration New York became the complacent seat of the new government, and for a time the makers of the nation were the *élite* of the city. In July of this year, President Washington was living, according to the new directory, at 3 Cherry Street ; at other residences were, among the distinguished, John Adams, Robert Morris, Samuel Otis, Representative James Madison, Jr., John Jay, Aaron Burr, and Alexander Hamilton, attorney.⁶⁸

With all these the Irvings enjoyed no intimacy. Yet they had watched the growth of the nation ; had observed, to use Carlyle's words, "Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat." They had seen Washington, a fairly democratic Jove, strolling down the Broad Way. Their youngest child should also

behold him. The incident of Washington Irving's meeting with the President has been repeated in story and sketch until it has the aroma of fable. The day and month are unknown, but the fact is demonstrable. The most complete version Irving himself communicated to Charles Lanman.

My nurse [he said], a good old Scotchwoman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her. So the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed, in her bland Scotch, "Please, your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye!"

To the child of six it seemed that the hero turned upon him a face full of benevolence. "[He] laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing."⁶⁹ Perhaps the sentiment of this conjunction, occurring in an age uncritical of Washington, found reëxpression in the idealized portrait of the general in the biography of 1855-1859. At least it is certain that to write of George Washington became from earliest youth a dream of Irving's.⁷⁰

At the time of his meeting with Washington he had already attended for about two years a kindergarten directed by Mrs. Ann Kilmaster, but from this lady his sole intellectual plunder was the alphabet. At the close of the year 1789, now nearly seven years old, he was enrolled in a school at 37 Partition Street,⁷¹ whose master was Benjamin Romaine, an old soldier, well-known in New York as a capable teacher.⁷² Some mystery, nevertheless, surrounds the choice of Romaine, from the fifty-five instructors then in the city, rather than one of the tutors of the Columbia Grammar School, then reputed to be a substantial academy. Perhaps money motivated the selection of Romaine's school, for the Irvings were still impecunious; perhaps some special need of the favorite of the family was a determinant. Thought concerning the matter is indicated from the avoidance of the charity schools, supported by nearly every church and forming the staple of New York's educational system until the advent of the "Society for Establishing a Free School," which did not come into being until 1805.⁷³ Moreover, the success of the plan may be deduced from its continuance. Paying, presumably, less than the customary fees of a guinea for entrance and seven dollars a quarter, Irving remained under Romaine's instruction for eight years. What little he derived from formal education he owed to this soldier-pedagogue. Mrs. Kilmaster had scolded the boy as a dunce, and the old martinet per-

ceived in him no signs of genius. Yet when in 1797 he left Romaine's classroom, he cherished memories valuable to the future author of essays and plays.

During the nine years, then, which concern the remainder of this chapter, we may trace influences upon Irving's character through the tutelage of Romaine and other, more intransigent, teachers, through his family and this liberal community of the eighteenth century — his social experiences — and, finally, through that intangible inner life of his, of the imagination, whose beginnings were perceptible as he played in the garden in William Street. Daily, beginning in 1789, this boy Irving made his way through some of the cross streets (Wall, Pine, Cedar, Liberty, John, Fair, Ann, or Maiden Lane) to Broadway, where Partition Street entered the famous highway. If his route was varied, as it must have been, he passed from time to time the shop of his future benefactor, John Jacob Astor, then a humble dealer in furs and pianos at 149 Broadway;⁷⁴ in Partition Street he could glance into the cabinet studio of Duncan Phyfe, and in Pearl Street he could inspect the "Universal Store" of Gerardus Duyckinck, with its curious wares from Europe. Romaine's severe discipline Irving bore good-humoredly. His recollections of the first year were centered in the dread hours, after the girls had been dismissed, devoted to thrashings; revolted, he at first secured permission to depart with the other sex. Inured, he took his share in the mischief; for his honesty in confession Romaine bestowed upon him the ironic title of "General." These two were an indifferent teacher and an indifferent student, and Romaine's only service was to transcend Mrs. Kilmaster's; building upon the alphabet, he taught the boy to read and write. From the revival of their acquaintance in about 1812, it is evident that between schoolmaster and pupil existed during the eight years a bond of humorous sympathy. Romaine used to boast that his enlightenment of the author of *Salmagundi* had won him (Romaine) the regard of Albert Gallatin and others of the great.⁷⁵

Indeed, when Benjamin Romaine opened the door to the magic world of reading, the schoolroom had done its best for Washington Irving. William Buchanan in those days was unimpressed by his talents, and another schoolfellow marked him down as "a sluggish and inapt scholar of great diffidence — what teachers call stupid."⁷⁶ This is a jejune story in pedagogy and literature. Between the ages of seven and fifteen, most boys of literary talent worship other deities than Learning. Yet in Irving's indolence

there is meaning. At the age of ten, in a public exhibition of Addison's *Cato*, he was Juba, Prince of Numidia; during rehearsals he conceived an exalted passion for a girl older and taller than himself, a somewhat rangy Marcia. His desk was full of the eighteenth-century romances which flooded the New York book-stalls, in spite of Romaine, who had a trick of stealing up behind him and snatching these dainties.

In the spring of 1797 the old soldier himself tired of books, and plunged into business. He was not more weary than his pupil, who now, in his fifteenth year, was ready to forswear education forever. But the brothers would not have it so. They immediately apprenticed their youngster to Josiah A. Henderson, overlord of a "male seminary" at 30 John Street,⁷⁷ between the antipodes of the Methodist Meeting House and the new John Street Theater. Here lurked opportunity, for Henderson employed, in contrast to Romaine, a brain instead of a ferule. He was famous for his mastery of languages, but this blessing young Irving viewed without passion. He never completely mastered foreign tongues, save Spanish, which he was to conquer in 1826 through necessity.⁷⁸ Henderson's establishment was practical, but heterodox, for he employed as assistants a New England pedagogue and an Englishman — a teacher of elocution! Pompous and apoplectic, the tutor was, nevertheless, a person of taste, the author of an erudite book called *The Well-Bred Scholar*, and an authority on the drama — a fact probably influencing Irving, the future playwright. Henderson's schoolroom itself, like the others in New York, was a desert, without globes, maps, atlases, or blackboards,⁷⁹ for New York was far behind New England in educational facilities. Indeed, improvements, such as Noah Webster's anti-Johnsonian spelling book, were regarded as heretical, though gradually, during Irving's school years, this book and the more modern geographies gained recognition. In the year in which Irving was at Henderson's, the staples in all New York schools were Dilworth's *Arithmetic*, Dwight's *Geography*, and Webster's *Spelling Book*,⁸⁰ with some of which Irving, either at Romaine's or Henderson's, became reluctantly acquainted. Other pupils have testified that the John Street schoolroom was littered with copies of Bingham's *Columbian Orator*, Moore's *Monitor*, Dilworth's *Schoolmaster's Assistant*, and Pike's *Arithmetic*, while on the shelves frowned Webster — a portentous reference library. This dull diet, however, Henderson's students sweetened with the slips and octavo sheets sold by hawkers at every corner. Such ballads and songs, some by the notorious Mr.

Philip Freneau, Irving quoted in company with the other young jingoes; and in unison they sang or recited "Watty and Meg," Dibdin's ditties, and Mrs. Rowson's *America, Commerce, and Freedom*. It was the age of Washington, Humphreys, and robust patriotism.

One book, in particular, fascinated Irving, though not for the merits ascribed to it by his zealous instructor from New England. This was the scholastic novelty of the day, the little duodecimo volume of Morse's *Geography*, describing the various states of the Union, but shamelessly lyrical over all things Yankee. Henderson smiled openly at its eulogies on the soil of Connecticut, and his young Knickerbockers echoed his sarcasms. "The picture which the patriotic author had drawn of Wethersfield, its fair damsels and its exuberant onions . . . secured . . . for the book the sobriquet, *the onion edition*."⁸¹ For once a jest of the classroom was to go far. Twelve years later all New York was to laugh at Irving's vision of Stoffel Brinkerhoff entering the city with booty from Connecticut, including five hundred bushels of Wethersfield onions.⁸² So began in this bleak schoolroom the boy's hostility to New England, the only point of view which the first two great American writers of fiction, Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, were to share.

Irving sat at the front of the room among the older boys, under the very baton of Henderson. Some of these trusted the master to insure them admission to Columbia College, for which the requirements included at about this time the ability to translate Caesar's *Commentaries*, Cicero's orations against Catiline, the first four books of the *Æneid*, and the Greek Gospels. Such aspirants must also be at ease in Latin composition and in the first five rules of arithmetic.⁸³ But toward such mountain heights of learning young Irving never gazed! Sometimes he studied his Cicero; sometimes he thumbed his Morse; sometimes he rose during the school forensics and declaimed savagely Addison's heroic lines:

My voice is still for war. . . .

More often he slouched in his seat, listless, introspective, or broke into sudden merriment at a ludicrous incident. John Francis noted, even then, "that quick foresightedness, that apt seizure of a novelty, a principle, or a fact," and, he adds acutely, "that prompt comprehension when too much labor was not demanded!"⁸⁴ At fifteen, as always, Irving's "memory of dates was not good but he would grasp the spirit of a narrative, and conjure up a coloring

of his own which indelibly impressed it upon his mind and was used as occasion required.”⁸⁵

Such education had a random quality, demanding a spoonful of Deacon Irving's tincture of discipline. In December, 1797, the lad was again transplanted, this time to the school of Jonathan Fiske⁸⁶ in Beekman Street, and at once his training shallowed off into a superficial study of Latin and into furtive lessons in dancing at one of the private establishments⁸⁷ which ministered to the increasing fashionable gayety of the city. Why he never entered Columbia College, in which two of his brothers, John Treat and Peter, had been enrolled, must remain conjectural.⁸⁸ Popular biographies of him in the magazines alluded to him as a quondam student at the college;⁸⁹ he himself always professed ignorance concerning the reasons for his exclusion. The college had been reorganized in the first years of the peace, and during Irving's school days was under the presidency of William Johnson, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1744 and the sponsor at Columbia of a severely classical *régime*. In 1789 the college possessed scarcely any library and only thirty-nine pupils, and between 1784 and 1810 the average number of students graduated yearly was but seventeen. These, however, were nearly all distinguished men, and, though sterile compared with the more fruitful colleges of New England, Columbia College in 1798 might have tempted an ambitious boy.⁹⁰ Possibly, since Irving's education was at the expense of his father, a fact which he always emphasized,⁹¹ the fees of five dollars for the President and each course attended, discouraged his matriculation. The family funds were still straitened; during these years William Irving's name appears on no list of important property owners.⁹² Nevertheless, the precocious child had been indulged at every turn. The true interpretation would seem to be evident from his response to his secondary-school education, that Washington Irving lacked scholastic ambitions. Idle and undisciplined, college was for him not a desideratum.

To piece together the fragments of instruction picked up from Romaine, Henderson, and intermittent private tutors, defines Irving's training; he was less than half-educated. It is reasonable to say that in basic studies he lacked the accomplishments, when he finished with Henderson and Fiske, of to-day's grammar-school graduate. Thus, of algebra or advanced mathematics he had no inkling. Though creditable work in science was now under way in the states, this subject was, of course, in his schools still a closed book, and Irving lacked also the exact training afforded in the New

England colleges by the subjects of logic, theology, or Greek.⁹³ Some history and geography he had gleaned, but in these fields his knowledge was uneven, a fact evidenced by his later researches during his historical writing. Spelling and punctuation were to remain arcana, and his sole strength was in composing English prose and in intelligent reading of light literature.

One is inclined to linger over the lost opportunity in respect to languages. For this study he had an example in William, a skilled linguist.⁹⁴ Moreover, as late as 1803, he heard Dutch spoken in church and market-place,⁹⁵ but in this he acquired only a jargon. French he had commenced with a tutor, but by both the grammar and accent of this language he remained baffled.⁹⁶ Henderson taught him a little Latin; it was the only islet of industry in the idle stream of his youth; and it was his salvation when he began in earnest the study of French, Spanish, and Italian. In 1805, in Italy, he returned to the *Æneid*, and in 1808 he was reading Cicero and Livy.⁹⁷ In Cicero's writings he could browse comfortably, especially in *De officiis*, but Horace forced him at once to Rowe's translation.⁹⁸ German he probably did not commence before 1816,⁹⁹ and of Greek, though Henderson knew this language, he achieved never a word. For a boy of ability, these were sorry omissions, which he was to regret bitterly.

His attitude, however, was the inevitable consequence of the liberal, worldly society of eighteenth-century New York. The studies under Henderson's New England master were anomalous for a boy whose every other influence counseled enjoyment of the eager life of the gay and even cynical society about him. In 1790, New England, ascetic in climate and soul, was homogeneous compared with New York, and "Yankee" was already a term for common convictions about righteousness, education, and thrift. In New York, on the other hand, the conflicting ideas of ancient Dutch, Huguenot, and British families, as well as of sordid traders and riffraff from every arriving vessel, begot relatively a debonair indifference to moral zeal. In the first half of the century Calvinism had flamed up fiercely through the mighty efforts of Edwards, but this great leader had died in 1758. Though the Puritan churches and colleges of New England still prized the dogma bequeathed by seventeenth-century divines, even this section of America was beginning to perceive that for the ambitious, cheerful republic Calvinism was a dying faith. Calvinism had indeed been conceived for men living in crowded cities and a stratified society, not for a democracy. Even in the strongholds of New England, Calvinistic

teachings were losing their grip upon men's actual beliefs. If the liberal mood gained force in Boston, in New York it was triumphant. This lively village, like Philadelphia, now rejoiced in philosophical, political, and literary coteries, in Tammany Hall,¹⁰⁰ and in deism — a way of thought which deeply affected Deacon Irving's sons.

Thus the acceptance in New York of such education as formed a Timothy Dwight was unthinkable. As the sunlight fell on the shipping of many nations in the harbor, the gateway now to the North, or on the velvet-clad ladies and gentlemen promenading before the City Hall, where Congress was holding its sessions, the town meeting and the husking bee, together with such anachronisms as Benjamin Romaine and Deacon Irving, seemed to the boy of fifteen outer darkness. Since his childhood the blackened area near Trinity Church had been adorned with elegant brick houses; and Broadway, at some points seventy feet wide, rose gently to the northward, everywhere commanding views of the Bay and Narrows.¹⁰¹ John Lambert, the English traveler, was confident that in at least one respect, breadth, it rivaled Oxford Street.¹⁰² A brave world, this New York, expectant of its destiny! So Irving thought, and, whenever free from his mentors, haunted the stores, the wharves, or listened, absorbed, in little Coxe's barber shop to this eyewitness' narration of the execution of Louis XVI.¹⁰³ He was already in love with a bubble world of wars and theaters and books; and his mirrors of this were his brothers.

For this was also an age of clubs, and in these the Irvings were active. Too humble to be members of the famous literary societies, such as the "Drone" or the "Friendly Club,"¹⁰⁴ they had, nevertheless, taken the literary infection. Both William and Peter graced the "Calliopean Society," William declaiming at one of its meetings "a piece from Pope."¹⁰⁵ He was, in fact, in 1792, the Society's second vice-president.¹⁰⁶ This rather pitiful group of book-lovers, having for its "sole objects . . . the cultivation of Friendship, and improvement in Literature,"¹⁰⁷ listened, among the disputations, orations, and compositions, to a soul-stirring discourse from Peter on "wedlock," and a colleague added the "speech of Coriolanus to y^e Romans."¹⁰⁸ Meanwhile, John was active in the "Belles Lettres Club."¹⁰⁹ As this oratory now reverberated through the house in William Street, the garden became the setting for Charlemagne's battles, and for the siege of Valenciennes, in which John was at once the besieger and the historian of the wars.¹¹⁰ During truces he and Washington turned to Hoole's new translation of

Orlando Furioso. And indoors was music from songbooks made with Ebenezer's own pen.¹¹¹

The Irving home was, in fact, a microcosm of this tolerant colony of New York. The city was, to quote a traveler in 1795, "the gayest place in America; the ladies, in the richness and brilliancy of their dress, are not equalled in any city in the United States."¹¹² Of women Irving was already aware; to their charm he was to be sensitive throughout his life until his final, wistful romance, at the age of seventy, with Mary Kennedy.¹¹⁸ But he was now chiefly inquisitive about the paradise in which the brothers moved; they had leisure for speech-making, music, writing, and the faint beginnings of the interest which was to culminate in 1808 with the founding of the American Academy of Fine Arts.¹¹⁴ Down the street, at Number 135, lived Archibald Robertson, teacher of drawing and painting.¹¹⁵ Alexander Anderson, too, was a friend of the Irvings'; the wood engraver was "handsome, artless, and full of good humor, and as gentle as a woman."¹¹⁶ Irving was still more curious concerning the older brother, John Anderson, too pious, perhaps, but musical and, like the other, adroit with pencil and brush. Poor John Anderson was carried off by the scourge of yellow fever which overwhelmed New York in 1798, but to his journal of the last four years of his life we owe vignettes of Irving's boyhood.

For John Anderson was a hopeful beau of Sister Catherine's; he kept dropping in upon Deacon Irving, bestowing upon the entire family his music and his paintings. Washington, eleven years old, pored over the drawings;¹¹⁷ it was the genesis of that enthusiasm which made him the friend of Allston, Leslie, Newton, Wilkie, Sully, William E. West, and the Spanish painter Escayena. Anderson was fond of escorting his "Kitty" to her sister-in-law's (Mrs. William Irving¹¹⁸) in Little Queen Street, and during this courtship Washington spent afternoons with him.¹¹⁹ So the older dilettante showed the younger his sketch book, deigned to give him a small one, and played for him on the violin. Washington stayed for tea, and then skimmed through Anderson's old journals, until his Mæcenæ led him carefully back to William Street.¹²⁰ It was an excellent device to permit the lover an additional chat with Catherine. On February 7 she accompanied Anderson to one of the lectures, a fashion of the city from which Washington himself never quite recovered, and later, the suitor wrote: "I partly opened my mind to Miss Kitty, on a subject, I have long wished for an opportunity to inform her of."¹²¹

His devotion served Irving well. Oh, the difference between the

hours with Anderson and those with Romaine! He was apt to be present whenever the painter, "seeing Mr. Irving's store still open,"¹²² called. If Anderson often "discours'd on indifferent topics,"¹²³ he could, nevertheless, on encouragement, discuss Doctor Kemp's lectures on Natural Philosophy, or his own reading, which included Espinasse, Æschylus, *The Guardian*, Thomson's *Seasons*, and Sheridan's plays. Irving was eventually to know much of Sheridan from the lips of his biographer, Tom Moore,¹²⁴ but at the moment he must have envied Anderson his acquaintance with the drama, or, rather more, his privilege of attending the theater openly. For Anderson's young friend had to outwit the Deacon, to steal out secretly by night over the roof, and so down to the theater in neighboring John Street.¹²⁵ Did he admit to Anderson that he, too, had seen Edward Moore's *Gamester* or *The Grecian Daughter* or "Tammany, a tragi-comic Opera; wrote by Mrs. Hatten of this City . . . acted three times last week"?¹²⁶

During the still more frequent visits toward the end of 1795 he and Anderson may well have talked of Alexander Hamilton and Brockholst Livingston, both of whom Anderson had beheld in one day;¹²⁷ or of the parade of November 25, to commemorate the evacuation of the British; or of Stuart's painting of George Washington, on exhibition in the city. Nor could Irving, then eleven years old, have ignored the excitement recorded by Anderson on March 7, 1794:

cannon fired, and bells rung, at different hours of the day: rejoicing for the confirmation of the retaking of Toulon by the French. In the evening went to the brick meeting. . . . After meeting went to Mr. Irvings, and set till after 9 o'clock. . . . In my way home, heard a noise in the Tontine Coffee house: on going in, discovered a number of people, english & french, dancing the carmagnole round the American & French flags.¹²⁸

Anderson never won Catherine; four years later he fades into the darkness, but not before showing us the life which weaned Irving from the sterner influences of education and religion.

More and more, then, Irving appears easy-tempered, and, apart from the frowns of Deacon Irving, Romaine, and Henderson, unrepressed except in his love of the theater. The street shows¹²⁹ in which New York abounded could hardly have contented him. In any case, by 1795 he had amusements of a different feather. He had followed other boys to the fringes of the city, the harbor, and the forest. From the pierheads he watched ships weigh anchor

for Spain; he sailed his own tiny boats in the straits of Hell Gate¹⁸⁰ and along the river; and he hid among the farmhouses, apparently not far from old Hudson Square. In brief, he already displayed the tireless curiosity of the wanderer. Yet, to see ship after ship disappear beyond the horizon was exasperating; his boundaries by sea and river were so fixed. Each year, then, he rambled farther north. Eventually he tired of the orchards, the cider barrel's "lazy roll down hill" which angered the outraged, vociferous farmer.¹⁸¹ Gun athwart shoulder, he crossed the open country above Broadway and the bridewell, and in the woods along the river shot squirrels.¹⁸² He did not, like Emerson, wear an embarrassed expression as he aimed a gun; he was at home in the woods, but the meaning of his communion with nature needs emphasis. His first excursions were really flights from Romaine's prison. His wooing of nature included no meditation; it was limited to amateurish interests in botany and ornithology; his spiritual goal was merely a sense of freedom. Outside Romaine's window the bobolink sang. "I, luckless urchin!" he recalled, "was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song."¹⁸³

Indelibly urban, even in boyhood, Irving's love of rural scenes was untroubled by those speculations on God and man which were to dignify the bold, original literature of the New Englanders. On the other hand, the countryside was to his adolescence more than a playground. He felt the beauty of wilderness and wild blue water stretching to the north, and, as he listened to the far-flung echo of his rifle in the afternoon silence,¹⁸⁴ the image of these hills, reflected in the majestic river, sank into his mind, to be recalled when, sick with longing for home, he tarried by the remote Darro and Xenil. Such was his "early companionship with this glorious river."¹⁸⁵ Impatient of close observation of nature, indifferent to its wisdom, he was moved by what has been called the panoramic sense. Horizons in the Rhineland, the *tablada* of Seville, the prairies of the Osages, the Tweed, forcing its way through bare Scottish hills — such scenes henceforth renewed this soft, tranquil mood of boyhood.

This, and one other, less attenuated, mood, defines the influence of nature upon Irving's youth. This other was his instinctive concern for antiquities. In 1798 he strayed as far as Sleepy Hollow. Against the background of hill and river lay quietly the Dutch houses and churches, as in the days of Wouter Van Twiller. More

strongly than his intuitions concerning nature, he felt, also, a sense of the past, of mutability. "Here reigned," he thought, "good old long-forgotten fashions." Even in his romping through the fields he caught the spirit of the mansions, the wild pigeons, the Pocantico, inviting the angler, the mossed church, the graveyard. "In company," he said, "with other whipsters, I have sported within its sacred bounds, during the intervals of worship; chasing butterflies, plucking wild flowers, or vying with each other who could leap over the tallest tomb-stones; until checked by the stern voice of the sexton."¹⁸⁶

Such experiences, the odd sequels of explorations with a rifle, remind again of the imaginative child in the garden, and bring us naturally to the final influence of Irving's early years, the inner life growing up in him through introspection and books. For, reading constantly, he puzzled Deacon Irving. He "dubbed me," said the son, "the Philosopher from my lonely & abstracted habits."¹⁸⁷ The "Philosopher" was reading and dreaming of travel.¹⁸⁸ He was brooding over *Sinbad the Sailor* and *Robinson Crusoe*, obligatos to the hours on the pierheads, and before 1798 he could retell the exploits of Boabdil, King of Granada. What the Deacon's shelves contained, besides Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, is doubtful,¹⁸⁹ but at the Society Library in 1798, or at such bookstores as Loudon's, might be had the fashionable eighteenth-century deities of English writing in history, politics, and literature.¹⁴⁰ This Loudon described in his diary for 1792, besides the barter of "a Hearty Negro Girl of 17 years old, with her male Child," his consignment of more than a thousand books from England, and also the sale of his circulating library of some fifteen hundred volumes.¹⁴¹ Recent writings were available through light-fingered newspaper editors. In July, 1787, to cite one example, a poem by Burns was first reprinted in an American newspaper, and from that date "until the close of the year 1800, forty-four different poems by Burns were printed, in whole or in part, in ninety-four different issues of newspapers."¹⁴² Thus Irving's interest in Burns, reflected in "Abbotsford" and in notebooks,¹⁴⁸ probably began in childhood, as his saturation in Addison, Goldsmith, and a score of other writers commenced presumably in the books and newspapers accessible in William Street. Yet literature to satisfy his eager mind was far from abundant. "What," he exclaimed, as a half century later he surveyed the collections in the new Astor Library, ". . . might have been my destiny could I have commanded these treasures in my youth!"¹⁴⁴

Through all the heterogeneous pamphlets, newspapers, and books, Irving, before his sixteenth year, had cut a clean path to his citadel of romantic travel, and especially travel in England. Even in the garden he had hung over Newberry's picture books and the old prints of the Thames and London Bridge in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with its cut of St. John's Gate on the cover.¹⁴⁵ About 1850 another child, Henry James, living amid similar magic scenes, saw a visitor who looked like an Englishman; he saw Washington Irving, who had begun in the same way, especially with those blessed collections of travels, *The World Displayed*. "I used," Irving said, "to take the little volumes to school with me and read them slyly to the great neglect of my lessons." Never, he said, had he read fairy tales so wonderful as the early books which dealt with the voyages of Columbus and the conquests of Mexico and Peru.¹⁴⁶ "A book of travel was like a coach at the door — he must jump in and take a ride."¹⁴⁷ Looking back, in the introductory essay of *The Sketch Book*, it seemed to him that it was England, always England, that was "teeming with everything of which his childhood [had] heard."¹⁴⁸ For the tie with the old land was still strong in the hearts of many Americans, whether loyalist or not.¹⁴⁹ From his mother's casual talk, from letters, from reminiscences of friends, from books, he derived in childhood his abiding love of England. It was England, the land of Shakespeare, whose name was constantly in his notebooks, and it was to be England out of which he wrought his fame. Yet the Continent, too, had already become mesmeric. "My mind," he wrote in 1822, "was early filled with historical and poetical associations, connected with places, and manners, and customs of Europe."¹⁵⁰

For his world of reverie Irving paid the ordinary though not the excessive price of men endowed with a special attribute. He was moody, suffered from fits of depression, which as late as 1843 he attributed to this early reading. "I consider all this," he set down, "as apt to produce a mawkish and morbid sensibility, quite opposite to that cheerful healthy robustness of mind most conducive to happiness."¹⁵¹ Once more, he judged himself inaccurately. One purpose of this chapter has been to demonstrate the coexistence in him of sensibility and the normal feelings of boyhood. His wanderings out of doors saved him, and the following self-portrait reveals in him the union of these qualities:

As [he recalled] I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous

in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.¹⁵²

In this passage, so characteristic in its sweet temper and studied *naïveté*, is much of the youthful Irving. It is the confession neither of a recluse nor of a bold participant in existence, but its writer, if fastidious, loved this world in which he found himself. His character was now well formed. He was already, in the words of the sneer which hurt him, "the easily pleased Washington Irving,"¹⁵³ but he was also something subtler than this, a sensitive, poetic spirit, curious about living.

To see him as he was in 1798, add but that passion, now stirring within him, to make permanent what he saw and felt — to scribble. He could, he knew it, learn to write like some of these authors of the past. His first racy verses on Romaine's servant girls and the fluent schoolboy essays which he had composed at eleven are lost, and wise is he who can identify the prose and verse which he sent to the *Weekly Magazine*.¹⁵⁴ But Carson Brevoort says that he not only wrote essays for his schoolmates, but that he repeatedly adapted his own style to that of each of these friends.¹⁵⁵ At thirteen he had written a play;¹⁵⁶ and *Jonathan Oldstyle* appeared only five years after he left Henderson's school. He had already dreamed, like Francis Parkman, of a shelf bearing full-garnered books of his own. He had even hoped that these would be of New York, England, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the wilderness. Like Parkman's, this dream of Irving's, the boy of sixteen, was to come true.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNINGS IN LAW, TRAVEL, AND WRITING

1798-1804

IN 1798, in the commercial seaport of sixty thousand people,¹ the profession of letters was a mirage, deceiving few. In this year, Charles Brockden Brown published his first novel, *Wieland*, but Brown was still primarily a magazinist.² Dwight, Freneau, Humphreys, Dennie, Paine, Barlow, and Dunlap were writing,³ but for each of these *belles-lettres* were avocational. Much of American poetry and prose was still polemical or, in one way or another, eccentric. Another deterrent to latent American literary genius was the absence of international copyright law. The American national law of 1790 guarded its own citizens' books, but offered no tittle of protection to foreigners. Hence our humble authors had the dubious honor of competing with widely pirated editions of Scott and Byron.⁴ Yet apart from this the Irvings would have agreed that the writing of books was really a gentleman's pastime. Of the five brothers four were literary, but not one of them, including Washington, regardless of his itch for scribbling at the age of sixteen, yearned for an inkpot in a garret. Meanwhile, as his sons finished their meager educations, Deacon Irving nourished convictions concerning their futures. At least one should enter the Church, Presbyterian or, at the worst, Anglican.

Washington, in this respect, was the last of the Deacon's five disappointments. William and Ebenezer, he thought, had chosen second-best; the former, after a brief venture on the frontier, had been engaged for some years in business at 208 Broadway;⁵ the latter, likewise in trade, was the steadiest of them all, with no hankering after poetry or other heathenish interests. "A good son," wrote Washington almost enviously, "a good father, a good husband, a good brother and a good friend."⁶ Peter, suspiciously like Washington in temperament, was a physician in the same building with William,⁷ and John was studying law at 56 Maiden

Lane under Henry Masterton.⁸ Peter's drugs and scalpel had the father's unenthusiastic sanction, but John was in a calling which lacked, the Deacon feared, moral dignity. Of all these disillusionments, that concerning John was the most trying, since he had been inclined momentarily toward things ecclesiastic; he had, in fact, commenced the study of theology. But the brothers were too ironical. "Mind, Jack," jeered Peter, "you must preach dashing sermons."⁹ The deism, the pioneer science, the bold business enterprises of eighteenth-century America, especially in communities such as New York, had created a state of mind unfavorable to the invisible landscape in which the Deacon believed. His sons were genuine creatures of the new era.

So John went on with the law, became eventually First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and died of overwork¹⁰ — a prodigy among the more easy-going brothers. He and William were of strongly practical bent, but Washington's choice of the law, like Peter's of medicine, was a compromise. His reasons for entering Masterton's office in 1799 are transparent. Far more than in New England, where still prevailed the family tradition of one son in the ministry, and where the power of the clergy was more aggressive, in New York the law had emerged from the Revolution as a necessity among the professions. Escaping from their colonial status of obscurity, lawyers had fought Great Britain in court and assembly and had attained an astonishingly swift rise to importance in the life of the new republic.¹¹ No services were more needed than those of able legalists, to unravel the confused rights of property; the law of New York during the last years of the century offered rewards at once pecuniary, political, and intellectual; success in it meant often national prominence.¹²

As a boy Irving saw in Wall Street the dapper figure of Aaron Burr, a friend of Peter's; he was already an admirer of the dangerous Federalist Alexander Hamilton; and the names of Egbert Benson, James Kent, and Josiah Ogden Hoffman were household words in William Street. For many families, in origin as humble as the Irvings, the gateway to distinction had been the bar. In his study of the law, then, Irving was following an ideal of his epoch and his city, not without fitful aspirations for himself. Thus he wrote privately: "My anticipations of success at the Bar how I would overwhelm the guilty — uphold the innocent — I would scarcely have changed my anticipation for the fame of Cicero."¹³ With this honest ambition, however ill-sustained, he must be credited. His other reasons were more cogent: the law, he declared

was free from "the risks and harrassing cares of commerce";¹⁴ it drew him into genteel associations; it suited his idle habits; and it flattered his persistent hope that he would one day write something to amaze the city.

Ebenezer and John, and even William, in spite of his verses, were straightway absorbed in their Philistine pursuits and became dependable members of the mercantile community. Peter, however, was different. Peter, resembling Irving even in personal appearance, understood; was himself a rebel against scheduled industry; longed, with a reach far exceeding his grasp, for literary eminence. This nonconformist brother was to have an important and, finally, a pathetic part in the life story of Washington Irving. He owned the latter's weaknesses without his talents. Just now, however, his career was crescent. He, too, had loathed the ministry, had liked the law; he had compromised with the Deacon on medicine, and had ended by abandoning the compromise, carrying off the enduring, empty title of "the Doctor." He was to have a slack, rather melancholy life, wandering through Europe, introduced everywhere as the invalid brother of the American essayist, Washington Irving.

In 1800 this was otherwise. Peter, not Washington, first linked the family name with writing. To the latter, Aaron Burr referred merely as "the youngest brother of Dr. Peter Irving, of New York,"¹⁵ and William Dunlap, who knew the literary cliques, thought Peter "a gentleman of the first talents,"¹⁶ hailing him as a kind of Knickerbocker Socrates. Until 1807 Dr. Peter Irving had his day. The truth was that he got about the town easily; to admire him became fashionable. To write well in the New York of 1800 was evidence of a gentlemanly origin, and it is not surprising to find Daniel A. Ogden addressing him as "a person of your standing in society."¹⁷ An examination of Peter Irving's journals or of his dubious novel¹⁸ leaves the impression that actually his literary abilities were limited, and his later criticism of Irving's writing increases such doubts. In contrast to his youngest brother, he loved learning, having, Francis says, "great distinction for classical acquisition and belles-lettres knowledge."¹⁹ Yet, knowing him through the years in Europe, one questions also the depth of these accomplishments. At any rate, he was now a vivacious spirit, tolerably penetrative in the politics of his day and an ardent wooer of journalism, conversation, and clubs. An amusing guerdon of this last passion was his array of honors in Masonry, of which he and William could not have enough, being in various lodges

Masters of Ceremony, Senior Wardens, Grand Masters, and what-not.²⁰ In the shallows of his middle age Peter became solitary, but now he was urbanity itself, always companionable — somewhat too much so, it appears, for the peace of mind of his more matter-of-fact brothers.

Peter could not save Washington from the law, but he willingly came to the office and diverted him by gossip of literature. It now seemed less certain that Irving would become a Cicero. The hours in Masterton's efficient office had cooled such fancies. "The dry studies," he wrote with feeling, "of statutes and reporters, the technical rubbish, and dull routine of a lawyer's office"! ²¹ For a dozen years this bondage was theoretically unbroken; technically, Irving was a practicer of law until after the death of Matilda Hoffman in 1809. One of the few surviving relics of his servitude furnishes an apt illustration of his wry descriptions of his profession — a deed with a signature of the law clerk Washington Irving on May 14, 1801.²² In the summer of this year he transferred for a short time to the purlieus of that brilliant barrister Brockholst Livingston, and in 1802 he continued wearily the study of his mysterious subject under Judge Hoffman. This was a fateful remove, not because Hoffman, attorney-general since 1798, had proved himself supreme among the lawyers of the city in his examination of witnesses and his management of juries,²³ but because this change meant for Irving intimacy with the Hoffman family, and so, indirectly, the greatest happiness and the greatest grief of his life.²⁴

In 1808 *Longworth's Almanac* still announced: "Irving Washington, attorney 3 Wall."²⁵ This trifling with a profound subject over the period of a decade was, after all, characteristic. No, he would not be able to "overwhelm the guilty — uphold the innocent."²⁶ His dilettante pursuit of the law is an illustration of his temperamental substitution of dreams for realities. The great lawyer, the great historian, the great novelist, the great dramatist, the great scholar — these ultimate glories stirred at one time or another Irving's ambitions, of which, as private memorandums show, he had his full share. Yet the vision and the realization were in conflict. The pot of gold was there; but so was the narrow, dusty road. Of toil in the chambers of Masterton, Livingston, and Hoffman he was no more enamored than of the severe training in Romaine's school.

So he marked time over his legal studies, watching the fierce party feuds in the city, listening to the sinister whispers concerning those rival giants Burr and Hamilton, and hearing the solemn

bells, on December 14, 1799, proclaim the death of President Washington. The scourges of yellow fever in 1800 and 1803 he escaped because, the wiseacres said, of the superior elevation of William Street.²⁷ Yet his brothers thought him in delicate health — though certainly not from too close application. He himself was inclined to concede his physical weakness, for private reasons. Did not the great river lead northward to the highlands, to the wilderness? He did not care for the ragged frontier of stump land, but it was better than Hoffman's law library. At Johnstown, near Schenectady and Albany, lived Sisters Ann and Catherine, eager to embrace him; without explaining every motive to the Deacon, a journey in that direction lay obviously in the way of duty. So between 1800 and 1803 he contrived to have three pilgrimages, the precursors of wanderings in 1804 as far as Sicily. The first project of travel passed the synod of Irvings, and in a twinkling the young man packed his trunk. His zeal was premature; he had the unhappiness of unpacking several times before the final, beatific day.

To the average New Yorker of 1800 a voyage up the Hudson to Albany still threatened transatlantic rigors. Four years earlier on the Collect, later the site of the Tombs, Irving had probably witnessed the trial of John Fitch's eighteen-foot steamboat with screw propeller, but not till 1807 did his acquaintance "Crazy Robert Fulton" launch the *Clermont* for Albany, a breath-taking journey.²⁸ In 1800 sailing vessels fought the currents and tacked slowly across the wide bays of the river, and in this year the only commercial intercourse between Haverstraw (Warren) and New York was by means of a single sloop, *The Farmer's Daughter*.²⁹ Since no regular passenger service existed, the brothers knitted their brows over the proposed voyage. A sloop and captain known to all New York must be selected; and this captain must assemble a nucleus of passengers. After tedious days it was done. Irving stood expectant on the vessel's deck; he heard the master harangue his black crew in Dutch but listen respectfully to the counsel of a veteran and crabbed negro mariner.³⁰

They put off. The sloop withdrew gently from the clustered roofs; the bights of the river seemed to unfold, mirroring the gray-blue highlands, which for the first time Irving now really beheld. He fell into casual talk with fellow passengers; an Indian trader enthralled him with legends of the Hudson.³¹ Yet, escaping from them all, he yielded himself to that reverie which, he so frequently said, he was wont to mistake for thought itself. At evening the ship anchored in the shadows of the mountains; he heard the

cry of the whippoorwill and the dull splash of the sturgeon. During the daytime he still dreamed. It is one of the first of those periods of quiescence, destined to be repeated in Stratford, Seville, or Sleepy Hollow and to shape the temper of many a tranquil essay, as in the opening passage of *The Sketch Book*. Of this side of his nature, so often mistaken for the whole, many a reader has wearied, but its emergence during this early pilgrimage is significant.

Of all the scenery of the Hudson [he wrote], the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape.⁸²

He was back among his case books soon enough. Adams was defeated, and Irving read Jefferson's inaugural address (which he was to satirize seven years afterwards)⁸³ and watched his Federalist friends tremble.⁸⁴ For the better part of July, 1802, he was again at Johnstown, whence Daniel Paris took him to Ballston Springs, an odd jumble of frontier post and watering place.⁸⁵ Such were the law student's holidays, but these were desultory compared with a prolonged excursion into Canada in 1803. The story of this sally into the wilderness, as told by the earliest known Irving journal⁸⁶ — a curious document, important personally and historically — is bound up in the issue of frontier commerce, chiefly in furs, which jeopardized peace between England and America for several decades after the Revolution.

In upper New York State and Canada, merchants, indifferent to international boundaries, openly or furtively plied their trade.⁸⁷ Not only Astor but many other New Yorkers had seen the future and purchased large sections of the wilderness. Such paper claims Irving's employer, Hoffman, and Ludlow Ogden held. They planned to inspect these regions, and, after traversing the ugly route through Johnstown, Utica, and Oswegatchie (Ogdensburg), to visit Montreal, a throne of the Northwest Fur Company. Hoffman's absence, then, from his lucrative law practice and his luxurious suburban home was discreetly motivated; he was in search of more wealth.⁸⁸ It is probable that Irving, who was to hold confer-

[illegible]

ence in Montreal with that skillful business man Henry Brevoort, acted also as scout for the family interests of the Deacon and William.

The temper of the journal, however, suggests Irving's serene detachment from business. To show them the wilderness Hoffman took along his wife and his daughter Ann; Ogden added Mrs. Ogden and a cousin, Eliza. The pale young clerk in Hoffman's office could at least witness deeds; besides, he was excellent company; he was asked to grace the party. With the four "females," as Irving in the jargon of his time called them, he was now on terms of intimate friendship. Eliza Ogden he was to squire at Philadelphia balls; witty Ann Hoffman,³⁹ the sister of the child Matilda, kept him laughing endlessly; and he was already chivalrously devoted to Maria Fenno Hoffman,⁴⁰ the youthful second wife of his master. It was a gay coterie during the first half of the journey; and the sufferings of the last days were to bind Irving still more closely to his patron's family.

The party, increased at the pier by three gentlemen, Messrs. Reedy, Van Rensselaer, and Brandram,⁴¹ sailed from New York on the morning of Saturday, July 31, 1803, and at evening cast anchor at the entrance of the highlands. On the next day, they proceeded up the Hudson in high spirits, punning, firing fowling pieces to wake the echoes, and listening to mock-philosophical discourses from Brandram, just from England, on the need of ease — "luxury & disipation,"⁴² he called it. The phrase became a satirical catchword to lighten the hardships of the explorers. Brandram, with whom Irving lived over these adventures in Germany in 1822,⁴³ was the party's buffoon. Indeed, on the second day his hearty good humor nearly caused Irving's undoing. On a foraging expedition ashore Brandram filled him with ice water and brandy. Suddenly there followed a warning gun from the ship, a run to the dory, a violent row to the vessel to overtake her in the favorable breeze; and, once on board, Irving was put to bed surrounded by solicitous friends. Brandram was at his side, plying him again with his inexhaustible brandy. After a night of chills and fever, Irving was better, but the brothers were perhaps right; his lack of stamina was evident, and his physical instability at the age of twenty might account for those irresolute impulses of his.

The passage to Albany, now a town of some five thousand inhabitants, had taken thirty-nine hours. Ann Dodge was here to greet her brother, but he hurried on with the ladies to Ballston Springs, only to find the place "intollerably stupid owing to the

miserable deficiency of female company." "The bleak, emulous little resort in the forest amused the New Yorkers, and out of their stay was born, probably, Irving's essay in *Salmagundi*, "Style at Ballston." "Their polite condescension toward the trader's store, converted into a gaudy ballroom, was perfect. Here the fashionable Boston world had flocked, without giving invitations in return, and here Irving and the Hoffmans delighted in the trader's wife. "Sheba Smith" Irving dubbed her; at the age of forty-five she had learned to dance, play the harpsichord, and entertain with the fine airs of a duchess. It was a typical frontier scene, a meeting of the East and the rapidly receding West of the Albany trading posts. On this evening Eliza and Irving's "original," as he called Mrs. Smith, opened the ball with a minuet. His own description of the frontier belle, proud of her garish ballroom, proud, too, of her humble origin, has flavor:

Mrs. Smiths dress for the Ball was of Muslin with large gold sprigs. A gold ribbon round her waist her hair turned up over a cushion powdered pomatumed and covered with lace and trinkets. She was surrounded with an atmosphere of perfume. She carried an enormous Boquet of Artificial flowers, in addition to which I presented her with a stylish assortment of poppies Hollihocks and asparagus.⁴⁶

Overcome, the lady invited her Lothario to accompany her to Boston. Mrs. Smith was the gayest memory of the journey, gayer even than "several ladies at the [Saratoga] Springs who mounted some high airs & afforded us infinite amusement."⁴⁷

After this detour to Ballston Springs and Saratoga, the march to Montreal began in earnest. The party passed Tripe's Hill and Canajoharie, where in the evening young Irving must stroll in the moonlight and play his flute till he was ordered in out of the unwholesome night air. Through Little Falls and the handsome village of German Flats they rode on to Utica, then overflowing with New Englanders; and on the following Monday (August 9) they set out for the Black River. The roads were vile; the two wagons jolted horribly; nothing was to be seen but underbrush, bare fields, and blackened boles. On they pressed, Ann Hoffman reading aloud scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, and Mrs. Hoffman and Irving retaliating with voice and flute. Towns had disappeared; in their place was a series of rude taverns. At High Falls the party embarked in a scow, and as they slowly crawled along the banks of the river, they fished, shot ducks, or sat helpless under the beating of terrific showers.

Of one incident the journal deserves to speak fully. "Killing the Doe on Black River,"⁴⁸ Irving wrote in another notebook, fourteen years afterwards, recalling the thrill of this experience, unparalleled in his life until 1832, when he shot his first and only buffalo.

On turning a point in the river [he wrote on August 12] we were surprised by loud shouting ahead which proceeded from two or three canoes in violent motion the people in them rowing with all their strength. A gun was soon after fired. On approaching a little nearer we perceived something swimming in the water which they were earnestly pursuing. This we soon found out to be a deer and we rowed with all our might to *get in at the death*. A canoe in which was a man and woman at last came up with the animal and the woman hit it two or three times on the head with a paddle. . . . the deer got away from them and made towards that shore along which we were sailing. We now exerted all our strength to come up with it as we perceived another canoe endeavoring the same. The animal made for shore and we ran ashore immediately & Mr. Ogden & myself jumped out.⁴⁹

Now ensued a frantic contest. Ogden and Irving crashed clumsily through the woods, but shouts from the scow recalled the chase to the river. Ogden shot and once more wounded the deer; and the heavy scow splashed in pursuit.

I threw off my coat [said this lover of tea parties] & prepared to swim after it. As it came near shore a man rushed through the bushes and sprang into the water. The banks were very steep and he was over his head immediately. He floundered about with a large paddle in one hand which impeded his progress while Mr. Ogden & myself ran along shore endeavoring to find clubs. Mr. Ogden threw one at the Deer when the man who had contrived to get out of the water, sprang in once more & made a grasp at the animal. He missed his aim, and I jumping after fell on his back and sunk him under water at the same time I caught the deer by one ear and Mr. Ogden seized it by a leg. The paddle gentleman had also risen above water & got hold of another leg. We drew it ashore when the man immediately dispatched it with a knife. It turned out to be a fine doe. We claimed a haunch for our share permitting the man to keep all the rest. We then took clothes out of our trunks went ashore & stripped ourselves in the woods.⁵⁰

Thus there was venison for dinner at the next inn, "The Temple of Dirt," as the pioneers christened their filthy lodgings at the head of Long Falls. Yet sixty miles of detestable bog roads lay between them and Oswegatchie, to be traversed in two wagons,

with another, drawn by oxen, for the luggage. Even racy recitals by Simmons, the driver, from a frontier version of "Dr. Faustus and the Devil" and from a woodsman's "mournful humorous verses" ⁸¹ hardly softened the discomforts. The wagons crashed against stumps, the axles gave way and were refitted from living trees; the passengers were forced to descend and trudge on, hungry and nearly exhausted. Once, under a twisted trunk in the middle of the trail, Irving saw a deserter from the English garrison at Montreal, his red military jacket shining against the green of the trees, his fugitive's bundle slung over his left shoulder on the point of a cutlass. He was fleeing toward the Black River. Such flashes of color, however, were rare. Instead there were swamps, stumps, sweating, weary horses by day, and at night one-room, smoky huts, with a mattress for the ladies and greatcoats as blankets for the men.

The party now needed all the good spirits of their sail up the Hudson. On August 14 one of the wagons mired in a hole so deep that the mud and water reached the horses' backs. Hornets stung; dead logs fell across the trail; and at nightfall a tempest whistled about them. "The ladies were in the highest state of alarm and entreated that we should walk to a house which we were told was about a half a mile distant. We therefore dragged along — wet to the skin wading through mud holes — it seemed as if the whole forest was under water." ⁸² Yet the peak of discomfort was just ahead. An immigrant from Pennsylvania had built a shelter, and for its appointments had thrown about the room, some sixteen feet square, two or three crazy chairs, a table, and four or five kegs of rum. Such was the asylum for the night; two days' travel, and only twenty-one miles through the wilderness!

Most of the terrors of this journey faded into that mellow mood of retrospection which memory casts over temporary distress, but not so this night. Irving never forgot it. Other travelers, including two treacherous scoundrels named Sharp, had taken possession of the hut; all, to the number of fifteen, were packed together in one small room. The Sharps began to drink, and sought to establish intimacies with everyone. Simmons, the erstwhile master of folklore, now hobbled in, covered with blood from a wound made by his ax. Mrs. Hoffman straightway fainted, whereupon Irving despaired: "I now," he declared, "gave up all hopes of getting along. We were here in a wilderness, no medical aid near, among a set of men rough and some of them insolent (the Sharps) with ladies of delicate minds and constitutions sinking under fatigue and appre-

hension.”⁵³ Furthermore, after Mrs. Hoffman’s revival, as the gentlemen strove to make some decent arrangements for the night, the Sharps, more and more intoxicated, played on boisterously at cards till Ann was in tears. Busily Irving pyramided chairs and overcoats until the horrid scene was partly invisible. Stretched on the chairs, he kept guard over the fair, sleeping little, rising occasionally to hold an umbrella over them, starting at the crash of a falling tree or the far-off howl of a wolf. “I never passed,” he wrote on the next morning, “so dreary a night in my life.”⁵⁴

For two days more the battle continued, through the marshy forest, against mosquitoes, bees, hunger, and the impudence of the Sharps, until, on August 17, the party reached the hospitable house of Judge Nathan Ford in Oswegatchie, with its magnificent views of the St. Lawrence. Ogden went at once to Madrid, a settlement farther down the river, to transact business with his tenants, while Hoffman and Irving held consultations with Canadian lawyers. On August 22 they proceeded to Hoffman’s township Lisbon, some distance toward Madrid, where bonds and deeds were signed, to the weariness of Irving, who preferred the excellent fishing and shooting. He had, moreover, been assailed by his craving for solitude. He wandered off into the forest, Rousseausque in the silence of the wilderness; on one evening he fell asleep in a sawmill, and returned to find the whole party in search of him. On August 30 the journal breaks off abruptly. A few weeks later the adventurers continued on by *bateau* to Montreal, where, welcomed by the partners of the Northwest Company, they enjoyed glimpses of the great frontier empire of the traders’ West.⁵⁵

One other incident begs mention. Occurring during the stay near Lisbon and Madrid, it jolted Irving out of his mood of reverie so savagely that he could write of it ruefully years later, in quite another Madrid. In company with Turner, Hoffman’s agent, he was visiting a wigwam, when a young squaw, not without attractions though mildly drunk, seated herself beside him. Irving reciprocated her evident interest until her husband, a watchful, scowling giant, suddenly shouted, “Damned Yankee!” and with a terrific blow dropped the philanderer to the ground. As Irving painfully lifted himself up, “He is jealous,” said a discerning soul in the group. However unjust the attack, had not Turner been an artful mediator, and the squaw expert in hiding her Othello’s knife, romance might have become a brutal form of reality. Gradually, however, as the agent’s arms pinioned the outraged husband, the cries of “He — damned Yankee” grew fainter, and Irving with-

drew more or less gracefully to his canoe. According to his softened recollection of the incident, he was sought out by the Indian, begging pardon and saying, "Not me — the rum!"⁵⁶

At this interlude, of course, his employer laughed. Perhaps it was no worse than drinking too much brandy, or losing one's head when a lady fainted, or playing the flute at evening on the edge of a Canadian lake, or hiding oneself, to the anxiety of the entire camp, or being bored by the only work required on the journey, the witnessing of a few deeds.⁵⁷ Hoffman understood; throughout this expedition Irving was so consistently a boy among men. It would be interesting to know how he impressed hard-headed Brevoort, who now met him in Montreal, and who was already laying the foundations of his business success.⁵⁸ The fact is that Irving at the age of twenty saw the frontier not in terms of its potential wealth or its promise of the commerce and destiny of nations, but in the spirit of romance. In this regard the influence of his three pilgrimages, particularly the last, was emphatic. Irving felt the pull of this adventurous life, so much so that he referred to it constantly in Europe and returned to the frontier in his fiftieth year. Yet he was not stirred, as was the novelist Cooper, by its special and unique aspects, such as wood lore, Indian craft, or frontier customs; he did not see in it, as did this social critic, the seed plot of the true America of the future. Instead he blended it with moods inspired by his books in William Street, books on Columbus, whom he had discussed with Driver Simmons, on Cortez, Roderick the Goth, Balboa, and John Jacob Astor! All these had challenged the romantic unknown. Why analyze further the peculiar qualities of this American frontier? In 1836 he summed up the effect upon himself of this ordeal in his introduction to *Astoria*: "I was at an age when imagination lends its coloring to everything, and the stories of these Sinbads of the wilderness made the life of a trapper and fur trader perfect romance to me."⁵⁹ In this characteristic way the expedition to Montreal was the genesis of Irving's urbanized interest in the frontier, which found, some thirty years later, expression in "A Tour on the Prairies," *Astoria*, and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.*⁶⁰

In the bumping oxcart, in the intervals of declaiming Shakespeare, did he confess to Ann Hoffman that in the previous year he had begun his career as a writer of essays? In fact, his bond with the life of the city was already too permanent to be snapped by a few months on the frontier. By 1802 he was enrolled under those emblems of civilization the magazine and newspaper and was



ANN HOFFMAN

From the painting by Edward G. Malbone.

also connected with the wit and satire of the town. These enthusiasms had commenced through Peter, who had kept on playing politics, and who had become, in October, 1802, editor and proprietor of the newly established *Morning Chronicle*.⁶¹ A year earlier the versatile William Coleman had introduced to New Yorkers his *Evening Post*. This was the organ of Hamilton and the Federalists, while the *American Citizen*, owned in part by a cousin of De Witt Clinton, championed the Republicans, or Democrats. The latter's editor was James Cheetham, wit, strategist, and political squabbler. Peter's paper was well-disposed to Jefferson's administration but particularly amiable toward the Vice-President, Aaron Burr. After the latter's disgrace in 1805, there followed in the Irving family a peculiar hush about this episode. There can be no doubt that in 1802 Peter Irving was a Burr-rite, and that with his political views Washington was more or less in sympathy. William A. Duer later described the entire Irving family at this time as Democrats who "took the side of Colonel Burr from personal attachment and party connection."⁶²

In 1804 Peter helped to establish an anonymous paper, the *Corrector*,⁶³ to which, it is now known, the youngest brother was a docile contributor. One reason given for this enterprise was Peter's distaste for the bitter party rancor in 1801, not only between Federalists and Republicans, but between the New York factions of the latter, the Clintons, the Livingstons, and the Burr-rites. This judicial probity of Peter's is probably a myth. His "evil speeches" were a tradition in the Irving family,⁶⁴ and the tone of the *Morning Chronicle* under his editorship is certainly abusive⁶⁵ — "a stinging little sheet," declared Martin Van Buren.⁶⁶ A shrewd guess might be that Peter could be as sarcastic as he pleased as one of the unknown editors of this new, if ephemeral, journal. "He invited," we learn, "the assistance of persons of wit and genius in aid of his undertaking";⁶⁷ nay, he even asked help from the young man in Hoffman's office. The latter accepted eagerly; it was not the last time that his pen was suborned for politics.⁶⁸ More, presumably, for love of writing than for delight in controversy, he let himself go. "The severest sarcasms in the *Corrector* came from his pen, and more than one of his epithets stuck to the parties through life. 'They would tell me what to write,' said he, 'and then I'd dash away.'"⁶⁹

But before the *Corrector*, Irving had already made a first bow as an author, even if that bow was merely to Peter and to a few intimates who knew of his thefts of time from the law. The

medium was at hand in the *Morning Chronicle*; he had probably already written on political subjects and liked the feel of the pen; and both the *Chronicle* and the *Evening Post* were including corners of literary and theatrical criticism. In 1804 Moore thought Philadelphia "the only place in America which [could] boast any literary society."⁷⁰ Two years earlier, Mathew Carey had assembled publishers for their first "literary fair";⁷¹ libraries and public reading rooms were increasing in number and quality;⁷² and there was excitement in Philadelphia concerning Joseph Dennie's urbane *Port Folio*.⁷³ Nevertheless, New York, too, smiled on literary endeavors. So in the *Morning Chronicle* of November 15, 1802, Irving offered the first installment⁷⁴ of the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* In these amateurish essays on the theater and New York society is the true Irving of 1803, rather than in the frontier wagon between Black River and Oswegatchie. Francis says the authorship of the essays was concealed for years,⁷⁵ but Aaron Burr knew who wrote them,⁷⁶ and so did others. Washington Irving had begun a literary career destined to last until two years before the Civil War.

Geoffrey Crayon's horror twenty years later at the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* was natural. If we think of "Rip Van Winkle" or "Westminster Abbey," these "letters" seem far more callow, relative to the masterpieces of their author, than, for example, Cooper's *Precaution* or Hawthorne's *Fanshawe*. Preparing in 1848 the revised edition of his works, Irving wrote opposite the last four of these crudities, "not to be reprinted";⁷⁷ and his irritation at the spurious, inaccurate version published in London in 1824 was justified. The "letters," nine in all, appearing from November 15, 1802, to April 23, 1803,⁷⁸ are unconvincing; they satirize local idiosyncrasies in a style miserably deficient in the aplomb of *The Sketch Book* or even of *A History of New York*. Jonathan Oldstyle himself, a grumpy old critic on hoity-toity manners, seldom concealing effectively the good-natured young journalist, is a shadow; this first of Irving's many impersonations never once attains the reality of a Diedrich Knickerbocker or even of a Fray Antonio Agapida, the narrator in *The Conquest of Granada*. The other figures, reappearing in various papers, are as tenuous as smoke; Jack Stylish, the rough young beau, Andrew Quoz,⁷⁹ the interlocutor, and Sister Dorothy are phantoms, mere echoes of forgotten opinions. The first two letters criticize, respectively, modern dress and modern marriage; both are barren, except that they

crystallize memories of Irving's childhood in the eighteenth century. On Broadway he may have seen the original of Aunt Barbara, and of Squire Stylish

arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram : a long pig-tailed wig, well powdered, adorned his head ; and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities ; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee-buckles, and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most precise neatness, twisted through every button-hole. Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory-headed ebony cane in one hand, and gently swaying his three-cornered beaver with the other.⁸⁰

These two essays are vapid, and they are virtually unrelated to the New York of 1802. Yet, from the emphasis in the seven other papers upon the early American theater, the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* won contemporary popularity and still retains a mild antiquarian importance. In Henderson's school, in John Anderson's rooms, in his father's library was born Irving's persistent passion for the stage. New York's growing social life had received impetus in 1797 from the building of the Park Theater, between Ann and Beekman Streets, and, after a bitter quarrel between the actors Lewis Hallam and John Hodgkinson, involving both lessees and managers, the theater was finally opened on January 29, 1798, with Hodgkinson in *As You Like It*. Here acted the youthful Irving's four favorites, Hodgkinson, George Frederick Cooke, to whom he paid homage behind the scenes, Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, who became his intimate friend, and Mrs. Whitlock, the sister of the incomparable Siddons. From Irving's early notebooks and letters we know that he was already more than the mere gentlemanly theater-goer ; he was a hanger-on at stage doors and in greenrooms, as in London a score of years later ; he was at once the intimate and the critic of the actors. Reading between the lines of the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, one sees him enter the green-baize doors of the showy little theater in Park Row, pass in the lobby the pedestaled statue of Shakespeare, and sit down in the pink-and-gold pit.⁸¹ Cooper's acting of *Hamlet* here on February 28, 1798, was the beginning of this theater's fine Shakespearean tradition ; and here Irving witnessed the standard dramas of the eighteenth century. Of this Thespian world William Coleman was the self-appointed critic in the *Post* ;⁸² Irving answered him in the

Chronicle and immediately became, William Dunlap thought, a formidable dramatic critic.⁸³ Indeed, Aaron Burr sent the papers to beloved Theodosia, remarking, says Parton, that they "were very good for so young a man."⁸⁴

Deduct exaggeration, and the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* epitomizes the complaints of cultivated Americans against their theater in the early nineteenth century. These sketches reveal not the faults of that lover of art and true servant of the drama, William Dunlap, able manager and producer, but the limitations against which he contended so tirelessly. He himself encouraged liberal dramatic criticism, and he describes in his diary his meeting with a group, in which was Peter Irving, eager to write and publish criticism.⁸⁵ To lift the actors and their provincial audiences to his own high aims, was Dunlap's problem, and it is even possible that, intimate with Peter, he was party to the production of Irving's papers, since these were directed never at Dunlap or other idealists of the early drama, but at the stupidities of actor and auditor. Irving's targets were successively, in the seven letters, the ribaldry of the audience, the ranting of the actors, the silly music, the buffoonery, and meaningless theatrical criticism.

After all, it was the eternal story of war between a good-natured, vulgar audience and a few aspiring artists. The latter desired acting; the former fustian which would rival the spectacular scenery. An unscrupulous manager could carry off pieces hardly better than the bragging street parades in which the republic now delighted. Jingoism in tavern and theater roared loudly after Tripoli's declaration of war against the United States on May 14, 1801; and the immediate occasion of Oldstyle's disgust was a corruption of an English piece, *The Tripolitan Prize, or American Tars on an English Shore*.⁸⁶ Such chauvinistic plays now became the fashion. On July 5, 1802, the Park Theater witnessed the performance of *Bunker Hill, or, The Death of Warren*, followed by other dramatic offerings "with Scenery and Machinery entirely new."⁸⁷ Not Dunlap nor Cooper nor Irving welcomed such rubbish in place of Elizabethan drama or of those adaptations of Schiller and Kotzebue which may have first aroused Irving's curiosity concerning German legend.⁸⁸ Oldstyle had the suffrage of discriminating New Yorkers when he described the acting in *The Tripolitan Prize*:

By and by came up a most tremendous storm: the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents. . . . Several following scenes were taken up with hallooing and huzzaing, between the captain, his crew, and the gallery. . . . What! an American tar desert

his duty ! (three cheers from the gallery,) impossible ! American tars for ever !! True blood will never stain, &c. &c. (a continual thundering among the gods).⁸⁹

Even more ridiculous was the contrast between the splendor of the new auditorium and the raucous disorder of its audience. Above the tier of second boxes, said the *Commercial Advertiser* of December 4, 1798,

arises a vaulted cieling or dome. . . . The surface is an azure scene, interspersed with floating clouds, between which celestial forms are visible. . . . Over the stage and each range of boxes hangs a canopy of green and gold. This assemblage of splendid and graceful objects is made to strike the eye with uncommon force by means of a glass chandelier, containing sixteen lights, depending from the centre of the dome and by fifteen lustres, disposed around it.⁹⁰

But the decent citizen, such as Jonathan Oldstyle, was dizzied by this apocalypse.

He wanted to know why that *carpet* was hung up in the theatre ? I assured him it was no carpet, but a very fine curtain. And what, pray, may be the meaning of that gold head, with the nose cut off, that I see in front of it ? The meaning — why, really, I can't tell exactly — though my cousin, Jack Stylish, says there is a great deal of meaning in it. But surely you like the *design* of the curtain ? The design, — why really I can see no design about it, unless it is to be brought down about our ears by the weight of those gold heads, and that heavy *cornice* with which it is garnished.⁹¹

At this point in his skepticism, the decent citizen suffered from the grand chandelier a bath of candle grease. About him the rabble crunched their peanuts, and the harlequins in the gallery shot down their volleys of rotten apples.⁹²

Dunlap had imported French music and French musicians, but in the din of the pit Oldstyle could hear nothing but ballads, "Moll in the Wad" or "Tally ho the Grinders." Nor could he detect meaning in the confused costumes, the merry-andrews of the afterpieces, or the simpering beaux who posed as critics. He would fain see, he notes ironically, even more Mahometan whiskers. The sting of the seven essays is progressive, and the last four share in that strain of vulgarity of which Irving, revising his collected works in 1848, was to repent so heartily. Altogether, the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, worthless as literature, shows New York's quaint, belligerent dramatic world in 1802. Tom Moore discovered that even in so raw a country he need not be without the theater or music.⁹³ In the midst of these eager, petty

battles moves Washington Irving, nineteen years old, laughing at John Hodgkinson's enlarging waistline ; fond, like all New York, of the lovely Mrs. Johnson ; ecstatic, since he has not yet beheld her sister Sarah, over Mrs. Whitlock.⁹⁴ In addition, this literary twig now portends some branches on the full-grown tree. Bryant and Duyckinck go too far when they assert that these essays "show how early he acquired the style which so much charms us in his later writings."⁹⁵ These are schoolboy compositions. Yet here and there are foreshadowings. We stumble on subjects dear to Irving's later essays : the antithesis of past and present, the dapper Frenchman, the suave gallant, the well-bred spinster, the talkative old gentleman. Also, besides his vein of sensibility, we may relish in his final injunction concerning the strife of pit and gallery, his robust good spirits, which carried Irving so far in his *History of New York* :

To the pit — patience, clean benches, and umbrellas.
 To the boxes — less affectation, less noise, less coxcombs.
 To the gallery — less grog, and better constables ; — and,
 To the whole house, inside and out, a total reformation.
 And so much for the Theatre.

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.⁹⁶

This series of newspaper letters was less important than its consequences. As their authorship became known and as they attracted notices in other journals, Irving found that he now stood for certain definite cultural ambitions of the city. He had also pricked the actors, whose "irritation," Dunlap says, "was excessive."⁹⁷ The actor-manager printed excerpts from the letters in his history of the stage ;⁹⁸ and as late as 1812 the name of Jonathan Oldstyle was a humorous byword.⁹⁹ It was inevitable, too, that, in this piratical age, the essays would be republished ; and so Irving's first book had virtually appeared. In 1824 its reappearance disturbed him, for if these feeble fireworks had not sputtered again in the illegitimate reprinting of this year, Irving might have had his anxious wish that they be utterly forgotten. Their republication, however, though mutilated and incomplete, made the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* an item in Irving's total bibliography, and, to his dismay, the critics reviewed the letters in connection with *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.¹⁰⁰ The thief had prefaced his edition with a "Biographical Notice" of its author, and this voiced, though absurdly, a general feeling about this early work :

When a writer [says this master of metaphor] has acquired great renown by his productions, and has established his reputation as a man of genius, we naturally feel a curiosity to become acquainted not only with his personal but his intellectual history. We like to trace up the current of his mind to its first tricklings, as it were, and listen to its prattlings among the pebbles, as it is hurrying along to its broader and bolder channel.¹⁰¹

More intelligibly expressed, such was the burden of other reviews, and the brochure of 1824,¹⁰² significantly ascribed to the "Author of the Sketch Book," provoked one judgment which was final, from the brilliant, erratic Yankee John Neal, in *Blackwood's* for January, 1825 :

There is a touch of Irving's quality, in these papers — paltry as they are: A little of that happy, sly humour; that grave pleasantry (wherein he resembles Goldsmith, so much;) that quiet, shrewd, good-humoured sense of the ridiculous, which, altogether, in our opinion, go to make up the chief excellence of Geoffrey — that, which will outlive the fashion of this day; and set him apart, after all, from every writer in our language. The qualities which have made him fashionable, he has, in common with a multitude: — Others, which are overlooked, now; but which will cause him to be remembered hereafter — perhaps for ages — are *peculiarly, exclusively* his own.

Such mysterious quality probably eluded Irving's New York friends, but these wisps of satire had at least made him rival Peter in popularity. Admirers prophesied vaguely about his future, and Charles Brockden Brown — this was fame indeed! — called upon him, requesting a contribution to his new *Philadelphia Literary Magazine and American Register*.¹⁰³ Such visitors found him as we have seen him on the journey north, modest, friendly, and irresponsibly gay. One lady, distinguished in Philadelphia as "an ornament to the Sex," described him in 1804 as "a gentleman of extraordinary merit and literary acquirements, whose head and heart are equally deserving . . . admiration and esteem."¹⁰⁴ At the beginning of this year, now nearly twenty-one, he might have been seen on Broadway with Paulding, who had also written for the *Morning Chronicle*; loitering with his brothers over the soft, green carpet of the Battery, where still reposed King George's cannon;¹⁰⁵ or at the theater, even in the midst of empty benches. At the Hoffmans' he found himself interested in Ann, more brilliant than ever, but also in the child Matilda,¹⁰⁶ whom he was now instructing in drawing.¹⁰⁷ With other blades, he met in a "happy chamber in

Dey Street, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the lazy are at rest,' " to discuss, over cigars and brandy or cherry bounce, the fair Eliza Ogden.¹⁰⁸ Irving discoursed sagely on the Clintonians,¹⁰⁹ literature, and upon ladies in general; he even suffered a jest or two about an event impending in August which concerned Maria Fenno Hoffman — Irving's "mistress," they laughingly called her. Was he not a beau, a savant, a student of law, a satirist, a traveler as far as Montreal?

Hence the brothers regarded him with pride, not unmixed, however, with solicitude. Even after his hardening by the months out of doors, he was still peaked, with a disquieting cough. All through the night at Ballston Springs Judge Kent had heard this symptom, and in the morning had assured Daniel Paris that this particular Irving was "not long for this world."¹¹⁰ So William Irving, the younger, called a family conference. Prospects in law and literature be hanged; the boy must have a change. He was to be given an opportunity vouchsafed in 1804 to only the wealthiest — a jaunt abroad. This was a sacrifice, even for William, who was the most prosperous of the five brothers. Behind the plan lay nothing save affection and the hope, judged by William's insistence on Italy as a goal, of further enrichment of Washington's mind. He had now been six years at the law and was hardly nearer the bar examinations, but this did not weigh upon his spirits. He accepted the sacrifice, and merely did what William — "the man [he] loved most on earth"¹¹¹ — thought best for him. "It is with delight," said William, "we share the world with you."¹¹² Irving took leave of his friends, of the Hoffmans, and particularly, to his surprise, of Matilda. To Eliza Ogden he would bring a pair of gloves in a nutshell; to Matilda he would send drawings from Italy.¹¹³ The intervening days, unlike those before the two later crossings to Europe, were filled with "rainbow tints," as he called them. No other Odyssey was quite like this first! "In the days of early youth," he exclaimed, after his sorrow, "before I had lost a friend or experienced a disaster!"¹¹⁴

This two years' absence was to change him subtly. Now everything in his preparations bespeaks the natural and affectionate boy. He meant to repay Ebenezer and William for their generosity in the good coin of a life-long devotion. Presently he was ready. On May 19, he climbed, not without help, up the side of the ship, bound for Bordeaux. Captain Shaler, casting an eye at his passenger, echoed Judge Kent: "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across."¹¹⁵ Washington Irving, meanwhile, watched

his brothers on the pier. Uncoveted were the classic scenes before him. As the ship moved away, he saw only the dimming faces of his friends. As he watched, the spires of his New York grew fainter. Around him were strangers and a language which he could not comprehend. For a day and a night he gave himself up to bitter homesickness.

CHAPTER III

FIRST JOURNEY TO EUROPE

1804-1806

WASHINGTON IRVING at the age of twenty-one was but lightly equipped to realize the utmost from his opportunity. Many travelers to Europe before 1816, when the regular packet lines commenced, were envoys like Franklin, business men like Henry Brevoort,¹ artists like Washington Allston, students like Benjamin Silliman.² Or they were sailors, soldiers, or gypsies who saw little ; and of what they saw told a tale of little meaning. But Irving was an early scout in that army of Americans in search of health, pleasure, and a facile culture. His was the privilege of visiting Europe not only in the day of Napoleon, just after the Ragnarok of the French Revolution, but before the nineteenth century's critical interpretation of the past era. One feels that a deeper personal cultivation would have made him a more deserving pilgrim. Learned he was not, though he cherished a substantial respect for Europe's antiquities. His naïve descriptions of these in his letters to his brothers suggest the thinness of the family culture.³ His indifference to the tomb of Vergil, to the city of Florence, to Rome itself portrays relentlessly a young man with slender knowledge of the past. Nor was he wise in the history of modern governments, or canny, like some of his countrymen, in the discussion of Anglo-American economic problems. Faintly educated, provincial, immature, he debonairly donned a traveling cap which would have sat better on many another American head.

His traveling library was hardly more than an extension of his superficial reading in William Street. He possessed in France and Italy, and, presumably, during the long six weeks' voyage, the popular books of history and travel of his epoch. For the former, Adam Ferguson and Pierre Jean Grosley would do ; for the latter, there were those elegant classics Brydone, Moore, and Henry Swinburne.⁴ All these echoed through his journal and influenced

his methods of writing ; for meringue he had Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* ⁵ and Addison's *Letter from Italy*. Instead of erudition, Irving loved scraps of culture ; instead of a solid knowledge of either French or Italian, he owned an immense curiosity about his seventeen fellow passengers, initiates in these mysteries ; instead of studying, he let play his faculty of exaggerated fancy concerning the past. He understood Paulding's excited letter well enough : " I wish to Heaven I was with you — Sblood ! What battles we would fight o'er and o'er again ! " ⁶

Yes, he was a romantic wanderer, but not, as often has been said, purposeless. In fact, he was, in his own way, a rather serious young man. French or Italian he was never to master, and his stumbling about in the former was to embarrass him until he was well past sixty.⁷ But during the next two years he fought with it manfully ; and in the latter months of this tour on the Continent he could at least make love to a pretty demoiselle or put down an insulting landlady. The notebooks bear witness to long hours of concentration on this language, but chiefly to another aim, to which he held tenaciously. He would keep a detailed journal ; he was resolved on that point. His plan was arduous. He would first make rough traveling notes ; these he would shape into letters ; and, finally, he would construct a perfect version, to be conserved until his return to New York. This difficult task he accomplished, and some six volumes of manuscript notes demonstrate not only his intensive study of travel literature, and, later, of better books, but also his thoroughness in recording observations, for some ultimate goal.⁸ This goal was writing. One may trace from the journal of 1803 to those kept in Holland and England in 1806, the increasing power of his style. He was learning to write with ease and with some distinction.

Yet, after all, Irving's chief asset for the next two years was to be himself. He would not bring back from Rome, like Hawthorne, a somber confirmation of the law of remorse.⁹ He would not, like Emerson, rush by the Italian lakes for interviews with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, and remark at last, " Back again to myself. " ¹⁰ In intellect he was less weighty than these analysts of the soul. In hours of loneliness he devoted himself not to meditation, but to his flute ! On the other hand, he was not isolated by elevated or sorrowful convictions about the moral order ; his mind was open, and he enjoyed the blessing of a light heart. Most of all, he had a gift of not straining beyond his natural powers. He did not suffer from illusions about his own destiny. Even when Allston

in Rome strove to persuade him to study painting, his good sense finally reminded him of the truth about himself. He could sketch gracefully; that was all. He was obeying, quite unconsciously, Emerson's later injunction: to serve one's own unique talent. If he wearied in any quest, he abandoned it. This prevented that intensity which is genius; but it made him fill the precious notebooks with what only he himself saw; and until the end of his life these mute friends repaid him with essay after essay.

So he stood on the deck of the ship during the last of June, watching for the first sight of magic Europe. Frenchmen near him perceived an American about five feet seven inches in height, with an oval face, chestnut hair and eyebrows, and blue-gray eyes¹¹ — a personable stripling, likely to make his way in a strange land. One purpose of the journey was already attained; he was in excellent health; among the passengers he had distinguished himself by athletic feats at the masthead and on the main topsail yard. What he first saw on that morning seems prophetic. Spain! Cape Peñas! "The land rose from the shore into vast mountains of rock that lifted their snowy heads far above the clouds."¹² The port of the ship was Bordeaux; on June 25 she anchored for quarantine in the Gironde. "I cannot express," said the traveler, "the sensations I felt on first catching a glimpse of European land."¹³ On June 30 he landed in the city.

This year marked the close of the Consulate and the crowning of Napoleon, and Irving, apart from his interest in cathedrals, theaters, and Frenchwomen, was eager for news of the man on whom French history, after the turbulent decade of Republic, Reign of Terror, Directory, Assemblies, now concentrated. In 1803 had begun the first phase of the great war of 1803-1814, which focused on the invasion of England and really ended at Trafalgar in 1805. Irving had heard that the First Consul was now Emperor,¹⁴ but in respect to authentic knowledge of events, Bordeaux seemed more remote than New York, where at least no censorship existed. During Irving's five weeks in Bordeaux he could hear nothing save petty instances of Napoleon's tyranny and untrustworthy tales of the impending destruction of England.

As to news [he wrote home in disgust] . . . this is no place to learn any. The papers are miserable tools of government as you will see by those you receive. They dare not say any thing of themselves, and their paltry paragraphs always commence with *on dit* (they say) which answers to the mode in which some of our American gazettes launch out — *a correspondent informs*. One of these unfortunate pa-

pers having been rather free with his *on dit's*, was laid hold of by the official paper at Paris entitled the *Moniteur* and poor *on dit* got such a hetcheling that I fear he will not dare to shew his head in any newspaper for a month to come.¹⁵

Bordeaux was, on the whole, indifferent to wars, as so often in the history of France, and Irving let himself drift with the tide of shopkeepers and pleasure-lovers.¹⁶ He had at first been enraptured by the city itself, its narrow streets, its high, limestone buildings, its miscellaneous crowds of eighty thousand souls. He lost himself idly in the throngs of bawling, monstrous-capped fruit women, shoeblacks, tumblers, peddlers, and Savoyards with their musical instruments. After he had settled down in the family of Monsieur Ferrier,¹⁷ an affluent merchant and ex-mayor, his haunt was the Rue de Tourny, though here the fashionable twists and ringlets of the passing damsels reminded him unhappily of his Canadian squaw. It was a chattering, merry swarm, especially on Sundays, viewing the New Yorker without particular interest. American faces were common enough; this same street was a resort of the sailors of many nations. Once a fortune teller spied him. "Voilà," cried another mountebank, a juggler, "un homme de bonheur; venez ici, Monsieur, venez ici!"¹⁸ But the shy boy had disappeared in the crowd.

In the excitement of such scenes he ceased to pry into the secret disaffection of some older families toward the proclamation of Napoleon as Emperor; instead he investigated the antiquities of the city. Bordeaux is not a treasure house of wonders, but in this first European sight-seeing Irving was ecstatic. Returning to his lodgings through the Palais Gallien, he conjured up the ancient Romans. Or in the Church of St. André, he solemnly quoted Congreve:

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads. . . .¹⁹

Or he hurried to the Grand Theater, then scarcely twenty-five years old, and more dimly lighted, he thought, than his own Park Theater; and here, in the city associated with the tragedian's youth, he twice saw Lafon.²⁰ During the first weeks he suffered an occasional twinge of homesickness. Once, too uneasy for letters from the New York mail, he and D. Leffingwell,²¹ another American wanderer, secured a boat, and, rowing out to the ship in the darkness, hit a cable and were on the point of swimming for their lives when the crew with an effort got the dinghy off. He was now busy

with his notebooks, and late in July he sent his brothers a conventional description of Bordeaux, including a character sketch of a sailor. He was adjusting himself to his new life.

The young provincial stands out against this European scene; and no document reveals him more distinctly than one long letter home, to a friend who could understand the happy confusion of his mind. Letters of this period are rare, and this one is quoted entire :

Bordeaux, July 20th, 1804

My dear fellow

Your letter by the Brig Washington came to hand this morning in company with four other letters from my friends, and I need not mention how my heart danced at receiving them. The least syllable of news from home is invaluable to me, and I have already read those letters over so often that I believe I know them by heart. I was at first "greviously afflicted" with the mention made of your illness but the information that you had again crawled forth into day administered the balm of consolation to my anxious bosom.

I cannot pretend to give you any detail of my adventures or account of the wonders of the vasty deep which I have seen, for these I must refer you to my family letter or letters. I shall only say that the sea has much degenerated since ancient days, for then one could hardly sail out of sight of land without meeting Neptune and his suite in full gallop, whereas I have passed across the wide Atlantic without seeing even a mermaid. Tis true we were one blustering night visited by Caster & Pollux at our mast head, and once or twice had a shoal of Grampuses in company, but as to the former, their godships have of late fallen very much into disrepute and as to the latter they are at best but *queer fish* of which we had enough aboard already.

As to Bordeaux, it is a pleasant, mercantile, dusty place enough, the people have a curious desire to make money, and their conversation chiefly runs upon Wine cotton and coffee. As these have formed very little of my study, you may suppose I am but poorly calculated to support one of these commercial conversations, so I suppose I am put down as a well meaning young man with a great lack of knowledge and information.

As to the fair part of the community, I cannot say that they have as yet displayed charms sufficient to make me forget the *sweet creatures* I have left behind. However they are not to be blamed in this particular for they are by no means backward in displaying what charms they have. A sun beam falling on one of the Bordeaux bells, renders her perfectly transparent, and a slight zephyr betrays the contour of every limb, and the working of every muscle. In New York, formerly, ladies were allowed by the rules of modesty to shew the foot, as a greater freedom of manners gained ground, they gradu-

ally raised the drapery till it revealed the ankle where they at present make a pause. The ladies of France however have more rapidly progressed in refinement, and without transgressing the rules of fashionable propriety, they generously display to the very garter. But I will say this for them, whatever part of the body is forbid to be exhibited, is very scrupulously and modestly shrouded from view by an *impenetrable* veil of *fine muslin*.

With such fascinating objects around me, think what a warfare there is between the flesh and the spirit, and what dreadful conflicts I have with the "divinity that stirs within me." You can't imagine how many narrow escapes I have every day, from falling in love. How often in walking the street, do I see a fair nymph before me tripping along in airy movements. Her form of the greatest symmetry, while the zephyrs are continually betraying :

" — the alluring line of grace
That leads they eye a wanton chase
And lets the fancy rove."

I hurry after her to catch a nearer view, to feast my eyes with the bright vision before it disappears. The sound of my steps call her attention, she turns her face towards me — the charm is broken — and all my admiration & enthusiasm is dissipated. I see a wide mouth, small black eyes, cheeks highly rouged and hair greased with antient oil and twisted from the forehead to the chin till it resembles the head dress of a Medusa ! For fear however that I should leave you in a "damning error" concerning the fair of Bordeaux, I must inform you that there are some handsome beings among them. Yes, there are some, handsome & amiable, and for their sake we will not curse this Sodom & Gomorrah.

The Grand Theatre is a superb building. The outside particularly the front, is a masterpiece of workmanship and bears a most majestic appearance. I have been twice at that theatre to see La Fond one of the most celebrated French Tragedians, and a competitor of *Talma's*²² though the latter is generally reckoned superior. La Fond is a young man and is not a Veteran, like Talma. He possesses a handsome & commanding figure, his motions are graceful and his countenance extremely expressive. His voice is well toned, but his lungs are rather weak. This occasions him to fall off sometimes in his latter scenes, when he becomes fatigued with violent exertion and his voice grows hoarse. He is however a noble fellow, and made me regret severely my ignorance of the language, which prevented my enjoying the excellence of his performance. The rest are poor machines, and as to actresses, they cannot shew such a woman as Mrs. Johnson²³ at any of the theatres in Bordeaux.

As they were both tragedies that I saw, I have not had an opportunity of viewing any variety of their scenery. The same scene con-

tinuing throughout both tragedies. It was the inside of a Palace and superbly executed. We complain very much in New York of a want of light in the theatre.²⁴ The audience part of the grand theatre is much larger than ours and yet it is only lighted by a chandelier suspended from the dome, nor is the stage so well illuminated as ours.

The other theatre of importance is the *Thatre Francaise*. It is about two thirds as large as our New York theatre but by no means comparable to it for scenery or performers.

The other public amusements of Bordeaux at this season of the year are a garden called *Wauxhall* which is only open on *Sundays* when they give fireworks, and the Circus of Franconi, similar to Ricketts's²⁵ establishment in New York. At present I frequent none of them. The Grand theatre attracted me while La fond was there, but he has been ordered to return to paris to supply the place of Talma who has permission to make a professional visit to Petersburg.

I was much pleased with the file of papers you sent me, I have been reading the *French news* they contained. You will smile at my saying this but I assure you, you know more about the concerns of france than they generally do in this place. The French gazettes contain nothing but fulsome adulation of Bonaparte and details of his equipages his parades his levees and his robes imperial. No authentic information is obtainable, of the national concerns, the plans the manœuvres [?] & the intentions of the heads of department. We are obliged to be satisfied with vague rumors that *somebody* or another direct from paris has spread about, for they dare not trust any thing of the kind to letter. This is a tormenting situation to be placed in. Residing in a country where events the most striking and interesting are daily taking place where an undertaking vast, and that involves the interests of the whole world in a greater or less degree, is pending, one naturally desires to know what is going on and to observe the chain of circumstances that lead to these important effects. But the proceedings of the executive are silent and mysterious and a seal is imposed upon the lips of those who have it in their power to betray. The gazettes are all awed into silence and dare not hazard a conjecture.

The people see the rights and privileges for which they have been fighting, for which they have sacrificed national tranquility, domestic felicity and friendly endearments, gradually stripped from them by a creature of their own creating. The imposing grandeur of the former monarchy is resumed with tenfold extravagance. A new order of nobility is springing up. Another court is established, surpassing in splendor & profligacy that of the former monarchy. Amidst the whole Bonaparte stalks about, the grand puppet of the scene, surrounded by guards and barriers to separate him from the people he governs — and even in the midst of his guards & barriers, I am told that the hero of

Marengo trembles. But enough of this. I will leave this unfortunate man, who amidst all his riches & honors, I sincerely pity and turn to objects less splendid but far more interesting.²⁶

My *Mistress*²⁷ you say is still *growing in grace*, heaven grant her an *accouchement* as pleasant as the Virgin Marys, (who if I recollect right sat out on a journey a day or two afterwards). Often do I trace in my fancy her sweet & gentle features, and at this very moment the "light of her countenance" is beaming upon me with one of her usual smiles that a seraph or a *crying* cherubim might envy. Eliza²⁸ you describe as still going on "conquering and to conquer." As to Lord Squirt he may have had a little singe-ing from the rays of her beauty in *former times*, but when I left town, the youth seemed to have his heart safe in its locker and occupied by no one but his own sweet self. Remember me affectionately to the whole family, and tell them I shall never forget the happy, *happy* hours I have passed in their company. As to Matilda²⁹ I hope among other accomplishments she will attend particularly to drawing. And I promise to bring here some *genuine* sketches of Italian scenery on my return.

Remember me particularly to Robertson, the happy Robertson.³⁰ He who riots amidst a profusion of beauty. Whose attentions are sought after by the fairest of the fair and whose chamber might even vie with the haram of the Grand Turk. Tell him an itinerant disciple of his wandering amidst the medusas of a foreign land, wishes him every felicity that can be bestowed on a mind of sensibility by the smiles of the fair. As you are of one household this letter must serve for you both.

I beg you will write to me, how Mrs. I acquitted herself in *Breeches* and whether she *figured* off to much advantage. Remember me to her and her spouse when next you visit them, and present them with my best wishes for their prosperity.

I was quite surprized, shortly after my arrival to meet Leffingwell in the street. The last time I had seen him, you recollect was shortly after our account of the Philharmonic Concert at which he was marvelously troubled. He had however quite forgot it and appeared overjoyed to see me. He is here with a ship of which he is part owner, and is detained by government, for having touched at the English port of Gibraltar. Leffingwells head seems entirely turned with french manners, and I expect when he returns to New York he will be quite what the french term an *Incroyable*.

Tender "the homage of my high respects" to the Rodmans,³¹ and tell them I shall endeavor to procure some picture or mummy or monster or Egyptian obelisk for their friend the Baron.

I have had some serious attacks of homesickness while here, but they have wore off, and I again look forward with enthusiasm to the route before me. I am impatient to be moving, and only stay here a little while to acquire the language sufficiently to preserve me from

imposition on the road. In about a fortnight I shall set off, and then, welcome the fruitful plains and salubrious climate of Languedoc.

As I have a number of Letters to write I shall make a *finis* to this one. I therefore entreat you earnestly, as you value the preservation of my friendship and the salvation of your soul, to write frequently and *particularly*, you must not expect such frequent answers for I have much to employ my time and many to write to, but I shall always seize my pen with pleasure to scribble to you my ideas.

Remember me to all my *friends* and believe me

Your friend
W. I.⁸²

Friendly young traveler! with no care save that of filling the small vellum notebooks in order to become an author! His word "ideas" was a euphemism; "high spirits" would have been more precise. Homesickness forgotten, he set out on August 5 for Genoa, and in spite of delays caused by diligences, scows, feluccas, and stupid officialdom, he arrived there in October in the same fettle. It was a varied two months. Always a magnet for eccentric traveling companions, he had hardly recovered from a reverie, inspired by one of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels,⁸³ over a castle near Langon, when he fell in with a humorist who elicited first amusement and then regard. This fellow, a Dr. Henry, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was a seasoned, matter-of-fact tourist, jesting, bluffing, talkative. Almost at once Irving made him the subject of a pen portrait in his journal, drawing artful pictures of the thickset little physician, who gabbled ceaselessly in four or five languages.⁸⁴ He was a mock example of getting on in the world, knowing intimately, he said, ambassadors, consuls, and eminent landladies; at that very moment he was wearing a breastpin once the property of the Abbé Winckelmann, and carrying a snuffbox which had been Lavater's. In moments of leisure his genius busied itself with criticisms of manuscripts forwarded to him by their authors. In the diligence he at once became a guide, identifying every ruin, convent, or manufactory with equal noise and inaccuracy. His route through France crossed and recrossed Irving's, and at each meeting, Irving became weak with laughter.

The first of the Doctor's pranks was at Tonneins, where he and Irving had descended from the diligence for rest. Within a few moments they were inside a house where girls were quilting, Irving holding the needle, while they laughed at his tremulous French. "You know," said the Doctor, "that this young man is an *English prisoner* in charge of that officer," pointing to another occupant

of the diligence. Pity melted the girls. "Ah," they said, "le pauvre garçon!" "And what will they do with him?" asked one. "Oh, nothing of consequence," rejoined Henry. "Perhaps shoot him or cut off his head."⁸⁵ Irving left the house laden with sympathetic prayers and wine. Henry "possesses," wrote his admiring protégé, "the happy faculty of making himself at home every where has something to say to every body & is acquainted with any person in five minutes."⁸⁶

The younger man envied Henry his flow of spirits. There was no swing of the pendulum back to depression, a fault of his own temperament. Henry

was continually passing himself off on the Peasants for a variety of characters—Sometimes a Swede, sometimes a Turk, now a German & now a Dutchman. With a Farmer he was a wine merchant, with a shoemaker, a Tanner, with an officer he was a former captain in the American Army with others a professor in one of the German Colleges & with others a Secretary of the American Minister who was travelling with dispatches to Commodore Preble in the Mediterranean.⁸⁷

He snubbed avaricious tradespeople, outtalking and outgesticulating the natives, and he made violent love to every tolerable girl. On one occasion Irving saw a coquette throw his hat and peruke into a canal. Bald-headed, the little man fished for his wig. Such audacity made an excellent foil to the more timid traveler's humor. He could never, he thought, reach Henry's heights of nonsense. "Vous pensez toujours . . .," a young Frenchman remarked to him, "mais vous ne parlez jamais."⁸⁸

Port-Sainte-Marie, Agen, Moissac—the diligence rolled on, and reached Toulouse, with its fine City Hall and shabby old theater. A canal boat now bore the two travelers past Trèves, through the Montagne Percée, to ancient Béziers, which they slighted. Henry, having driven in Béziers a hard bargain for a berlin to Montpellier, left Irving at Mèze; he meant to visit Cette. After three days in Montpellier, Irving pushed on to Marseilles, pausing at various inns to compose fluent one-page essays on southern France. One might be of a panorama from a hill, another on Nismes, with its amphitheater and Maison Carrée. Here he conceived a childlike interest in archæology. Or he would describe the castle at Avignon, to the delight of the brothers in New York, and then omit, haphazard tourist that he was, the Pont du Gard and Arles. He knew far too little to do more than revere vaguely the Roman antiquities on every side, and relics of the great in history and literature drove

him to summaries in guidebooks. His puzzled interest at Avignon in Petrarch and Laura is typical, as is his inane comment: "For Beauty of situation and surrounding scenery Avignon is worthy of having been the residence of so celebrated a poet."³⁹ Shakespeare, whom he quotes frequently, or familiarity with Addison and Sterne could not help him here. The difficulty lay in his wasted school days under Romaine and Henderson.

How different was this first ramble from his sophisticated, almost weary inspections some twenty years later of Normandy or Touraine! He was now a countrified tourist, insensible, from ignorance, to some of the noblest objects in Europe, and full of boyish surprise at commonplaces, such as the filth of cities, the fair of St. Lazare (where he marveled at Blanchard's flight in a balloon),⁴⁰ or the boot-blacks, bespeaking his favor with their frugal English: "'Monsieur, G-d dam, G-d dam son de bish son de bish.'" ⁴¹ In Marseilles he at once sought out the theater, but felt his American blood mounting to his cheeks at the costumes of the ballet. He reported this to the brothers, in contrast to his remarks to more intimate friends, in phrases worthy of Jeremy Collier:

These lascivious exhibitions are strong evidences of the depraved morals and licentiousness of the public. The Stage which should be employed by 'holding the mirror up to nature' to inform the understanding and improve the heart is degraded by performances devoted to sensuality and libertinism.⁴²

Licentiousness was certainly not one of the faults on Jonathan Oldstyle's list. In Paris twenty months later Irving was more inured, but in Marseilles he sincerely preferred the purity of the Park Theater. In fact he was suffering, like most American travelers, from ethical criteria developed on the western Atlantic coast. Moreover, of all Irving's journeys to Europe this is the most patriotic. He was depressed by the scarcity of American vessels in the harbor at Marseilles, and his heart leaped when he beheld "the Voyageur" (Henry) seated in the parlor at the inn. It was good to be again with one's own kind. He overflowed with joy at a chance meeting with Tom Appleton,⁴³ of Boston.

Yet these were the bigotries of inexperience; in his adaptation to hardship, he was the born traveler, as indeed he had proved in his frontier baptism. He had not quailed then before the salt pork and onions of the woodsmen, and he did not wince now at stale fowls or the stench of French and Italian inns. Even Starke's decorous *Guide through Italy*,⁴⁴ confirms indirectly travelers'

stories of fatigue, hunger, and dirt, but Irving was as unmoved as the more hardened Henry. In this matter, he says, of getting, instead of a dinner to suit his taste, a taste to suit his dinner, the sapient Sterne should remain his counselor. Never, he declares, will discomforts make him a "Smellfungus." Your true traveler should be liberal-minded, but of manly heart, witness his behavior when the innkeeper at Vidauban demanded his room for the Chief Engineer of the Department and his wife :

They told me he was a grand man and ought to be well accomodated, and that he wished to have my room as he had slept in it before & liked it the best in the house. I told the woman that I should not give my room up for all the engineers in the kingdom, that I was an American gentleman of character & not inferior to any engineer in France — that I was however very willing to share part of my room & some of my bed to the ——— lady — but as to myself [?], I begged to be excused.⁴⁵

Irving needed complacence. He was on the brink of an irritating incident, and was to forget the horrors of a certain mountain inn, and even the associations with Napoleon at Fréjus,⁴⁶ in a complete checkmate at Nice, where he arrived with a delusive sense of progress on September 13. Here the Secretary-General informed him that his passport was palpably of the kind given only to "*suspected persons*."⁴⁷ Passports, except in wartime, were now confused in both their execution and their supervision, and Irving employed in his second journey to Europe a popular subterfuge of travelers ; he was "attached" to some branch of the American diplomatic service. But now it was a time of war, and though Dr. Henry,⁴⁸ magnificent in eloquence, pledged his all, still the suspect could not enter Italy : there was nothing to do but write everywhere, to Paris, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, for exculpation. For comfort during the long weeks, there was merely the knowledge that he was no longer an inconspicuous foreigner ; he was a spy ! In the dreadful summer heat he trudged through the mountains which towered above the Mediterranean, or wrote patient, humorous letters to William.⁴⁹ Again the energy of Henry served him well, and finally brought from Irving's old acquaintance, Hall Storm, now vice-consul in Genoa, the new passport — and freedom.

All his good humor revived. On the felucca from Nice to Genoa,⁵⁰ where he arrived on October 20, amid shouts of laughter he inflamed the seasickness of his shipmates by brandishing before their noses joints of ham. The vacant days at Nice had increased

his irresponsibility, and he now dawdled in Genoa until nearly Christmas, his visits to museums and galleries and his news-letters to his family becoming more and more perfunctory. One begins to sympathize with William and Ebenezer, and to understand their anger when, because of folderol among American residents in Italy, his limited time forced him to whirl by Florence and Venice. The attraction in Genoa was not, as the brothers had hoped, the study of Italian literature, but Lord Shaftesbury, John Lowell, Andrew Wilson,⁵¹ and the kindly Hall Storm, as well as a Mrs. Bird with her covey of merry daughters. For them the dusty traveler doffed his fatigue, and appeared, as in New York, in gray frock, white waistcoat, frilled shirt, black silk breeches, and silk stockings.⁵² With them he sauntered in the gardens of their house at Sestri Ponente; with them he danced to the music of the harpsichord; and for them he neglected, indifferent to Storm's assiduous introductions, "the first Nobility of Genoa . . . a stupid set of beings without much talent or information."⁵³

Indeed Irving was turning into the fashionable young man whom Vanderlyn in Paris hastened to paint for his good looks and smart grooming. He had, of course, as in the past, a watchful eye on the ladies. Over the cherry bounce in Dey Street he and his rival beaux had drunk the healths of Eliza Ogden, Ann Hoffman, and even of Maria Fenno Hoffman, "his mistress." He had so far kept his promise faithfully, to inform his fellow drinkers concerning the charms of French maidens, and his innocent egotisms now included some self-esteem concerning his discriminating taste in all kinds of women. "Quoz" must know of the dark beauty of the Genoese:

I gave you [he writes] in some of my former letters a few vague opinions that I had formed of the fair inhabitants of France tho' I could by no means pretend to the justice of them. The very imperfect knowledge I had of the french language prevented me from conversing with them freely, so that I never had an opportunity to judge of them impartially — When I return in France I shall be able to speak more about them. I have found far more handsome women in proportion in Genoa than in any other city that I have visited in Europe. They have charming figures, beautiful features and fine black eyes that sparkle with animation or languish most bewitchingly. They are said to be as *kind* too as they are *fair*, and a lover is very rarely known to hang himself in despair at their cruelty.⁵⁴

After this introduction the wise youth proceeds to his analysis, born, he confesses, of "some transient attachments that are necessary to give a *flavor* to existence."⁵⁵

I have heard it [he continues] frequently observed that a french woman is much given to gallantry, but an italian woman to love. They indeed seem remarkably susceptible of the tender passion and their attachments are generally sincere and fervent *while they last*. They have also had the character of being equally violent in revenging the unfaithfulness & slights of a lover, but I believe they do not deserve it as much as is supposed, especially of late years.

Great restraints are still observed over the conduct of young unmarried ladies — tho they are latterly allowed to appear frequently at Balls etc yet they are never seen from home except under the guardian eye of some sage Cerberus. The innocent familiarities that prevail between young people of both sexes in America & England is unknown in this country and to press the *ruby lips* of a fair damsel would be a howling abomination. Such favors are only bestowed by the *married* ladies — *in private*. To kiss the *hand* of a married woman, however, is a fashionable & gallant mode of salutation.

Well, the young gentleman, traveling for self-improvement at the expense of his brothers, now had more than a passing interest in these questions :

Much has been said likewise [he concludes] about the jealousy of italian husbands, whether they are as much so *as is reported*, I have not been able to discover, but I am well convinced they have abundant [cause] for their suspicions. In fact, friend Quoz — though to a single man the italian women are a mighty agreeable accomodating set of beings, yet, were I what is called a *marrying man* I would as soon put my neck into a hempen noose as into the hymenial one, with any of them.⁵⁶

Of “the mighty agreeable accomodating set of beings” Irving said nothing to his elder brothers, nor of his longing, even in the midst of his “transient attachments,” for “those fair beings” whom he had left behind him in America. “My *heart*,” he fervently assured “Quoz,” “still points towards” them.⁵⁷ He wrote home of other thoughts, of his pleasure in the families of Lady Shaftesbury and Mrs. Bird, of his love of America, and of his grief over Burr’s duel with Hamilton.⁵⁸ Yet in this indulgence in the shallow pleasures of English and American society in Genoa, Irving by some obscure self-knowledge knew best. Such play among varied types of people led to those experiences which filled his notebooks. These episodes were superficial, but these alone stirred his own particular quality of imagination. Persons and trivial happenings were germinal, destined to reappear in his essays. Thus he never forgot Countess Ginestons, who described the decapitation

of Madame de Lamballe ; or the uncouth Italian in the mountains, playing like a faun upon his reed ; or Angelina, the peasant girl, and her lover, Giacomo. Incidents awakening sensibility or the mood of romance — these he tucked away in his notebooks.

Such ephemera formed his mental diet. For these interests he ignored the great emerald disk, and steeped himself in the tale of "The Great Devil of Genoa."⁵⁹ Joseph Musso, quixotic bandit, an Italian Robin Hood, had reached his bourne. Irving probably knew his story through the romantic hero of Charles Dibdin's play ; anyway here was the real man in prison, awaiting execution. Every robber, whether dwelling in the Harz foothills or the Alpujarras or among the Missouri Indians, remained throughout Irving's life a personage of challenging interest.⁶⁰ Indeed, "this banditti mania," as Allston called it, haunted writers and artists during the first quarter of the century.⁶¹ Irving now described in detail to his brothers, awaiting the weekly lecture on Italian art, the crimes and chivalries of his hero. Vastly excited by pity and admiration, he attended the first of the executions he was to witness :

The streets — windows &c were thronged by spectators. Having in common with the multitude a great curiosity to see this singular man I stationed myself at the gate of the city at which he was to go out — & had a tolerable view of him as he passed. He appeared to be about five feet 8 inches, stout & well set, of a dark complexion with strong but good features & immense eyebrows. He was about 26 years of age.

Two priests attended him to whom he appeared to listen very devoutly and he held a small cross between his hands. He was shot on the banks of a small river that runs without the town, and suffered his sentence in a very manly decent manner.⁶²

Many years later, as the young man who now watched this execution wrote in Paris "The Italian Banditti," he remembered Joseph Musso.

It was December, 1804. Bonaparte had taken the crown from the hands of Pius VII ; had placed it upon his own head ; and had then added a diadem to the brow of Josephine. In celebration of these events, the French Minister at Genoa was giving a grand ball. Young Irving was also attending Lady Shaftesbury to a concert "in honor of some saint."⁶³ But the brothers had been explicit about his seeing Sicily. Brydone had visited it in 1770, partly because it was off the beaten track of the Grand Tour ;⁶⁴ in 1805 it was still a destination for the more weather-beaten traveler. It was unlikely that a New York lawyer would ever visit the Mediter-

anean countries again ; he should, therefore, inspect such remote quarters of the globe. So, with a sigh, Irving bade farewell to the women of Genoa, and on December 21 boarded the ship *Matilda*, bound for Messina. From the cabin he shot off a fusillade of history toward William and Ebenezer : "Genoa figur'd conspicuously in the time of the Crusades and still bears the red cross. . . ." ⁶⁵ After all, they may have thought, Washington *was* improving himself.

He now brought his journal up to date, and passed Christmas, a trifle homesick, writing by candlelight while the religious Captain Strong snored in a berth by his side. The ship passed scenes which would have seemed realms of gold to another than Romaine's pupil — Corsica and Pianosa. Irving turned casually to a translation of Homer, which was apparently in his luggage, but his greeting to "Quoz" was more characteristic :

You see I am once more venturing my *life & fortunes* on the "vasty deep" speeding away to Sicily that Island of fable & Romance. Accustomed to our *honest* American Hills & dales where *stubborn fact* presides and checks the imagination in its wandrings you may conceive with what enthusiasm I haste to those "poetic fields" where fiction has shed its charms o'er every scene, where

— not a mountain rears its head unsung.

Renound in verse each shady thicket grows

And every stream in heavenly numbers flows." ⁶⁶

Romance of another kind was at his elbow. In the affair of Musso he had been a bystander ; in this next adventure he was to be a protagonist.

Against the sky line appeared a sail ; the captain's pallor proclaimed the danger ; the *Matilda* was doomed to be a prize for pirates. Two warning shots from the buccaneer, and she was alongside, about the size, Irving noted with mingled feelings, of a North River ferryboat. Her crew was an ominous band of bedaggered cutthroats ; their leader hypocritically demanded passports and bills of health. Irving, exalted to the rôle of interpreter, was ordered aboard the pirate ship. With a sinking heart he complied, the target for malignant smiles from the ruffians, while the captain of the *Matilda* prayed vigorously. This conference was an empty ceremony ; while Irving was being catechised, the pirates ransacked the ship.

Throughout his youth Irving had heard stories of the smugglers, privateers, and pirates of the eighteenth century ; he was to use his memories in *Tales of a Traveller*. Piracy during the early years of the nineteenth century was not always a brutal affair of cutlass

and plank. Some sea brigands were merely petty thieves, and, though ruthless deeds were done, often altercation and payment of a ransom purchased liberty.⁶⁷ It was so in this instance; and the scene on the *Matilda* soon borrowed the spirit of a comic opera. When Irving returned to the ship he found one poor wretch worn out by reading his myriad letters of introduction. "C'est un homme qui court tout le monde,"⁶⁸ said this fellow, disgusted. The pirate ship's crew included some desperate scoundrels, but it was difficult to be bloodthirsty on a vessel which carried only a few pipes of brandy, verdigris, writing paper, and two boxes of quicksilver. These the pirates stole, but by now their captain was grinning.

Irving related the adventure in his letters home. One sailor on the *Matilda* could not conceal his contempt at this pilfering, and was scolded by his captor. "I suppose," said he, "you think I want to do you harm." "Oh, no," replied the other, "I don't fear any such thing — you can't do *me* any harm; you can only take my life, and that I don't care a chew of tobacco for." To which the intruder answered, "I have no wish to take your life." At this the sailor bearded him: "Oho — you haven't — have you? Here, Tom, Jim," he called to his friends, "just come and look at this moderate fellow here — he don't wish to take my life — smite my timbers if you ain't the most moderate rogue that ever I met unhung."⁶⁹ What a piracy! Rather, what a chance for a young writer with a notebook!⁷⁰ Yet there was danger; and it is fair to say that Irving, as in later perils in Spain, was cool. As the *Matilda* resumed her course to Messina, minus her quicksilver, he realized more distinctly the hazards of his wanderings. In his dreams he saw the faces of the ruffians: "Two or three times I started out of my berth with the idea that their stilletos were raised against my bosom."⁷¹

He was at last working half of each night upon Italian, and meanwhile he was enjoying Captain Strong, a fanatical Protestant, groaning at the abominations of the country where his wine trade led him, and praising great men — "*Kit* Columbus & *Jack* Wesley."⁷² For such diversions Irving had abundant time, being bored by a quarantine of twenty-one days in the harbor of Messina:

Twould make your heart bleed my dear Andrew [he wrote "Quoz"] to hear how your venerable friend has been besmoked and befunked by villainous fumigations. I have been rammd into the hold with my unfortunate shipmates & stenched & stifled with a chaffing dish of burning dings & doctor stuff — I have been overhauld by Physicians, bullied by health officers and have even run a narrow chance of being shot & killed by a guard armed with a bayonet on the end of a broom stick.⁷³

He read Brydone ; he negotiated vainly for escape on the *Nautilus*,⁷⁴ an American vessel bearing an acquaintance, Lieutenant George Reed, of Philadelphia ; he performed exploits in a small boat under the noses of medical officers ; and he indulged in his favorite mood of reverie, this time in the sunset over the Sicilian mountains. Finally, on January 24, 1805, he was loafing about the Promenade of Messina.

It was the *Nautilus*, after all, which took Irving toward Syracuse, through Scylla and Charybdis, straits inferior, he thought, to lordly Hell Gate. On this American ship the talk was all of Napoleon and his invasion of England. For Spain had declared war on December 12, and had joined with the Emperor. With the French, Spanish, and Dutch fleets Napoleon meant to concentrate on the English channel coast. Much depended, therefore, on the success of the English navy in scouring the Mediterranean and preventing conjunctions of hostile ships. Nelson was even now near Messina, and was to watch for Villeneuve's fleet at Toulon.

Of the story which ended when the two admirals met off Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, Irving now witnessed the thrilling beginning, as he saw its conclusion in London after the battle. The incident he now beheld was better than a lonely sail on the horizon, a pirate with a knife in his sash, or a Sicilian bell at vespers :

This morning two ships of the line were seen entering the Straits. The whole town was instantly in an uproar — the Marina was crowded with spectators — couriers passing and repassing from the city to the Faro and troops marching about to man the forts. Several more ships made their appearance and it was ascertained to be the English fleet — in a short time Lord Nelsons ship the *Victory* hove in sight — they all advanced most majestically up the Straits — the people seemed to wait in fearful expectation. The fleet however soon relieved their apprehensions — they continued on without entering the harbor. . . . We wished to have a good view of the fleet. . . . It consisted of eleven sail of the line three frigates & two Brigs all in prime order and most noble Vessels. . . . The fleet continued in sight all day. It was very pleasing to observe with what promptness and dexterity the signals were made, answerd and obeyd. The fleet seemed as a body of men under perfect dicipline. Every ship appeard to know its station immediately and to change position agreeably to command with the utmost precision. Nelson has brought them to perfect dicipline. . . . He takes great pride in them and says there is not a vessel among them that he would wish out of the fleet.⁷⁵

Irving had read the learned Swinburne's account of Syracuse, where he arrived on February 2 ; he knew that he ought to visit

the five cities, the Doric temple, and other wonders. He hoped, nevertheless, to content his brothers with the fountain of Arethusa and the Ear of Dionysius. For sightseeing was now unalloyed tediousness, and he had become a sworn brother to the officers in the American frigates, anchored here to keep sentinel over Tripoli.⁷⁶ Even his homilies to William Street reflect his mirth. With his naval friends his boisterous exploration of the Ear of Dionysius was certainly not tiresome; they whispered, shouted, and fired pistols, to test the tyrant's eavesdropping. Irving forwarded an expurgated account of this marvel to Ebenezer, finishing off with a stock history of the spring: "This Arethusa was a nymph in Diana's train. . . ." ⁷⁷ Arethusa might do for Ebenezer. He himself was beguiled by "nuns on tops of the convents . . . making lascivious gestures."⁷⁸ He masqueraded at balls; drank the old friars' wine; and generally showed an enlargement of mind over the American who had blushed in the Marseilles theater. This exuberance was heightened by the future. Paris was still ahead, and, since he had been away from America nearly a year, turning from Syracuse to Catania meant, however far-off, his native land. "I had now reached to the extremity of my tour; it seemed as if my face was turned homewards and that every step brought me nearer to America."⁷⁹

In the mountains he paused, looking down thoughtfully into the plain. "Beyond it was the beautiful city of Catania its fair walls reflected in the tranquil bosom of the vast bay at the bottom of which it is situated — and behind it rose the mighty Ætna its sides streakd with black torrents of lava."⁸⁰ He liked this city of the Cyclops, and its bizarre treasures, but his most precious find was Chevalier Landolini, who, like Musso, served unknowingly the writings of Washington Irving. This "very lively agreeable little fellow"⁸¹ reappeared in *Wolfert's Roost*, possessed of "a pale, thin, intellectual visage, with a high forehead, and a bright, visionary eye";⁸² to the Chevalier Irving owed the story of "The Grand Prior of Minorca."⁸³ In Termini he danced with the daughter of Baron Palmeria;⁸⁴ in Palermo he met young Amory,⁸⁵ of Boston; and for the rest of his stay in Sicily, masquerades, wine-drinking, and love-making were routine matters. Still gay on the ship, which, he pretended, brought him ever closer to America, he laughed at the seasickness of Neapolitans bound homeward. One old woman invoked the saints: "After every cascade she would call a new one. 'Oh bellissima Madre de Christi — Oh santissimo Francesco — Oh bellissima Santa Rosolia. Oh mea carissima Santissima Rosolia.'"⁸⁶

He preferred to watch these peasants rather than the red-hot Vesuvius, visible all through that night. On March 7 he landed in Naples, and came back to his hotel "happy as a prince with . . . pockets cramm'd as full of letters as a post boys knapsack."⁸⁷

Except for Paris, Irving was henceforth to live more quietly, chiefly because of more intelligent acquaintances. His study of Naples, with agreeable Joseph C. Cabell,⁸⁸ of Virginia, was exhaustive.⁸⁹ After about two weeks here they struck northward together, watching through one long day a castle on a cliff, whereupon Irving let this scene transport his "imagination to the later days of chivalry & romance. I picture to myself issuing from the gateway the gallant knight that 'ever was ydrad.'" ⁹⁰ Quoting the *Letter from Italy*, the two friends continued toward Rome, stopping at an inn in Terracina, which was to be the scene of Irving's story of this name.⁹¹ Soon they crossed the Pontine marshes, and, as they entered the Lateran Gate on March 27, Irving declaimed Pope's line:

. . . Rome her own sad sepulchre appears.⁹²

He was not, like Emerson, whose route twenty-eight years afterwards so much resembled his own, lonely, nor, like Hawthorne fifty-four years later, abstracted, but, aside from one remarkable friendship, he was dull. In his journal he had now resorted to arid lists of facts. As a traveler he was always at his worst in great cities; an Andalusian peasant evoked more of his true self than all Madrid; the enchanted stream of the Saal outweighed Vienna. He had little to say of the banker Torlonia, "a pompous little man"⁹³ who entertained him on the supposition that he was a kinsman of Washington's,⁹⁴ or of Baron Humboldt, whose brother he was to know in Paris in 1823.⁹⁵ He called upon Canova, the sculptor, and visited "a large field in which they bury foreigners."⁹⁶ Here was to rest John Keats. In a curious fit of conscience he wrote some dry pages on the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Capitol, and a score of other antiquities. Would he had been equally explicit about the most interesting friend of the tour!

This friend, barely mentioned in the journal, was Washington Allston, the American painter, who had come directly from the Royal Academy in London to live in Rome. At the beginning of this acquaintance, which endured until Allston's death in 1843, the artist evinced his maturing genius in every word, in every play of thought over his fine features. When Irving was more than seventy years old he still remembered the artist's blue eyes, black hair, and

"pale expressive countenance."⁹⁷ The bond between the two was immediate; on Irving's side it partook at once of hero worship. Allston's was perhaps the finer mind, capable of noble disillusionment. In London in 1817⁹⁸ they were to be united by a common project and by mutual friends; now the link was in the same romantic conceptions of nature and the past, which are so strongly evident in Allston's associations with Coleridge and Byron. During his first evening with Allston, Irving, like other men, paid his tribute of admiring silence to the brilliance of his conversation. The painter concluded with an offer to accompany him to the galleries.

Together they stood before the Moses of Michelangelo or lingered for hours in Saint Peter's, Allston talking, Irving listening. The painter was evidently conscious of his four additional years, his talents, and the ambitions of this stray pupil of Robertson's. So he preached gently to him, rather obviously, about the mastery of one rather than many paintings, while Irving revered, as did Lavaine and Tor the great Sir Launcelot. This artist, he thought, was in the secret of things. That sensibility which Irving ascribed to nearly every favorite author shone on Allston's face. One of those descriptions of the "lofty mind" so frequent in Irving's notes crept into his prose: Allston had

the sentiment of veneration so characteristic of the elevated and poetic mind. . . . His eyes would dilate; his pale countenance would flush; he would breathe quick, and almost gasp in expressing his feelings when excited by any object of grandeur and sublimity.⁹⁹

So, as they walked beneath the transparent Italian sky, this demigod, as he seemed to young Irving, spoke of the changeless beauty of art. Is it strange that his head was momentarily turned? Allston "was to reside among these delightful scenes, surrounded by masterpieces of art, by classic and historic monuments, by men of congenial minds and tastes, engaged like him in the constant study of the sublime and beautiful." The contrast of Allston's fortune to his own depressed him. "I was to return home to the dry study of the law, for which I had no relish, and, as I feared, but little talent."¹⁰⁰ Highly suggestible in each new experience, Irving felt that this might be the essential meaning of his journey; so he rationalized his desire to live in Europe. He could not, he reasoned, succeed at the bar; he must succeed at something, not to disappoint the brothers; if he were made for anything, it was for the life, in one of its forms, of the artist. Now, under the double spell of Italy and Allston, he temporarily overestimated his skill in drawing. Perhaps

Allston's praise of his sketches was well-founded; the painter seemed to respect his taste.¹⁰¹ Why not face the issue boldly? "Suddenly the thought presented itself, 'Why might I not remain here, and turn painter?'"¹⁰²

Fortunately, Irving put down this madness; in 1828 David Wilkie told him bluntly his faults in artistic judgment.¹⁰³ In painting he never transcended intelligent appreciation. It is charitable to attribute to Allston's youth his ill-considered advice to Irving. "Nothing," wrote the latter, quoting his friend, "could be more feasible. We would take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed."¹⁰⁴ Such were the long, long thoughts of youth! Irving's taste in drawing deserves a belated recognition; the notebooks which he kept in Scotland prove his skill with the pencil.¹⁰⁵ He had in this respect a talent not unlike Thackeray's, and it influenced his prose style, but his aspiration to become a painter was less reasonable than his later hope of being a dramatist. He might as well have imitated Madame de Staël, to whom Baron Humboldt now introduced him.¹⁰⁶ Her career, too, stirred longings in him, but until the end of his life Rome meant Washington Allston and this vagary of turning painter.¹⁰⁷

As he decamped hastily from Rome on April 14, he suffered a pang. He was leaving all this for the sake of Cabell's society on the road to Paris. He had, he now realized, been too ductile during this year in Europe; it was true that his itinerary, and sometimes his purposes, had been dictated by others. No holiday could have yielded more delightful companions or less intellectual effort than this gift from William and Ebenezer. His neglect of Italy had few extenuations, with more than two months of house parties in Genoa, about a fortnight each in Naples and Rome, and not an hour in Venice and Florence. He was to appreciate the justice of the stinging letter from William, who wrote:

You have determined to *gallop through Italy*. Has it been reserved for you, my dear brother, to make, in *these latter days*, the discovery that all that is worth a stranger's curiosity in Naples and in Rome, may be completely viewed in the short space of time comprised between the 7th March, the time you arrived at Naples, and the 4th April, the date of your last letter, when you inform me that you are detained a week longer in Rome *only* on account of its being *Holy week*! And as you propose to be at Paris to attend the lectures which are to commence in May, all Italy, I presume, is to be scoured through, (leaving Florence on your left and Venice on your right,) in the short period of

eight or nine weeks ! [William's summing up is final.] Good company, I find, is the grand desideratum with you ; good company made you stay eleven weeks at Genoa, where you needed not to have stayed more than two, and good company drives you through Italy in less time than was necessary for your stay at Genoa.¹⁰⁸

This letter, however, had not yet arrived. Cabell was indeed "good company";¹⁰⁹ they were both sick of the torsos of emperors. In fact, they almost approved the "genuine son of New England" whom Irving saw enter the gallery with the utmost impatience of manner, in search of the Venus de' Medici, which he believed to be the only thing in Europe worthy of curiosity. He passed the statue without remarking it, but was called back by a friend, who pointed it out to him as the object of his wishes. He gazed at it for a moment, with the utmost degree of disappointment depicted in his countenance, and, with the ejaculation "Hell," turned away and walked off whistling.¹¹⁰

To the fugitives Lake Maggiore seemed to rejoice at their escape from such antiquities. As they approached Switzerland, Cabell became whimsically eloquent on goiters. In Bologna they assisted in celebrating the coronation of Bonaparte as King of Lombardy. And Umbria, they believed, had never been so beautiful ; Irving stored up memories of the Apennines for *Tales of a Traveller*.¹¹¹ Even the crosses of robbers' victims on the highway to Milan left the two friends undismayed. In this city the cathedral was closed, a calamity which they bore with fortitude, and on May 2 they were in flight for Zurich, making friends with children, with Swiss botanists, and with Marianne and Rosa, the daughters of an innkeeper. Over Mount Gothard they pressed on, to Altdorf, to Lucerne, to Gersau.¹¹²

In the diligence for Paris Irving fell asleep, and woke to find Cabell making love to a French girl — unluckily going only to Mulhouse. All this is a trivial record, but not without implications of character. One passenger deprecated the matchless fidelity of American women. "Mon Dieu," lamented a merchant from Lyons, "c'est un pays malheureux pour les garçons." "Certainement," answered the ready Cabell, "il faut se marier là."¹¹³ The comrades proved to these Frenchmen that the United States were neither in Asia nor Africa ; they waved to the grisettes in their caps and red aprons ; and they conceded despairingly to a Swiss the argument that the craft of Federalist and Democratic politicians would eventually drive all Europeans out of America. After experiences of like dignity at Chaumont and Troyes, they hailed on May 24

the domes of Paris. With a great clatter they entered the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and took lodgings in the Hôtel de Richelieu.¹¹⁴

"Ah! those were the heroic days of Paris — every day some new victory! The real chivalry of France rallied round the Emperor; the youth, and talent, and bravery of the nation."¹¹⁵ So later Talma, the actor, fondly described to Irving the Paris of 1805. The powerful coalition which Pitt had raised against Napoleon was not to be broken till the defeat at Austerlitz on December 2, but confident Paris seemed now to foresee this triumph and was equally serene about the present maneuvers of Villeneuve and of Nelson, who was in pursuit of the French among the West Indian islands. Everywhere Irving heard panegyrics of the Emperor; "the army universally loved him & would carry him even in their hands."¹¹⁶ How contemptible — such was the feeling in Paris — were all other crowned heads in comparison with Bonaparte! A more memorable observation from Irving was his expression of the general feeling of the unprejudiced travelers that "France owes her power [to?] years of elective government in which time the men of abilities rose to the top & managed affairs — It is the number of those men that still remain in office that gives the French gov't its present vigor."¹¹⁷

To the best society of this Paris, in contrast to his stay here as author of *The Sketch Book*, Irving had no access. An English traveler, here in 1802, describes the spirit of exclusiveness which prevented an intimate knowledge of French life.¹¹⁸ Irving's friends were other inconspicuous American and English residents. What of this? His ostensible aim in the city was learning and, in particular, the study of botany. For the scientific curiosity in America in the early decades of the century was reflected in a gentlemanly flutter in New York concerning horticultural researches. The Irvings shared this enthusiasm, and one objective of the younger brother's tour was a series of lectures in this subject. Yet Irving's studies in Paris were not exhausting. The surviving fragment of a diary,¹¹⁹ which includes a month of the seventeen weeks in Paris, notes attendance at one lecture, in a course in which he had paid two months' fees.¹²⁰ Buried amid long lists of expenditures for theaters, silk hose, "turning a frock and trimming," is his record of the purchase of a "Botanical dictionary."¹²¹ Thus, like Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread, we encounter side by side with discussions of the Théâtre Montansier and the "ladies of pleasure there" a solemn reading list: "Chesterfield . . . Aristotle . . . Locke on human understanding."¹²²

Even his letters to William now became infrequent, hurried. He devoted himself to what he called "the perfect liberty of private conduct."¹²⁸ He discussed politics and wine-making with Cabell, but such discussions were in more serious moments. Snapping his fingers at the future, he gave himself up to this delicious Paris, bright with colored posters, seductive with the freer dresses of the women (lacking the "*impenetrable veil of fine muslin*" of Bordeaux), gay with the theaters, in which the Emperor encouraged Italian music.¹²⁴ He meant to have his fill of these boulevards, baths, and balls, public at fifteen sous, and, for superior joys, he would applaud at every theater. He acquired a servant, John Josse Vandermoere, a knowing Belgian; he held "a levee of Taylors—Shirt makers bootmakers etc to rig [him] out *a la mode de Paris*";¹²⁵ and he moved on June 4 to the Hôtel d'Angleterre to be near genial Vanderlyn,¹²⁶ the young painter.

Continental ways of life he now condoned; he was curious about the evil to which the English traveler allotted several chapters.¹²⁷ That first afternoon he strayed from the showy crowds on the Boulevard to the gardens of the Palais Royal, and chose one of "the frail nymphs that wander about it."¹²⁸ With her he walked for hours, looking down into her arch little face, fascinated by her ease of manner and her lively, witty chat of Paris. "What singular beings," he exclaimed, "these french women are!"¹²⁹ He declared them "very lively & witty and remarkable for turning [off] a disappointment in a pretty manner."¹³⁰ For similar adventures the Théâtre Montansier¹³¹ was the place; here, and not at the Bibliothèque du Roi, his future refuge, or at the lectures on botany, may be seen Washington Irving in 1805. Or he "went to a 15 sous ball in Palais Royal with Vanderlyn—Crowded with filles de joies."¹³² He confessed to Colonel Mercer, the Virginian, who plagued him about it, that the "most disreputable theatre in the city" pleased him; he "had caught paris by the Tail."¹³³ After the gross, humorous acting, he strolled again in the Garden, and was once more accosted. Would he not buy a bouquet of flowers? It was a scheme of the poor girl's, so he remarked in his diary, to obtain a few sous for bread. He paid double. She kissed him, and begged him to go home with her.¹³⁴

In the Deacon's son amusement and pity were overcome by amazement at Latin acquiescence in the natural pleasures of man. Again and again in the broken diary and notebook he noted down the omnipresence of these "frail fair ones," and commented on the repetition of this underlying theme in public dance hall or

some remarkable pair of domestic animals.
 On the evening used to the thickets
 Montaner in the Bois de Boulogne. This
 is a little theater and frequented by
 the fair sex. Very humorous
 & rather glib young French. Some
 arrived after dark, and a sketch in
 the garden of Palais Royal, accented by
 a little light who began to purchase a
 bouquet for her. I saw it was a nice scene
 of the poor girl to get a few more to her.
 I saw some head for the night. I saw her
 by her no certain that night. I saw her
 sent she of the 19 women who were trying
 acted in concert. I placed her and found
 trouble for the night. The poor
 machine again me through the poor
 time I could see to go home with her.
 By her I was not completely satisfied and
 to pass a hour of pain.

20th. Mabelle called on me and this
 morning accompanied her to Mr. M. House
 to sell. I was interested found there
 but useless. I thought to find a number of
 various newspapers. Mabelle ~~was~~ ^{was}
 we about my way to the Montaner
 before any of the other sketches. It being
 the most singular sketch in the city
 20th. I had caught some by the
 tail. Mr. M. House lives in the ~~house~~
 Rue des Bédouins. the other side of the



20th. Mabelle called on me and this
 morning accompanied her to Mr. M. House
 to sell. I was interested found there
 but useless. I thought to find a number of
 various newspapers. Mabelle ~~was~~ ^{was}
 we about my way to the Montaner
 before any of the other sketches. It being
 the most singular sketch in the city
 20th. I had caught some by the
 tail. Mr. M. House lives in the ~~house~~
 Rue des Bédouins. the other side of the

theater. In the ballet of *Acis and Galatea*, in the midst of the superb music, "one beautiful dancer in whirling round whisked up her thin petticoat very high—two old frenchmen in front of me seemed to take fire & be in extacy at it—One kissing his finger (*ala francaise*) exclaimed Ah est belle est charmante."¹⁸⁵ Irving was no libertine, now or later, but his journal contains endless observations upon all types of women. Compared with other American men of letters with whom he shared fame in the nineteenth century, it must be said, in any complete portrait of him, that in these matters he was less than aloof. The notebook of 1805 is filled with racy anecdote—the "story of a minister & *fille de joie*"; of a "pretty servant girl"; of a proposed retreat at Besançon for "unfortunate women of loose virtue . . . il faut bâtir une muraille tout autour de la ville"; of "a kept mistress of Lyons"; and so on. He showed always a quenchless curiosity about the ways of the world, and, in particular, of this old European world; and it is plain that now, in 1805, the restraint upon his personal behavior was not religion or a reasoned philosophy of life but that good sense of his which in conduct forbade extremes of every kind. In the clear, youthful features of Vanderlyn's portrait¹⁸⁶ of him in this year, one will read not sensuality, nor, on the other hand, stern self-discipline. He had, in fact, an abiding contempt for the introspective consciences of his New England countrymen. So, looking once more at Vanderlyn's fashionable portrait of him in the process of civilization, and reliving his life from 1804 to 1806, one can understand how natural to his temperament was his wish, so often expressed, that more Americans could be exposed in youth to European civilization.¹⁸⁷

His greatest joy in Paris continued to be the theater, and even the diary records his presence at nearly a score of performances. With Vanderlyn he enjoyed the numerous pieces ridiculing the British. An Englishman in one play was made to exclaim, "God damn it—God damn it—God *damn* it," three times, with increasing emphasis on the last words. Near them sat some ladies, one of whom turned to Irving: "Vous êtes Anglais, Monsieur?" "Oui, Madame." "Ha, ha! God damn," said she.¹⁸⁸ In addition to the vaudeville theaters and the Théâtre des Jeunes Artistes, where Irving heard the Capuchin boys sing the songs of the great theaters,¹⁸⁹ he saw Talma at the Théâtre Français, and acknowledged the extraordinary powers of this tragedian, though even now he could not bring himself to like the French style of acting better than in Bordeaux.¹⁴⁰ Some despised Talma, thinking him without dignity

of manner and without mobility of facial expression. His competitor was the young Lafon, whom Irving now studied anew.

These two rivals [said a critic of the drama] might live in peace ; the parts which suit the one, being absolutely unfit for the talents of the other. TALMA requires only concentrated rage, sentiments of hatred and vengeance . . . and LAFOND is little qualified for any other than graceful parts, bordering on knight-errantry or romance.¹⁴¹

Sixteen years later Irving, as Talma's friend, became a theatergoer more inveterate than the Parisians. This first acquaintance with the French stage, not long after its recovery from the Revolution, had its influence, as we shall see, upon his association in the Paris of 1823 with actors and playwrights.¹⁴²

The four months fled swiftly. On September 20 Irving gave a farewell dinner party at the Hôtel d'Avranche, and two days later, with Thomas Massie, of Virginia, and John Gorham, of Boston, he was rumbling over the paved roads toward Brussels. He passed without unusual incident through Péronne, Valenciennes, and Mons, whose military memories he carefully recorded. Nor was his mind fixed too painfully upon history. As in the villages the children tumbled and danced after his carriage, he recorded discreetly in the notebook a "pretty little girl that looked like — gave her a piece of silver and thought on E — all the morning."¹⁴³ Who was E — ? Not Eliza Ogden, presumably, nor the other Eliza, whom he was to know on the *Remittance*. Who was she ? Such secrets the young man guarded well, but not too well. Brussels, more Dutch than French, detained him only two days. For Maastricht and for Rotterdam, where he embarked for Gravesend, he had faint praise ; they were clean, nothing more. He recalled the immaculate inns along the Hudson, replicas of these purities ; and his boredom at the scrubblings of Dutchwomen on both sides of the Atlantic he saved for his comic book of three years later.¹⁴⁴ At dykes and tobacco smoke he had marveled enough ; he canceled his intended trip through the Low Countries. Paris had been the apogee of the tour, and, besides, he was ready for New York : "Happy country," he exclaimed, "with what rapture shall I once more breathe your free & independant air" !¹⁴⁵

So Washington Irving first saw Britain, where fifteen years later he was to establish his fame, off Margate. What "pleasure at seeing England, land of [my] forefathers" !¹⁴⁶ Although his future intimates, Rogers, Campbell, and Moore, were already distinguished, he knew none of these ; he was a self-effacing, young

American, unmindful that his thoughts during the drive by coach from Gravesend to London were to be the staple of some of his essays: "I form to myself pictures of rural happiness — of comfort — plenty — simple manners yet a degree of social intercourse & society that partakes in a certain measure of the manners of the Cities."¹⁴⁷ Such was to be his sentimental feeling, when he wrote *The Sketch Book*, toward the countryside, a background which he rarely tested by actually living in it.

Now, except for an excursion to Oxford, Bath, and Bristol, he lived in London, chiefly at 35 Norfolk Street. In dress he was still reminiscent of Paris, wearing his gray coat, embroidered vest, and colored smallclothes, until one day he heard the mistress of his lodgings remark of him and Gorham, "I'm sure they're foreigners from their dress."¹⁴⁸ This would not do; he summoned a tailor. As ever, he was fearful of seeming extraneous to the European scene. Of conventional sight-seeing he was utterly weary, and concerning the wars of nations he was less inquisitive, for though England was still under arms and venomous toward Napoleon, the crisis was past. Now only one interest remained constant, the stage, which had never failed him, even in the tawdriest towns of Italy. Fortunately his new lodgings were near the theaters.

The worn little notebook, kept in lieu of the journal, which he had pushed aside in Paris, testifies to this renewed devotion. He had a letter, too, from Mrs. Johnson, of the Park Theater, whom he had praised in *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*,¹⁴⁹ to Miss De Camp, of Covent Garden. At her dinner table he met Charles Kemble.¹⁵⁰ Yet his one desire was to see Mrs. Whitlock's sister, the only Sarah Siddons,¹⁵¹ to whom he was afterwards presented as the author of *The Sketch Book*. He was not disappointed. How could he ever have admired the less talented sister? He watched Siddons, as Belvidera in *Venice Preserved* and as Calista in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

The very first time I saw her perform [he declared] I was struck with admiration. It was in the part of Calista. Her looks, her voice, her gestures, delighted me. She penetrated in a moment to my heart. She froze and melted it by turns; a glance of her eye, a start, an exclamation, thrilled through my whole frame. The more I see her, the more I admire her. I hardly breathe while she is on the stage. She works up my feelings till I am like a mere child. And yet this woman is old, and has lost all elegance of figure.¹⁵²

Yes, Siddons alone was supreme. John Kemble and Cooke he could compare with his friend Cooper,¹⁵³ but for the dark-eyed

tragédienne he could find no parallel. Irving's excitement over the theater was something more than love of acting. For we may date his study of old English drama, so seminal for *Bracebridge Hall*, from December, 1805.¹⁵⁴ In this month he began to list Elizabethan plays, and to map out for himself courses of reading in the English dramatists. Languages had been, of course, his hurdle in the theaters on the Continent. Now he was free to range in Shakespeare, Restoration plays, and in melodrama, so dear to this decade of English theatergoers. His expense account shows him to have witnessed between November 9 and the day of his departure from England, about twenty-nine different plays.¹⁵⁵ Yet one evening at the theater, he forgot the mimic world as an actor came forward and made an announcement. Trafalgar was won, and Nelson was dead. Going homeward through the cheering throngs and illuminated streets, he thought again of that gallant fleet at Messina, led by the *Victory*. Now he heard groups of Englishmen speaking in hushed voices of the admiral.¹⁵⁶

The two years' holiday was nearly over. On January 17 he was in the postchaise bound for Gravesend and the ship *Remittance*. West winds softly besought him to tarry in scenes where he was to spend a third of his life; the vessel was not well on her course for a week. Irving did not care; he was going home.

The good remittance freely rides
And woos the fav'ring gale
That lightly curls the glassy tides
And fills the swelling sail
Sigh not Eliza tho' I leave
Old England's shores behind
For other shores may prove as fair
& other climes as kind.¹⁵⁷

The lines are fair examples of his good humor, of his doggerel, and of his friendly badinage with the other passengers, among whom Eliza, otherwise unknown, was the most companionable. His notebook, almost illegible, is one of the few documents of its kind extant describing an ocean voyage in 1806. In fair weather the careening ship with full canvas was a stirring sight. The rolling from side to side, the crowded quarters, the *ennui* — all are in the faded lines, but also the passengers' compensations. Irving sketched. He read Vergil. He played his flute. The few staterooms were tiny but comfortably furnished, and the narrow companionway was an opportunity. For Irving helped the ladies up and down, hugging them tight to shield them from falling: "What it is," he wrote, "to be careful!"¹⁵⁸

Yet the most interesting entries in the notebook show the fulfillment of Irving's purpose, conceived when he left America in May, 1804. He would observe, and he would write. It would be an obtuse student who could not remark the differences in his style. He now wrote less formally, and more sharply. He saw clearly the essentials of incidents and scenes, and the habit was now fastened strongly upon him of depicting episodes in short, vivid phrases at the moment of occurrence :

Don Pedro flaunting about in a great coat and wet underclothes — too lazy to change them. Clark reading a book of childrens fables. Eliza reading. Naval manners — Miss Bayley holding her work in one Hand, the other arm on Admirals shoulder who is seatd on my trunk in his dirty robe de chambre reading out of a book of selections & making comments as he reads. Cousin John washing himself in gang way & making hideous faces.¹⁶⁰

Such is a group one afternoon near Irving's cabin on the *Remittance*.

After two months of intimacy — with tempers slightly on edge — the voyagers saw through a snowstorm the familiar outline of Paurmanok. "Washington Irving," noted the *New York Gazette*, of March 24, 1806, "Passenger on ship 'Remittance,' Capt Law from London 52 days."¹⁶⁰

CHAPTER IV

LAWYER AND NEW YORK MAN OF LETTERS · *SAL- MAGUNDI* · POLITICS · MATILDA HOFFMAN

1806-1809

ONCE MORE Irving was back in New York, its crooked streets echoing with the cries of the bellman, the baker, the milkman,¹ and the chimney sweep. Even during his brief absence of two years, there had been changes. Near the Park Theater stood Dyde's new "London Hotel."² Just a month after Irving's arrival, John Jacob Astor purchased this theater and announced extravagant plans for its renovation. Dutch houses and pumps in the thoroughfares still reminded Irving of his boyhood; but Broadway, with its fine shops, was now illuminated each night; and even a critical Philadelphian had praised the tiled and corniced brick houses in Greenwich Street.³ The home-comer took stock of the numerous churches, the tempting taverns, and the rebuilt Vauxhall.⁴ The city still had a rural tinge, but he was not inclined to feel superior. Bowery Road was nearly as wide as the Strand; in the City Hall were the quarters of the New York Historical Society; on Murray Hill the Elgin Botanical Gardens had expanded; and schools, newspapers, and literary societies were more active than, two years earlier, he could have dreamed.⁵

This liveliness, as Lambert said, was the charm of Irving's native place. All American cities, as the frontier moved westward, experienced this buoyancy of spirit; it animated New York now:

The dress of the gentlemen [says Lambert] is plain, elegant, and fashionable, and corresponds in every respect with the English costume. The ladies [as Irving agreed in *Salmagundi* ⁶] in general seem more partial to the light, various, and dashing drapery of the Parisian belles. . . . But there are many who prefer the English costume, or at least a medium between that and the French.

Fresh from the two countries, Irving saw on Broadway the "pretty *Democrat à la mode Française*" and the "sweet little *Federalist*

à la mode Anglaise.”⁷ What different beings were these Americans compared with the dull Genoese or the reserved Englishmen! No city of Europe, from Catania to London, had so satisfied him as this New York of 1806.

In Wall Street John Treat Irving was waiting to receive him into legal decorum, but the young man was fortunate. He was not to come up for the bar examinations until November.⁸ Meanwhile, other cronies, less zealous for work, greeted him with jubilation. Peter, listening to his tales of flood and field, straightway embarked on a voyage to Europe. Did Washington breathe into William's ear the experiences not confided to the family letters? It is unlikely. Deacon Irving was now feeble, and William and Ebenezer, the sponsors of the tour, stood too much in places of authority. But William had a lighter side, and could understand a young fellow's wishing to become a writer. He was now forty, still a lover of languages and books — “a man,” said Paulding, “of great wit, genius, and originality.”⁹ And Paulding, William's brother-in-law, living at Number 287 Greenwich Street,¹⁰ was himself eager for literary adventures.

In the returned traveler were health and contagiously high spirits; his mind, anyone could see, was enlarged; and his manners had acquired a certain elegance.¹¹ On the whole, he was an enviable young gentleman, though his chances of success in November were negligible. He returned to the office; the profession had, at any rate, for a man of his tastes, one perquisite — social standing. It helped him to associations with the Burrs, the Coldens, the Jays, and the Livingstons, and, in further stimulation of his real interests, he probably knew at about this time the poets Richard Alsop, William Clifton, and Blair Linn.¹² Ostensibly, he settled down for a summer's study; actually, he became at once a scribbler and man about town.

In May he is visible in Hoffman's gloomy office, lolling in an easy-chair, blowing defiant clouds of cigar smoke at the frowning tomes of the law, and longing for champagne, mirth, and “the sunshine of some fair Hunkamunka's eyes.”¹³ After business hours he craved, in fact, none of these in vain. During furtive moments in the daytime he turned over his bundle of European notebooks, and he aided Peter in translating François Depons' *A Voyage to the Eastern Part of Terra Firma*, a muddled piece of hack work.¹⁴ He was suspected, too, of offerings to *The Literary Picture Gallery, and Admonitory Epistles to the Visitors of Ballston Spa, by Simeon Senex, Esquire*.¹⁵

In mature life he abhorred such translations and contributions to magazines. Now he was experimenting, willing to write anything. His most futile ventures in this period were in verse. Many of the stanzas which entitle him to the equivocal designation of "poet," as on the Tarrytown monument, were written by 1808. As a boy, of course, he had scratched out couplets, and later, on the trip to Montreal, had scrawled lines on the hearthstone of the "Temple of Dirt."¹⁶ His halting apostrophe to "Eliza" has been quoted.¹⁷ Now, in May, 1806, he composed his poem *The Falls of the Passaic*,¹⁸ which was to win a place in Kettell's pioneer anthology of American poetry;¹⁹ and he was presently the author of the dedicatory lines for the new Park Theater.²⁰ Such literary skirmishing relieved his mind. Write he must, for he was now prominent in New York literary societies;²¹ and he was also a leader among the wild, gossiping, bibulous "Lads of Kilkenny."

These, all nicknamed, included, besides William, Peter, Ebenezer, and Washington Irving, Peter and Gouverneur Kemble, Paulding, Brevoort, Henry Ogden, David Porter, and Richard McCall. Apart from a theoretical affiliation with literature, the aim of this "Ancient and Honourable Order" (or "The Ancient Club of New York," or, inexactly, the "Nine Worthies")²² was sociability, with homage to drinking, a vice of the time decried by foreign visitors to New York. In days of affluence they met at Dyde's Tavern over "imperial champagne," or in Newark over Madeira, or at "blackguard suppers" in a porterhouse at the corner of John and Nassau Streets.²³ The characters of the members ranged from staid Ebenezer²⁴ to easy-going Peter Kemble; and the meetings were as varied in tempo. After Gouverneur Kemble gave over to the club his mansion on the banks of the Passaic, between Newark and Belleville, the parties became bacchanalian; here the members were free to jest, drink, play leapfrog, pelt Paulding in the top of a cherry tree, or fall asleep in miscellaneous groups. The house itself, Mount Pleasant, or "Cockloft Hall," with its "Chinese Saloon," its bizarre chambers ("The Green Moreen," "The Red Silk," "The Pink Chintz"), its antique furniture, its negro servants, and its lawn sloping to the river, was to have a niche in the early literature of America.²⁵ Paulding and the Irvings perceived the mansion and its occupants to be characteristic of the social and literary stir in the New York of 1807; they incorporated both in a series of light essays, called *Salmagundi*.

For Irving, unlike some of the others, tired of debauch for its own sake:

We have resigned [he told Kemble] the feverish enjoyments of Madeira and Champagne, and returning with faith and loyalty to the standard of beauty, have quietly set down under petticoat-government. . . . I am a new man, and am hasting with rapid strides towards perfection. In a month or two I shall become as modest, well-behaving, pretty-boy-kind of a fellow as ever graced a tea-party.²⁶

This was not, by any means, a reconsecration to the law. He could not imitate industrious John, who was not of the Kilkenny feather. He admitted that the popular anecdote of the legal novice applied to himself: "I think," said the examiner, "that he knows a little law." "Make it stronger," said another; "*damned* little!"²⁷ No, the Cockloft gayety, interspersed with its discussions of literature and politics, teased his pen to better satire than that from Jonathan Oldstyle. Indeed, everything in the town beckoned to a more ripened mannerist. The drama flourished, in the face of absurd critics; the circulation of books had increased; there were nineteen newspapers, eight of which were dailies.²⁸ Lambert pointed out the distinct divisions in New York society, each with its own prejudices, such as those against Frenchmen or commercial travelers from Birmingham. New York longed to rival that seat of light Philadelphia, vain of the careers of William Clifton and Francis Hopkinson, and now proud, too, of Charles Brockden Brown. New York was a well-read community; that is, everyone read what everyone else thought was fashionable, Scott, Campbell, Tom Moore, Hopkinson, and those clever "Hartford Wits," all of whom kept reappearing, in book or in person, in the city.²⁹

One complex undercurrent in the community was an attitude toward England, partly a consequence of the Revolution, shrewdly noted by the French *émigré* Moreau de Saint-Méry: "Americans . . . in spite of their affected hatred of the English, love them, but fear them. In spite of their pride, they have a vague feeling of inferiority to the English, and treat them with adulation."³⁰ This neurosis was fated to live on in our literature from the time of Irving's essay "English Writers on America" to that of Lowell's "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and afterwards, too; and the development of this "vague feeling of inferiority" may be observed in the society of which Irving was an instrument. How eagerly the city read English opinions of their new metropolitan fashions upon this side of the Atlantic! How humiliating to learn that Thomas Moore's³¹ chief recollection of American belles was unattractive teeth!

About its marriages, its Assemblies at the City Hall, its gossip in

coffeehouses, New York was timid, but complacent. In its business it veered from fiercest activity to the listlessness following the Nonimportation Act of 1806. This depression, however, even when war momentarily threatened with England, was transient. The spirit of the place, proper game for a satirist, was bumptious, boisterously conceited, and patriotic. At the Battery were parades; in the legislature, schemes for the defence of the harbor; in Congress and in Cockloft Hall, violent, cloudy discourse on Burr, Madison, Jefferson, and the future of the nation. Compared with the jingoistic proletariat, these "Sad Dogs" of Cockloft Hall were the intelligent minority; on the honeysuckle porch they surveyed the turmoil with the aloofness of men of the world: "On hearing," said Irving with a chuckle, "the salute fired on the fourth of July, B[revoort?] turned round and exclaimed with great Energy — Good God what a great nation we are."⁸²

This feeling represented the mood of William and Washington Irving, and Paulding, too; these three were now known among the wise as the satirists of the day. Ridicule of New York's foibles was inevitable, and John Howard Payne, marooned in Schenectady, wrote Brevoort, demanding a "secret history of the times." "You have," he added, a "field for remark before you, which, with your observation, may be rendered very luxuriant. Cooper . . . in the theatrical, — Watts in the critical, — Irving in the Literary, — Hoffman in the eloquent, and Fairlie & Livingston in the fashionable, world."⁸³ The "secret history" was born on January 24, 1807, when those "in the Literary" fell upon the city's flank with a hornet-like, yellow-backed pamphlet, so small that it could be carried in a lady's purse. This was the first of the booklets of *Salmagundi*; or, *The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, & Others*. In the literary history of New York, its publication was distinctly an event. On one day alone eight hundred copies were sold.⁸⁴ The assassins remained for a time unknown, but through *Salmagundi* Irving, at the age of twenty-four, less than two years after his return from Europe, was appreciably nearer his fame as a writer.

The authors of *Salmagundi* announced themselves as "all townsmen good and true,"⁸⁵ and their primer, in size not quite seven by four inches, was to be "the quintessence of modern criticism."⁸⁶ Its name became a synonym for sharp satire; *salmagundi* was a kind of hash, consisting of pickled herrings, oil, vinegar, pepper, and onions.⁸⁷ The sponsors, clever young men, were really chroniclers of their age; their work was less creative than reportorial, for

Salmagundi mirrored American urban culture in 1807 in New York and also in Philadelphia. For thirteen months it was barometric, registering the rise and fall of society's opinions on politics, on drama, and on personalities, prominent and obscure.

In *Salmagundi* emerge two facets of this culture, already discussed³⁸ — the increasing sophistication of social intercourse, and the mounting enthusiasm for the world of books and magazines. These two aspects complement each other; the latter expresses the former; and as part of this expression *Salmagundi* still remains an arresting social document. Moreover, no early writing emphasizes more distinctly the influences upon Irving's youth. Rereading it, one perceives how the author of *The Sketch Book* derived his early literary impulses from temperament, from eighteenth-century books, from literary societies, from travel, from the art of letter-writing, and also from this post-Revolutionary school of journalism. His *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, his column in the *Corrector*, his translations, poems, and articles, his part in *Salmagundi* were reflexes of this madness for print. Writing was in the air. This bantam society must preen itself, and Irving helped it to crow shrilly to the world.

Apparently unusual in its conception, with seemingly the oddest of journalistic mannerisms, *Salmagundi*, if replaced in its contemporary setting, is normal, and in form, conventional. The idea of a club of eccentrics, commenting with humorous sagacity on the follies of society, reverts to Addison's *Spectator*, just as the notion of the foreigner criticizing national customs suggests Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.³⁹ Thus reminiscences of Addison and Goldsmith, as well as of Steele, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, tantalize the modern reader of *Salmagundi*. Yet the originalities of these masters had become, by the time of Irving's youth, common-places, stereotyped by scores of scribblers. Paulding and the Irvings knew such tricks by heart; the mechanism of these classic satires affected them, but less directly than American adaptations. So *Salmagundi* borrowed from the stock plan of the eighteenth-century magazine, but more from its American imitators of the next century; it employed the Oriental tale, the sentimental story, the elegant poem, the essay on politics.⁴⁰

In the literary lives of the conspirators the magazine represented a crest of high spirits. The idea of such a periodical had been simmering in Irving's mind since his first cigar with his friends in Hoffman's law office in 1806. During Irving's absence in Europe, Paulding had been writing,⁴¹ and after his return the two shook

their heads over this madcap world.⁴² The good-humored William's forte was light verse; ⁴³ he was readily dragooned into the scheme. David Longworth, the fourth wheel, light-hearted typographer and dilettante proprietor of a bookstore called "The Sentimental Epicure's Ordinary," was a natural ally; he was fond of lightening his official city directories by the insertion of jests and witty doggerel.⁴⁴ He was, like his allies, *précieux*, but, as events proved, not so sympathetic to the protestations of *Salmagundi* that money in such a high-hearted project was of no consequence. Longworth was, after all, of the race of publishers.

These four, then, aimed "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age"; to teach parents "how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them."⁴⁵ They met for conferences in Longworth's back parlor, where their host dispensed cakes and advice. A chief objective was their own amusement; for this they ate and drank and kept each other's secrets. This anonymity was essential, and, for a time, even Irving's favorite belles were in the dark.⁴⁶ the vivacity of the early papers being based upon the satirists' belief, reiterated, that "many a time and oft have we three amused the town without its knowing to whom it was indebted."⁴⁷ This was, of course, self-deception. Mary Fairlie nosed them out, and the *Port Folio* averred that it was in the secret.⁴⁸ Yet Lambert's bewilderment in his edition of 1811 and the ascription of the papers to Gulian C. Verplanck demonstrate that the libelists kept faith with one another.⁴⁹ Of final anonymity two of the three, Paulding and Washington Irving, could not have been painfully desirous. The careful composition of the later essays betrays their emulous love of literary craftsmanship, and of its rewards. *Jonathan Oldstyle* had brought Irving local reputation; he must have been conscious of the development of his own powers in writing since those essays of 1802. Like his future disciple Longfellow, Irving even now longed ardently for "eminence in literature."⁵⁰

New York loved the first numbers of *Salmagundi*, laughed at their cocksure insolence. The editors despised the literary glory which would, of course, accrue; they indignantly pooh-poohed patronage; they would interfere pertinaciously in all private affairs; they would bring out issues of *Salmagundi* only when they pleased. This irregularity in publication was particularly insulting. It seemed in controversy to give the satirists last tag. Shrewd readers guessed that Paulding and the Irvings wrote these indiscretions in the intervals of business and the law, listening slyly for reper-

cussions. The shortest interval between appearances was seven days; the longest, forty-eight.⁵¹ Republished, the entire collection of some sixty-five papers made a volume of only moderate size. The Salmagundians' independence, born in Longworth's back parlor, made violent enemies, real ones, who attacked the impudence of certain young men, and fictitious. Both types of opponents were capitalized by the cheeky satirists.⁵²

What manner of essays were these which played so wittily with old New York? *Salmagundi* consisted, speaking broadly, of three types of writing. The first was satire on politics and national shortcomings. Such essays were quoted and praised in serious newspaper pronouncements on contemporary issues. The second was satire on New York society in 1807. Under this head appeared dramatic criticism, belying in its good sense the authors' demurral concerning its insignificance and forming finally a respectable fraction of the book. A third species of writing, which evidently sprang into being as the work progressed, was the essay or sketch. Also popular in 1807, this medium was a fortunate addition; these sections only, uncheaped by local allusion, still retain dignity, as in "Mine Uncle John" or "The Little Man in Black." A hundred trivialities of subject justify the title, *Salmagundi*, but such were the *métiers* of the juvenile philosophers—the political burlesque, the satire on manners, and the essay of sentiment.⁵³

Forgotten is *Salmagundi's* criticism of local and national politics, but this is less true of the gay essays on life in Knickerbocker New York. Some bubbles in this wine still rise lightly to the surface; for in these sketches the amateur critics were more at ease. The variety of subject, form, and tone was kaleidoscopic. *Tête-à-têtes* from the elbowchair of Launcelot Langstaff, reminiscences, verse letters, burlesque advertisements, mock travel journals, documentation, confidential notes on the theaters, comic postscripts—such were the gambols of the Salmagundians. What they had created was, perhaps, an unripened *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Indeed, this comparison implies the traits, good and bad, of these green compositions. From his nook Launcelot, like the Autocrat, would be wise; on the drama Will Wizard tries to be witty; and through Laurella Dashaway or Billy Dimple, Anthony Evergreen attempts to depict character. Yet, too often, instead of wisdom, there is adage; instead of wit, there is flippancy; instead of characters, there are labels. Alas! these fellows had little to say, and less knowledge of life with which to season their cup of liquor. The charm of *Salmagundi* was merely the freshness of the

vintage. High spirits are on nearly every page, the high spirits of youth.

The subjects of many essays were the gossip of the hour; the last performance of *Macbeth*, the rival milliners, Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard, a party at Paff's, a concert at the City Hall, or silk stockings — "*nudity*," according to Anthony Evergreen, "being all the rage."⁵⁴ Yet the human beings in this protracted tea party remain unreal. In the midst of beaux, belles, and dowagers, chatter the coxcombs who, *Salmagundi* thought, epitomized the fashions of 1807. They are dim, these ghostly descendants of eighteenth-century satire and drama: 'Sbidlikens, the cockney; Ding-dong, the dilettante; Ichabod Fungus, the knowing bore; or Diana Wearwell, "chaste as an icicle."⁵⁵ Only a few caricatures rise into more substantial wit, as in Tom Straddle, the Brummagem *poseur*, and the satirists are moderately successful only in their portraits of contemporaries.

Here they were, of course, upon firmer soil, for ancient conventions and modern echoes, like Dennie's in the *Port Folio*, directed them. Launcelot Langstaff, kinsman of the Spectator or of Oliver Oldschool, loves to frequent concourses of people and "open the great volume of human character." Anthony Evergreen, "patriarch in the fashionable world," Christopher Cockloft, emanating "the good, honest unceremonious hospitality of old times," the Misses Cockloft, "who, having purloined and locked up the family Bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to"⁵⁶ — all may be related to Will Honeycomb, Sir Roger de Coverley, or to Richardson's Judy Swynford and Smollett's Mrs. Grizzle, but also, with as much reason, to Dennie's mannequins. The idyl of the Cockloft family is the least shallow; Aunt Charity and Uncle John are nearly alive.

By some paradox these humorists were at their best when serious. What more enlightened policies evolved in Longworth's back parlor is unknown, but either from weariness of their own wit or from fresh literary ambitions, the Salmagundians gradually altered the spirit of their essays. The tableaux of the Cockloft family are midway between the horseplay of Anthony Evergreen's "Fashions" and Launcelot Langstaff's finished portrait, "Mine Uncle John." Typographical and journalistic antics subsided; some of the later papers must have cost their authors more discriminating revision than did the philippics against enemies. The verse, the lingo of the Assemblies, and the tiresome Mustapha continue to the end, but after the tenth number appear "Mine Uncle John,"

"Sketches from Nature," "On Greatness," "Autumnal Reflections," and "The Little Man in Black," besides that artful anticipation of Diedrich Knickerbocker "Of the Chronicles of the Renowned and Antient City of Gotham."⁵⁷ John Neal dubbed these papers "a downright, secret, laboured, continual imitation"⁵⁸ of Goldsmith; R. H. Dana, Senior, thought them a creditable part of "the ablest work of wit and humour which we had produced."⁵⁹ Neither judgment is wholly sound. It would be fairer to say that on these more self-respecting essays rests the only hope of *Salmagundi* to be known as a corner of American literature.⁶⁰

The cavalier humor of *Salmagundi* was hardly more extravagant than Irving's own life during the year 1807. We begin to believe the legend that, though he had passed the examinations for the New York bar⁶¹ in November, 1806, he had but one client — whom he deserted. Save for the tragic affair of Burr's trial, which stirred his sympathy, he enjoyed a carnival of travel and flirtation. This continual playing at life tires the reader, but no one should begrudge him these three years in New York in the heyday of his youthful popularity. It was all to end so suddenly, in April, 1809, in the great sorrow of his life. Until this instant he had never really suffered. Though warned in 1807 by two bereavements,⁶² his life in these years was, on the whole, a picturesque background for *Salmagundi*.

One aspect of Irving's social, literary life is suggested by Payne's letter, which had assigned the theatrical chapter in the "history of the times" to Cooper. In this phase of New York life Payne himself might well have been the historian. With his dreams of surpassing the precocious English actor "Master Betty," Payne, at the time of Irving's return from Europe, had already aided Samuel Woodworth in publishing his juvenile sheet, the *Fly*; he had issued the *Thespian Mirror*, an eight-page critical review of the New York stage;⁶³ and he had produced his first play, *Julia*, at the Park Theater on February 7, 1806. John E. Seaman, a devout believer in young Payne's genius, had sent him to Union College to educate him for the law. Here Payne, though a capable student, turned longing eyes toward the New York clique. His lonely literary magazine, the *Pastime*,⁶⁴ remarked that "*Launcelot Langstaff Esq.* has undertaken to amuse the New Yorkers with his 'whim-whams and opinions': and Launcelot can spoil eight pages as merrily as any wag who knows how to laugh."⁶⁵ Payne was already an admirer of Irving.

When Payne left Union College in the summer of 1808, he re-

sumed this acquaintance ; the two were to have an odd friendship of alternating warmth and coolness through a period of some forty years. Still a hanger-on at the theaters, Irving watched Payne with amazement and with the brotherly solicitude which often characterized his attitude toward this talented boy, eight years his junior, so animated, so intelligent, so erratic. Payne made his *début* as an actor at the Park Theater on February 24, 1809 ; he played Young Norval in Home's tragedy *Douglas*. Then followed the meteoric successes in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and, finally, Payne's dwindling reputation, as the novelty of the boy actor's performance faded — a fiasco which Irving had foreseen only too clearly. To understand Payne's hold upon Irving later in Paris, when they became joint authors,⁶⁶ one must observe this early attachment, so evident in the following letter, which defines their relations and also lets us see Irving in the midst of the theatrical world :

Philadelphia, November 2^d 1809

My dear Payne,

I received some few days since your letter from Baltimore, which was forwarded to me from New York — and should have answered it before, had not my time been completely occupied by different engagements. I am very much gratified to hear through various channels of your success at Baltimore ⁶⁷ — and I hope your benefit has been a good one. I am sorry to find, however, that you are still persecuted by newspaper friends ; for I read a critique in a Baltimore paper on your performance, that made my blood run cold. The honest man absolutely seemed to foam at the mouth with a delirium of rapture, and in danger of falling into a paroxysm of stark, staring nonsense. Now though I trust you have too much good sense to be flattered and rendered self satisfied, by these agonies & extasies of delight, yet the mischief is that they disgust the cooler part of the community, and dispose them to find fault where they otherwise would praise — and they likewise raise expectations in the minds of people, who are not up to the cant & fustian of newspaper criticism, which it would be impossible for the most consummate actor to satisfy

And now I am going to give you a piece of advice which I suspect you wont relish, and if you dont relish it I feel tolerably certain you wont follow it — which is, to leave Baltimore as soon as possible. I know you are very much caressed there & are surrounded by friends, but that is one reason why you should decamp — You cannot excite more attention — You cannot gain greater notoriety & applause ; but you may cease to be a novelty — curiosity may become satisfied — and the public becoming familiar with you in private as well as in public, will not have the same eagerness to see you perform, on future occa-

sions. There is very little flattery in this to be sure, but you will find it invariably the truth — nor need a man be vexed with the world, nor humbled in his own opinion when he perceives it. Were the Angel Gabriel to come down from heaven (and I speak with all reverence) and sojourn a year or two upon earth — though the multitude might all throng & stare at first, to behold an Angel, yet in a little while he might walk [?] the streets and excite no more attention or wonderment. . . .

Your great object should be to visit different places — stay a short time at each, so as to excite without allaying curiosity and then you may soon [?] move in an extensive and agreeable orbit that shall embrace the chief cities in the union. Every time you visit one, as the inhabitants know your stay will be short they will be curious to see you, and you may fill your pockets from their curiosity. Do you recollect the comet that made its appearance about two years ago? how much we stared at it the first week — how little the second? — had it remained a third I warrant we would not have thought a whit more of it, than the other honest, steady, little stars which we see every night in the year.

And now John let me conclude with one more short piece of advice — for I begin to draw near the hour [of dinner?] ⁶⁸ and am mortal hungry — take care of the money — and dont squander it away idly, like a mere boy. Your [time of ?] ⁶⁹ sunshine may be but short, yet in that time, with assiduity & good management, you may lay up a little competence that shall place you out of the reach of bad weather all the rest of your life — should you do so, I shall think your theatrical enterprize a very well advised project — should you not — I shall consider it one of the most unfortunate ones that could have entered into your head.

I shall remain here about three weeks longer, and hope to see you before I return — in the mean while take care of yourself and play any thing but the idler, the spendthrift & the little great man — I hope you are superior to all of them

Your friend

Washington Irving ⁷⁰

So Irving played with Payne and with the “Lads of Kilkenny”; so he dined and danced with the Rodmans, the Kembles, the Coldens, the Fairlies, and with the Hoffmans — always the Hoffmans and their friends. Hoffman, as commanding as ever in politics, genial, not yet overtaken by the weakness that saddened his later years,⁷¹ was fond of Irving. Anticipating Martin Van Buren’s judgment,⁷² he seems to have trusted the young lawyer’s capacity in practical matters, and he often hinted assistance to some state office. Irving’s dependence upon his friend in such matters was

complete; early in 1807 he had begged any crumb from the political table.⁷³ Taking him into his household, Hoffman made him, as before the journey to Italy, virtually a trustee of his wife and daughters during his absences in Albany. This part of guardian of families Irving was always to act gracefully.⁷⁴ To do it for Hoffman was particularly agreeable; his patron's second wife, hardly older than Irving, had long been his intimate friend.⁷⁵

The four children by the former marriage, including Ann and Matilda, with Maria Fenno's own child, Charles Fenno, made up the family circle.⁷⁶ Irving had known Ann during the Canadian adventure in 1803; of her, in his letters to "Quoz," he had demanded bulletins, rather than of Matilda, who, at the beginning of the year 1807, was fifteen years old. Irving looked after the sisters, or sat about the parlor, talking or writing while Mrs. Hoffman sewed; or he played with the child, "little old fashion," as she turned studiously the leaves of the family Bible.⁷⁷ When Ann and Matilda returned to the Greenwich Street house from walks in the Battery, where they were habitués,⁷⁸ he chatted with them or with the rising tide of callers, Jim Paulding, Gertrude Kemble, or gay Mary Fairlie.

He was, indeed, a pillar of the family:

New York November 20th 1807

Is it possible my dear Sister [Matilda wrote Ann] that you still keep to your cruel resolution of staying in the Country all Winter. The whole town is astonished at it. Some think you are in a *religious melancholy*, others believe that you stay to enjoy the gaieties of the place. I was asked the other day by your friends the *Moses's's* if you were not very dissipated, they supposed you had tea parties or balls every night, and were quite surprised to find that you could stay in a place where there was no such thing. If you have any compassion on me do come down. I hardly dare to stir out any longer I meet so many disappointed *beaux* I believe they think I keep *you* away that *I* may make conquests and therefore will not give me a chance, they have deserted our house entirely. Our old *stand bys* Gouverneur and *Washington*, and Mr. Bleeker ⁷⁹ *once* a week are the only People we see.⁸⁰

Whenever Ann was away on such visits to Coldenham,⁸¹ the family appointed Irving a "committee of correspondence." So he wrote her of Grandmamma's imaginary attack of influenza or of Hoffman's shooting party at Rockaway:

I took charge of the house [wrote Irving to Ann] during his absence & had reigned very tranquilly for two days when the poor man

returned to town in a complete fit of the influenza & a touch of the head ache, it was evident he had a pretty tolerable attack, for he ate nothing & mentioned a name unmentionable three or four times in a minute, a gentleman he seldom makes mention of except when out of sorts, or in a fit of perplexity. He is like wise in a fair way to recover, though he still struts about in his picturesque robe de chambre, and his countenance retains a most unheard of longitude & a kind of pea green complexion. Your Mama hinted to me two or three times that she had a great inclination to be sick, but upon my representing the folly & inconvenience of the measure, she kindly altered her mind.⁸²

Irving's wit was for everyone, with especial attention to such worthy antagonists as Ann Hoffman and Mary Fairlie, but his quiet hours were now for the younger Hoffman sister, as we know from his own admissions. His attachment to this child had begun in 1804, when Matilda, thirteen, and he, twenty-one, had bent together over their drawings:

They were [he wrote of the sisters] little more than children, the eldest was about fourteen. They were two lovely little beings. Ann was brilliant both as to beauty and natural talent. Matilda was a timid, shy, silent little being, and always kept by the side of her step mother; who indeed looked more like an elder sister, and acted like a most tender one. I saw a great deal of them. I was a mere stripling, and we were all shy and awkward at first, but we soon grew sociable and I began to take a great interest in Matilda, though little more at the time than a mere boyish fancy.⁸³

Two artless letters survive in the clear, childlike handwriting of "Matalinda dinda dinda," as she called herself, to confirm Irving's recollection of her as she was during his absence.⁸⁴ Two others, written after his return, are unconscious self-portraits. Each contains an allusion — such are very rare — to young Irving.⁸⁵ To complete the impression of Matilda, we may listen to her again:

New York, August 29, 1807

My dear Ann

I have not been able to procure you any jet buttons. I send you some bone ones which will answer the purpose untill your return, which I hope will be in a short time, we are all very anxious to see you once more, and I particularly so, for I am afraid if you stay at Coldenham much longer you will have the *Locket* and besides, quite *cut me out* with my dear Aunt.

How did you like your riding dress? I could find no gown of yours that it could be made after, and Mama thought I had better send it up unmade than run the risk of having it spoiled. I was confined to the

house with the Influenza when Charles Fenno and Papa left us or I should certainly have sent the muslin you asked for.

Gertrude Kemble⁸⁶ drank tea here the day before yesterday she was quite well and desired her best love to you, she wishes to correspond with you but cannot determine to write the first letter, that poor little child at their house suffered a great deal from convulsions, and at last died of the *Lock Jaw*. Perhaps you have not heard that poor Blauvelt⁸⁷ is very ill he has been speechless for several days, and there are very little hopes entertained of his recovery. Jane Watts⁸⁸ has returned from the springs she brought letters from M^{rs} Rodman⁸⁹ who is quite unwell, but I am in hopes jaunting about will entirely restore her to health. We went over the Theatre yesterday with M^{rs} Fairlie and Mary,⁹⁰ it is totally altered the whole inside has been pulled down and four rows of boxes instead of three been put up with pillars between every box burnished with silver, there are three private boxes on each side directly on the stage in the place of the immense pillars which used to be there, with a *number* of other improvements too *numerous* to *enumerate*.⁹¹

Mary Fairlie has again began her Italian but she is the only scholar the *old Lady* has at present I believe so she stands clear of all *plays*.

Sally Gratz⁹² has returned to Philadelphia she was detained here some time longer than she expected by Rachels having a pain in her *little finger* which made it *quite necessary* for Sally to stay with her. She was very anxious for me to go to Newark with her where she stopt for a day or two. by the bye Caty Ogden⁹³ is very angry at your not writing to her, you had better do it quickly and make your peace.

Washington says he saw a beautiful girl at Coldenham whose name was Ellen. Tell her that. My love to Aunt and Uncle, tell the former her worked cap shall be forthcoming in a short time. Kiss my dear little Mary Ann⁹⁴ for me, and be assured you are loved most fondly by your sister

Matilda Hoffman

Burn this letter as soon as you have read it, I beg of you I cannot bear that such nonsense should be seen by any one.

During the separation Irving had not forgotten Matilda. His reunion in March, 1806, with his brothers or Jim Paulding remained in his mind less indelible than that with her. In 1823 he recalled the moment as if it had been yesterday. Matilda was at a girls' seminary in Philadelphia :⁹⁵

She came home from school to see me. She entered full of eagerness, yet shy from her natural timidity, from the time that had elapsed since we parted, and from the idea of my being a *travelled man*, instead of a stripling student — However what a difference the interval

had made. She was but between fifteen & sixteen, just growing up, there was a softness and delicacy in her form and look, a countenance of that eloquent expression, yet that mantling modesty — I thought I had never beheld any thing so lovely.⁹⁶

This portrait, apparently drawn two decades after the incident, was, of course, enhanced by grief and memory. Everything connected with Matilda had become gracious, tender. It is probable that Irving left her on this occasion amused and complacent, not yet knowing his own heart. Certainly before October, 1808, nobody could call him a love-sick Colin; he relished the badgering of *Salmagundi* and the conventional dissipations of New York society, which must be chronicled before we return to the story of Matilda Hoffman. Matilda herself was now a schoolgirl, merry, mocking at Ann's fits of piety, radiant when the Judge took her to the theater or brought home the great Cooper to dine with the family.⁹⁷ She had no notion of being enskyed as one of those repining maidens to whom an ignorant society gave, instead of a cure for tuberculosis, a sentimental epitaph. Yet, in that meeting with Matilda in 1806, in his subtly growing love for her are the first chords of the deeper music of Irving's life. Now, during the fuss about *Salmagundi* and his triumphs among New York and Philadelphia matrons, he was oblivious of its meaning. We may leave Matilda for a time, to see her again two years later, listening to her lover, then avowedly hers, sitting beside her in complete devotion.⁹⁸

In 1807, Mary Fairlie was better company. To her, and not to Matilda, Irving wrote, with the wisdom of the "*travelled man*," of the New York and Philadelphia tea tables.⁹⁹ Satire on individuals Mary could understand. She was her father's daughter; Major James Fairlie has still a gossamer hold on immortality for having made his commanding general, Washington, laugh outright. Apparently the description of Mary Fairlie in *Salmagundi* was an understatement: "Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivaled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who like a brilliant adds lustre to the front of fashion."¹⁰⁰ It was still five years before her marriage to Thomas Cooper;¹⁰¹ her intelligence and beauty were devastating not only the New York Assemblies but those of Philadelphia and Boston. Why, is evident from Irving's long correspondence with her during the spring and summer of 1807. For she adored, as a remark to Matilda Hoffman indicates, "all the news of the town";¹⁰² she laughed easily at gossip and puns (even Irving's); and she was interested in the shoddy politics of her coun-

try, a taste that Irving would be the first to appreciate. He indulged freely, therefore, in what he called "the delectable privilege of scribbling" to her; he presented her,¹⁰⁸ according to the fleeting fashion, with articles of Chinese dress; to her he confessed his latest fancies and abominations in society; and he punned shamelessly through many a long letter. These are lively adolescent epistles, without, despite assertions to the contrary, the substance of real passion. Here were two leaders of the *beau monde*, so they believed, quite sophisticated. There was no need for Matilda to be jealous.

Irving's conquests now extended to Philadelphia. Fashionable society in the two cities intermingled in spite of handicaps in travel. The "Swift-Sure Stage," "A New Line, Running between New-York and Philadelphia," was put into operation in 1805.¹⁰⁴ Philadelphia, with a population in 1700 of only forty-five hundred, now claimed nearly fifty thousand inhabitants. During the last decade of the eighteenth century it had been the seat of the Federal government, with a society far more dashing than its emulous neighbor could boast. Here, rather than to New York, came Tom Moore, to be near Joseph Dennie and Charles Brockden Brown. From the satirical mood of *Salmagundi* Philadelphia had already been graduated, and as early as 1804 it could be supercilious about the beginnings of a local literary tradition. The civilizing influences of Franklin, the Quakers, and the American Philosophical Society had conferred on the beautiful city at the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers a cultural poise which seemed to rebuke middle-class New York.¹⁰⁵ The latter could hardly contest the truth of the opening sentence of *The Traveller's Directory*:

THIS city is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania, and the chief city of the United States in point of size and splendor; though it now holds but the second rank in respect to commercial importance: the trade of America having of late flowed more freely into the open channels of New York.¹⁰⁶

Thus, in 1804, Philadelphia boasted thirty churches, bustling streets—spacious, and shaded with Lombardy poplars—an elegant Corinthian Mint, a library of more than twelve thousand volumes, two theaters, and shining, white suburbs.¹⁰⁷ For the best picture of Philadelphia's jocund society one must turn, in spite of its exaggeration, to *Salmagundi*. "The amusements of the Philadelphians are dancing, punning, tea-parties, and theatrical exhibitions."¹⁰⁸ For the pigeonwing, the waltz, the Cossack dance, for the utmost

in fashion, the knowing New Yorker should mount the coach for Philadelphia.

A visit here in March, 1807, netted Irving not only these transcripts of manners and the sketch of Joseph Dennie¹⁰⁹ but also a budget of tittle-tattle which he poured out to Mary Fairlie with dashes, exclamations, learned allusions, and discreet blanks. A loyal New Yorker, he felt bound to affirm that Philadelphia was a provincial backwater whose punning society aped New York modes. A certain Mr. Clymer, for instance, an ineffable bore, was famous here. A certain lady, to the discredit of "philadelphia judgment,"

is discovered to be *interesting!* — nay more a *good dancer!!* — nay still more the belle of New York!!! — an ounce of civet, good apothecary — for heavens sake advise a whole host of our hum drum-unadmired-no body-cares-about young gentlewomen to translate themselves forthwith to philadelphia — where they may be sure of figuring with great *eclat* and exercising the small wits of all the poets & punsters with which this city is running over.

In fact the Yorkers are in great repute here — we cannot possibly answer the demands upon our time and Maria L. ———¹¹⁰ & myself have serious thoughts of writing to New York for a cargo to stock the market.¹¹¹

He admitted that he was an amusing young beau, "engaged every day to dine, & every evening to sup out"; he was far more popular, his friends thought, than the matter-of-fact Brevoort, "better able to makè a pun and has more small talk, besides his travels which you know he makes go a great way."¹¹² He considered Maria "a very special girl." He was caught at a party between her and a cousin, Miss Swift:

They [he declared] opened a most incessant fire upon me, and shewed me no quarter for the whole evening. This Miss Swift is a young lady of great capability and had abused me so much that I really begin to take her into prodigious favor. I walked home with them "by the light of the moon" felt quite romantic — sentimental and all that — and made an apostrophy to bright Cynthia in which I proved her to be a very pretty planet — almost as pretty as a New York lamp — They abused me for my poetic flight — whereupon I straightway fell into great dudgeon.¹¹⁸

So he rattled on, presently ending this nonsense to return to the law office, or to *Salmagundi*, or, more probably, in response to Mary's orders, to the next Assembly. In Philadelphia, he had more than passed muster, and one lady wrote him in mock lamentation, after

his return from the city at which he had scoffed: "Half the people exist but in the idea that *you* will one day return. When will pleasure return to these wretched beings? They have no philosophy, and ages will not reconcile them to the loss of your society."¹¹⁴ A by-product of these early associations with Philadelphia society was Irving's friendship with the black-eyed, talented Jewess Rebecca Gratz, the reputed original of Scott's heroine in *Ivanhoe*.¹¹⁵

He could write nimbly, also to "the fascinating Fairlie,"¹¹⁶ of politics. The Federalists suffered defeat in the city election of 1807, and his letters to Mary are full of mock despair, for he had aligned himself openly with the conservative party. He was, however, a lukewarm partisan. Though in May he hurried off to Virginia as a legal henchman at Burr's trial, in this year the bull's-eye of national interest, he could not give up badinage with Mary, and posted back to New York sheets of twaddle. He promised her a red strip from the famous presidential pants; he descanted upon the whipping post of Elton, West Virginia, and upon its negro boys; he pictured his own gallantries at Baltimore; and at Washington he celebrated American statesmen:

. . . all was silent and forlorn and the only great personages I saw there were two Jackasses in a field, kicking at each other — Metempsychosis forever! thought I — here are the souls of two of our illustrious congressmen transfused into the bodies of kindred animals.¹¹⁷

Even these quibbling letters hint at Irving's interest in his country's politics; his dabbling in this imperfect science during the first decade of the century foretells typical attitudes. Deacon Irving had been a Federalist at the time when this first party stood for order against chaos. The Federalists of 1800, however, were different from those of 1789. Jefferson had oversimplified the meaning of the Revolution by calling it a victory of democracy. This party's excesses, such as the farmers' control of the state assemblies, were to revive the aristocratic spirit. With the growth in power of such leaders as Hamilton, the opposition declared that the ends of the patriotic founders of the Union had become selfish, monarchical; however lofty their principles, they encouraged caste in a country where real democracy had been born. After 1800 some members of the Irving family, though ambitious socially, drifted toward the new Republican, or Democratic, party. Both Federalists and Democrats favored free trade, but many merchants viewed with terror the arbitrary financial measures of the Federalists. William Irving, the son, became a Democrat, and was prominent in both local and

national politics. The hesitation of the other Irvings may be traced in their support of Vice-President Burr's disaffection toward President Jefferson. About 1802 Peter Irving had become, it will be remembered, a Burrite.

Meanwhile the youngest brother's position in politics was shaped less by convictions on issues than by temperament. He had written for Peter's paper, *The Corrector*, but with no affection for its party's platform. He expended little thought on the mighty issues now molding the future of the republic. He did not see the significance of the antithesis of Massachusetts and Virginia, which meant, two years after his death, the drums of Bull Run. In his dislike of Jefferson, he neither opposed nor comprehended the Democrats' determination that Americans should really obtain the rewards of the Revolution. Nor was he now a Federalist because he had the reasoned fear, experienced by orthodox and even by liberal men in New York, of a nation without a puissant, central government, a rudderless ship, piloted by French radicalism and mobocracy. He did not share the "Hartford Wits'" terror of Jacobinism. He had not analyzed the thought of his own era, remarkable for its youthful, able intellects. On Hamilton's forceful organization of finance or Jefferson's pragmatic application of French philosophy he had no comment. To the conflict of age-old currents, physiocracy, mercantilism, Toryism, he was impervious. Burr he could not get out of his mind because of the Weehawken duel and the plan for a new western empire. But Thomas Paine, whom he probably saw and whose doctrines were in every breeze, he mentions only a few times, and in jest.¹¹⁸ Concerning the origins of the angry political philosophies which were to color all American thinking for a century, he had a minimum of curiosity. He did not even comprehend that the party which he had espoused was to die a slow death; Federalism was finally overwhelmed by Jacksonian democracy. *Salmagundi* was full of the minutiae of politics, but Irving's observations on embargoes, gunboats, and other national growing pains, were those of the layman. He had no profound comprehension of the principles at stake.

Thus his Federalism, unlike William's Republicanism, which was based on business needs and personal ambitions, was not reasoned but instinctive. Of the two faiths it seemed to him the more gentlemanly; especially was it more favorable than Republicanism for his aristocratic tastes in society and literature. Was not Federalism at bottom "an aristocratic ideal struggling to adapt itself to the conditions of a republic and the equalities of a new coun-

try"? ¹¹⁹ As a boy he had been dazzled by the proud society of the first Presidency, while New York was the place of government. His parents talked reverently of the century-old order in England, and the family ambitions for his education had encouraged distrust of the democracy which was theoretically an aim of the Revolution. Moreover, his journey abroad had already implanted in him admiration for the established, the powerful. Note his interest in 1805 in the restoration of the French monarchy. A son of a humble English trader, he consorted abroad with Virginia gentlemen. In the struggle just past in France he had sympathized with Madame de Lamballe, not with sansculottism. By temperament, indeed, he was of the very stuff of Tories. All his early writings were to contain diatribes against the *bourgeois*, mercantile population of his native city.

In addition, Irving's deference for wealth and worldly distinction was identified with his passion for the romantic past. Perhaps he sensed the deeper issues between Republican and Federalist; at any rate, he did understand that the latter's defeat meant peril to his beloved traditions. He discerned certainly that Federalism was a relic of Toryism; he may have even guessed that its future was less stable than that of Republicanism, or shirt-sleeve Democracy. But this last he abominated, even as he always abominated coarse manners and "Americanisms." He may even have foreseen the ranker seed of Jefferson in Jackson and Walt Whitman. Very good, then; he was not swayed. He cared for the past. Let Paulding, a more practical thinker, argue with him about Jefferson's sincerity in creating an honest democracy.¹²⁰ It might be so. Nevertheless, the other side included more persons of breeding. To be a Federalist was part of his emancipation from the middle class, into which he had inappropriately been born.¹²¹ Federalism might have a dark future, but Democracy had very little past. For central sovereignty and the curbing of states' rights he held no brief, but the glories attendant upon monarchy in other lands stirred his imagination. Ancient Dutch houses and old New York families might be pitiful substitutes for the castles of which he dreamed, but these, such as they were, were in a way akin to the tradition of Federalism's founder, who had blessed him when he was six years old. Yes, Federalism was the better political faith for the lover of old customs and old ways.¹²²

If such motivation was shallow, it did not, at least, as in some conservatives by temperament, render him a bigot. If he occasionally jeered at what Whitman later called "the powerful, unedu-

cated" person, he also laughed heartily at the arrogant illusions of his own party. The Washington jackasses were not necessarily Democrats. The ridicule by Mustapha, in *Salmagundi*, is equable, and we must not take too seriously Irving's scorn of Jefferson's red trousers. For him, now as always, personalities took precedence over political issues, and we should not interpret his compassion for the Vice-President as a reversion to his Burrish tendencies. In fact, he professed the contrary. It was merely a resurgence in him of his romantic hero worship. So he had pitied Musso in Genoa, and so was he to worship blindly the tyrant Espartero in the Madrid of 1843.¹²³

Yet Irving's unreflecting indifference to principles did not extend, as has often been said, to politics as a game. His insouciance veiled an interest in these strident, corrupt, political sects of Jefferson's administration. Without sound electoral systems, with incredible intrigue at the polls, the appointment of magistrates might well excite immortal guffaws. Sick men dragged to the balloting, vilifications in newspapers, duels, secessions, formation of new republics—at such he laughed. But he did more; he sought studiously a knowledge of the game. This he desired partly that he might watch the spectacle intelligently. But there was another reason, binding itself readily with his social and literary ambitions and his innate adroitness. He meant, some day, to be a participant. The standard conception of Irving withdrawing from politics with fastidious loathing is faulty. "Truly," so runs the inaccurate stock quotation, "this saving of one's country is a nauseous business."¹²⁴

But on this point of advancement through politics he was not really queasy. He applied zealously, if tactfully, for offices, and he lamented that he could secure none; he mingled with the rabble in Richmond at the Burr trial; he was responsible for nearly all the political criticism in *Salmagundi*;¹²⁵ and during his stays abroad he wrote long and acute letters concerning the political machinery of Europe. In February, 1810, he remained in Albany expressly "to witness the interesting scenes of intrigue and iniquity."¹²⁶ As for the trite quotation, surveyed in its context it spelled no holy renunciation of politics. Irving never loved the blacks, and he was merely giving Mary Fairlie a ludicrous picture of whipping out the negro vote:

A negro is an abomination unto me. Not that I have any disrespect for negroes — on the contrary I hold them in particular estimation, for by some unaccountable freak they have all turned out for the federalists to a man! poor devils! I almost pitied them — for we had them

up in an enormous drove in the middle of the day waiting round the poll for a chance to vote — the sun came out intollerably warm — and being packed together like sheep in a pen, they absolutely fermented, and a cloud of vapour arose like frank incense to the skies — had Jupiter (who was a good federalist) still been there, he would have declared it was of a sweet smelling savour. Truly this serving of one's country is a nauseous piece of business.¹²⁷

Amused, not horrified, he soon helped in other party elections.

Thus in these early days Irving learned the give-and-take of the ringside. In political affairs he now and afterwards exhibited more than natural tact. It would be unfair to overstress his hopes of political preferment through his lieutenancy under Hoffman or to quote James Fenimore Cooper's categorical judgment on his dexterity¹²⁸ or to specify passages in English reviews concerning his obsequiousness.¹²⁹ Yet in both England and Spain he was no tyro in the art of progress through favor. We shall see how, in the opinion of his enemies, his attachment to Martin Van Buren was not wholly unselfish, and what rumors arose concerning his defection from Van Buren's party.¹³⁰ In the 'thirties he declined political posts, but it is now known that he applied for others.¹³¹ He was willing. During his Horatian isolation at Sunnyside from 1837 to 1842, he was never negligible politically. All this belongs to the future, but we should cease to regard Irving as a political eremite. He shared with some well-bred gentlemen of his time disgust at the stench of local elections, but he admired Van Buren's methods. Moreover he liked Andrew Jackson; and the balancing of debts in the diplomatic service he understood. In his letters to Louis McLane and Daniel Webster will be found no distaste for the "nauseous business" of politics.

Yet, after all, for Washington Irving the underlying lure of politics was its spectacular quality. Its exciting scenes, its powerful personalities he transmuted into drama. This was the real reason for his presence in Richmond in 1807. Nelson at Messina, Ramón Narváez in Madrid, Wellington in Paris — of such moments he could not have too many. So he hurried to Richmond to perform some menial legal functions, and also, in all probability, to report for a New York newspaper. Burr had been Peter's friend. Irving had known him slightly in 1804 and had probably met Theodosia. She and Burr were both interested in *Jonathan Oldstyle*, and legend even says that she and Irving were lovers.¹³² Since those days Burr had rowed across the Hudson on a sunshiny morning to kill Hamilton; had presided over the Chase trial; had sailed down the Ohio

River in a flatboat ; and had formed, it is said, with the Irishman Harman Blennerhassett and with General Wilkinson, Governor of Upper Louisiana and in Spanish pay, his conspiracy for a new nation. Betrayed by Wilkinson and apprehended by Jefferson, Burr now sat in Richmond jail. Of this tangle of falsehood and truth, Irving could make little, though he was inclined to anticipate historians in doubting the likelihood of a secession from the United States with only sixty men, even under Aaron Burr.

In Richmond he circulated among the great, making friends, but sparing himself analysis of the evidence against Burr. It was a play, in which he yielded himself to the sorrows of the hero. Events were concentrated in and around the Virginia House of Burgesses. Here calm Marshall presided ; here Wirt said : " Who, then, is Aaron Burr ? " and " Who is Blennerhassett ? " ; from here Burr walked back daily to the penitentiary, escorted by hundreds of gentlemen. In the Eagle Tavern, on the sidewalks of Brick Row, adventurers, politicians, society-leaders, and frontiersmen rubbed shoulders.¹³³ Irving lolled on the porch of the inn, smoking cigars.¹³⁴ It was something to hear Swartwout denounce Wilkinson, disloyal to every cause he embraced ; to listen to Andrew Jackson's praise of Burr ; to observe Blennerhassett in jail, noting down carefully the names of visitors and of the women who sent him jams and fruits.¹³⁵ Irving watched Wilkinson, so closely that he could caricature him in *A History of New York*.¹³⁶ He was in no hurry to leave this pageant ; he surveyed it, fascinated, undisturbed by its revelation of crude American life and corruption in high places. Romantic sympathy melted him. It was a play, not unlike that in which the Irish patriot Emmet had figured.¹³⁷ It was a play in which Aaron Burr was the hero and James Wilkinson was the villain — and for the fifth act, here was poor Burr in prison !

Back in his room at the tavern, Irving could write all this down effectively. Luckily, he had arrived in time to see the hero face the villain. He was struck by Burr's repose, that same calm which had enabled him, it is said, to breakfast quietly after he had slain Hamilton. He entered the court room " with the same serene and placid air that he would show were he brought there to plead another man's cause, and not his own." ¹³⁸ Like every woman in Richmond, Irving burned for Burr's acquittal ; " though opposed to him in political principles, yet I consider him as a man so fallen, so shorn of the power to do national injury, that I feel no sensation remaining but compassion for him." ¹³⁹ How other was Wilkinson, the cheat, the betrayer of personal friends ! Burr was seated with

his back to the entrance, facing the judge, and conversing with one of his counsel, when

Wilkinson strutted into Court, and took his stand in a parallel line with Burr on his right hand. Here he stood for a moment swelling like a turkey cock, and bracing himself up for the encounter of Burr's eye. The latter did not take any notice of him until the judge directed the clerk to swear Gen. Wilkinson ; at the mention of the name Burr turned his head, looked him full in the face with one of his piercing regards, swept his eye over his whole person from head to foot, as if to scan its dimensions, and then coolly resumed his former position, and went on conversing with his counsel as tranquilly as ever. The whole look was over in an instant ; but it was an admirable one. There was no appearance of study or constraint in it ; no affectation of disdain or defiance ; a slight expression of contempt played over his countenance, such as you would show on regarding any person to whom you were indifferent, but whom you considered mean and contemptible. Wilkinson did not remain in Court many minutes.¹⁴⁰

Irving followed on to the whitewashed cell. Burr was to be acquitted, and wander through Europe, but Irving never saw him again. Now Burr thanked the young lawyer for his services,¹⁴¹ and Irving walked out dejectedly : " Such is the last interview I had with poor Burr, and I shall never forget it." ¹⁴²

Irving was absent from New York until midsummer. Throughout the trial, nevertheless, by correspondence with Paulding, he had reasserted his rôle as the satirist of New York, while to Mary Fairlie and Ann Hoffman he still posed as a macaroni :

You have heard no doubt [he wrote Ann] of Maggy Ashton's having married a little limping, round-shouldered, blear eyed, fat sided foreigner — a corpulent — oily little knave, who looked for all the world like a pumpkin on stilts — the marriage has caused the wonder of all that portion of the world, who have nothing to do but wonder at the follies of each other.¹⁴³

He had written both girls in the same vein from Baltimore, where he was " *toted* about town and introduced to everybody " ; ¹⁴⁴ and from Richmond, in whose society, in the recesses of the trial, he very nearly lost his head.¹⁴⁵ Before he returned, Irving visited Fredericksburg, to greet Mercer once more, and Williamsburg, to reminisce of Paris with his friend Cabell.¹⁴⁶ In New York the actor Cooper cornered him again ; Irving must write some verses for the reopening on September 9 of the Park Theater, so particularly described by Matilda in her letter to Sister Ann.¹⁴⁷ So on that

evening the audience sat through one hundred and twenty-eight lines of halting, hollow doggerel—a prologue from Washington Irving.¹⁴⁸ How easy at twenty-four to be at once beau, reporter, lawyer, politician, satirist, and poet!

Indeed, until the crisis of his life, on April 26, 1809, Irving seems more and more scatterbrained. Toward the end of 1807 he was brimming with new quips for *Salmagundi*, but the paper toppled over abruptly on January 25, 1808. In this month, Peter, laden with journals of his travels, arrived from abroad.¹⁴⁹ He was welcome. Almost at once he and Washington conceived a new literary burlesque. The three other brothers were married, and the two bachelors were now bound together by ever-strengthening ties of affection. They were already singularly generous to each other in all matters of property, physical or intellectual. "You know," Irving said, "his affairs and mine are all mixed up together and we have always had a common interest and a common purse."¹⁵⁰

Their newly hatched book gave out, at first, no prophecy of its two substantial volumes and its European fame. Several years were to pass before Walter Scott read aloud to his daughters at Abbotsford *A History of New York*. Critics speak of this comic history as an exuberant afterpiece of *Salmagundi*. Actually, it was commenced hesitatingly; it was shunted in weariness from one brother to the other; and it was finished by Washington in grief and indifference. This, however, is the story of the next chapter. The book was conceived early in 1808, a year of vague purposes, with no comfort for an unsuccessful lawyer save natural good spirits. Even his cheerfulness, he complained, fluctuated. He was twenty-five; the roads were pleasant; but occasionally it came over him that these were leading nowhere.

So Irving still hung about the taverns with those "Lads of Kilkenny" who had outlived the decease of *Salmagundi*; or he drank at Thomas Cooper's too hospitable parties.¹⁵¹ With these friends he trifled, or he worked fitfully at his history. The brothers had suffered from the Nonimportation Act,¹⁵² and Ebenezer had speculated in northern land grants. Irving could be spared from his law practice, and the family sent him off with Peter on an expedition to Montreal, where he was to reconnoiter and fatten the family treasury. This project, however, turned out to be "a lame business all round";¹⁵³ the trip became a pleasure jaunt. At Skenesborough the two partners drank with a Bully Rook innkeeper, and on Lake Champlain spent their time with a "Bottle conjuror—old women with red cloaks. . . . Young Norval the actor. Pass the

smuggler. . . . Lads that rowed us up the lake & sang.”¹⁵⁴ In Montreal Brevoort whisked them off to meet Canadian belles, but on June 9 they were back in New York, to resume medicine and the law and to wrestle with their manuscript. Since the Kilkenny circle had dispersed, they now wrote steadily at their book, but by November they were exhausted and again sought refuge in what Irving called the pleasures of “the female sex.”

For Mary Fairlie was gayer than ever :

[She] has put herself [wrote Irving] under the care of a new Professor of Dancing, who has lately become quite the rage, in consequence of introducing an improved style of kicking the heels—he makes his pupils walk like old Wyncoop the Tax gatherer¹⁵⁵—curtsey something in the style of Punchinello,¹⁵⁶ and fling their feet about in such a manner, that I would advise every discreet parent, who sends his daughter to the school, to provide her with a pair of small clothes.¹⁵⁷

Ann Hoffman, too, was of this terpsichorean cult. With these “abominable steps” she and Mary pestered Washington and another young blade until they fled :

Some evenings since they insisted upon shewing us a new way of coming into a room, but we disappointed them by displaying an old way of going out—and actually made a safe retreat to our own homes ; since when I have foresworn and abandoned their society ; until they shall have regained their *understandings* (meaning a pun).¹⁵⁸

Yet, to avoid Ann was difficult. Irving was daily at the Hoffmans’, and the older daughter had recently so distinguished herself that all the tea tables of the city buzzed :

At the New Play of Adelgitha¹⁵⁹ [so Irving regaled a friend] some few evenings since, a false alarm of fire was given in the house, & threw the whole audience in confusion—the Ladies were all in a panic—and Ann who was in box no 3, made a tremendous leap from the front of the next box on the stage—clearing the spikes of the orchestra &c and landing with great decency and considerable grace. The actors, you may easily imagine were astonished by so brilliant a “first appearance.” But as the new performer seemed excessively frightened & embarrassed Cooper advanced from the other side of the stage, led her to the prompter & directed him to conduct her to Mrs. Prices box—where the little heroine had a most tragic fainting fit—the alarm of the audience subsided—and peace was soon restored.¹⁶⁰

Here was an emergency for the family guardian! He hurried to the Hoffmans', offering sympathy and humorous counsel.

The ladies [he mourned] having got over their panic, immediately began to consider how they might turn the incident to the best advantage—and several of these worthy, amiable fair ones, whom heaven in its mercy has sent into the world to do all the mischief they can—agreed *nem. con.* that Ann had jumped into Mr. Coopers arms, and that, considering the skill & caution with which she escaped being impaled alive on the spikes, or breaking her neck in the orchestra—she could not have been much frightened—Would it not be a benefit to society, that a few such charitable ladies were roasted alive in the next conflagration? ¹⁶¹

He always reproved gossip—in others. He noted, however, that Cooper was “laying close siege to Mary.” ¹⁶² Irving believed, wrongly, that the actor would fail, though personally he was indifferent. His own inclinations were toward a gentler spirit. He himself hardly understood why he was more serious as the year 1808 drew to a close. He was working still harder on his book, for Peter, weaned from New York by his first travel abroad, meant to leave him again in January. ¹⁶³ At the commencement of 1809 Irving's law practice had petered out; a second hasty journey to Montreal ¹⁶⁴ had proved his hopes of an easy fortune chimerical; and he found himself meditating with the surprise of youth on bereavements in his family. For on October 25, 1807, Deacon Irving had gone to his Covenanter heaven; ¹⁶⁵ and, during his return from the North, on June 1 Irving had heard at Johnstown the news of his sister Nancy's death. ¹⁶⁶ The large family had been scattered, and Irving had recently been more independent of its closest ties, save one. Peter was enough. Yet he shared the family's grief:

On the road [he wrote Mrs. Hoffman], as I was travelling in high spirits with the idea of home to inspire me, I had the shock of reading an account of my dear sister's death, and never was a blow struck so near my heart before. Five years have nearly elapsed since I have seen her, and though such an absence might lessen the pang of eternal separation, still it is dreadfully severe. One more heart lies still and cold that ever beat towards me with the warmest affection, for she was the tenderest, best of sisters, and a woman of whom a brother might be proud. To add to my distress, I have to reproach myself that I drew my brother into that wretched journey when he was on the way to Johnstown, where his presence might have cheered and comforted the last moments of my poor sister. ¹⁶⁷

Thus in the first months of the fateful year 1809, it is not strange that Irving was meditating less on Mary Fairlie and her dancing lessons than on the reserved girl whom he now saw, he admitted, every day. He wrote to Mary, but he thought of Matilda. He was now considering, like most wavering Benedicks, matrimony in the abstract, and expressing convictions about the imprudence of early unions without financial security. A year earlier he had not bothered his head about such theories, but now he swore that somehow he must make a fortune. Peter's warnings to him from abroad suggest the variety of his stratagems; he would go into business; he would finish this book at once; he would even make a voyage to India.¹⁶⁸

Presently, the reason for this restlessness was apparent, even to himself. He loved Matilda. Without prospects, more than eight years older, interested in more brilliant women, still he loved her. What clever Ann had said of the world was now true of him with overwhelming certainty. He had begun, like others, "by admiring her [Ann] but ended by loving Matilda."¹⁶⁹ His volatile desires grew faint; his many plans faded; all fused into one ardent wish. Matilda must be his. More and more in the friendly house, which was his real home, he was at her side. Here she was beloved, but none knew her, he thought, so well as he, for he understood her diffidence. As he studied her gentle nature, his regard deepened into passion. And now, to the lover, "her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness."¹⁷⁰ He yielded himself to this blessed experience; he was happy as never before. For once in his life his vagrant, romantic impulses were at peace; he idealized Matilda. He was twenty-five; she seventeen.

The tenderness of this courtship may amuse a modern mind; it echoes of nineteenth-century decorum; there are allusions in the scattered records to "native delicacy" and "exquisite propriety."¹⁷¹ Yet, if we smile a little at the young man's ecstasies, we respect him, too, in this old-fashioned wooing.

I would [he recalls] read to her from some favourite poet. I would fold the book and dwell upon his merits when I came to some tender passage it seemed to catch my excited feelings I would close the book and launch forth into his praises and when I had wrought myself up into a strain of enthusiasm I would turn to her her pale dark eye[s] beaming upon me . . . I would drink in new inspiration from them — until she suddenly seemed to recollect herself — & throw them down upon the earth with a sweet pensiveness and a full drawn sigh.¹⁷²

At length, he spoke. And with his confession came awakening. "I had gone on blindly," he says, "like a boy in Love, but now I



MATILDA HOFFMAN
From the miniature by Edward G. Malbone.

began to open my eyes and be miserable.”¹⁷³ There was, as means to the end, only that wretched law, and that still more wretched writing; neither would fill an empty purse. Nothing for credit in the things of this world save a “comic history” of New York! He worried; away from Matilda, his dejection was absolute. “I . . . did not know,” he says, “what was to become of me.”¹⁷⁴ It was now that Hoffman, always kind, penetrated the open secret. However critics dispute the influence of Matilda Hoffman upon Irving, they will not deny that at this moment the gods tossed a coin concerning his future. Was he to marry Matilda and become a tolerable man of business, or to be an idler and European man of letters?

For Hoffman offered him, on probation, a partnership in his law firm and, contingently, his daughter. He could hardly have done more, and Irving accepted the challenge. Again, with vows of silence toward Matilda until he could honorably renew his suit, he reopened the books he liked least in the world, for the sake of the being he loved best. For an infinitesimal moment we see him, not a wanderer in Prague or on the yellow Castilian plain, but, like his brother John, an irreproachable lawyer, happily married. Or, since Hoffman would never have forsaken him, he wins the “public employment” which he hoped to attain through his skill in writing. But repugnance to the law, which weighed down his spirits in spite of the beatific reward, or manuscripts or the hopes of youth were alike inconsequential. The coin fell, and Irving’s lot was fixed. In February, Matilda, always delicate in health,¹⁷⁵ contracted a swift consumption, and, after a two months’ illness, died on April 26, 1809.¹⁷⁶

Concerning these events posterity has been sentimental. That Irving always cherished Matilda’s Bible; that he wept over a miniature of her; that years later he left the room in agony at the mention of her name;¹⁷⁷ that out of loyalty to her memory he never married — these are a few of the legends canonizing Matilda Hoffman and her lover. In addition, the avalanche of poems, memorials, memorabilia, photographs, statues, and legends immediately after Irving’s death (1859), in this epoch of the mezzotint and weeping willow, aided in transforming these two normal young people into wax flowers under glass.¹⁷⁸ “Why Irving Was Never Married,” “A Love Story of Old New York”¹⁷⁹ — there were many versions of the tragedy, most of them mawkish. Sentimental myth-making, an incorrigible tendency in nineteenth-century American criticism, has done its worst also with Poe and Whitman and lesser figures;

but the romantic circumstances of this episode in Irving's life offered, perhaps, a special opportunity. In spite of these legends, Irving was human, and though Matilda's beauty, as revealed in the miniature,¹⁸⁰ might be idealized, yet she, too, was real. We hear, during one of her visits to Philadelphia, the friendly people about her, trying to break down her alluring shyness :

Here Matilda come here and let me feel your arm Why Matilda you are not the same girl. You came here a puny thing and now you are a right down Country girl. It is a pleasure to feel such good solid flesh and blood. Why what have they done to you girl ? You must always live in Philadelphia if you grow so fat here.¹⁸¹

Solid flesh and blood she was. Like her lover, she adored dress, the theater, the ways of society. Had not Heaven designed her nature to match his own in his long and civilized life? But she was dead.

True, Matilda Hoffman was not the only passion of Irving's life. We shall see him in love once more.¹⁸² The mood of reverie in *The Sketch Book*, the profound melancholy of "St. Mark's Eve" in *Bracebridge Hall*,¹⁸³ his comprehension of Byron's first passion, his sadness, in personal letters, in respect to marriage—these are not wholly due to the memory of Matilda. Yet when all this is said, the blundering sentimentalists and the nepotal biographer were basically right. Irving lived his life; he forgot his bereavement as we all forget such losses, such joy consecrated by sorrow. To go on, one must not often reopen the locked chambers of the heart. Yet dependable evidence proclaims that Matilda's memory became part of Irving's deepest consciousness. If he forgot her, as we say, she yet lived in him; seldom afterwards in his thoughts of women was she absent: "She died," he said years later, "in the flower of her youth & of mine but she has lived for me ever since in all woman kind. I see her in their eyes—and it is the remembrance of her that has given a tender interest in my eyes to every thing that bears the name of woman."¹⁸⁴

She was often with him in his better moments with other human beings; nor in those moods of romantic reverie, of which was born his best writing, was she ever far distant. As to others, whether an Emily Foster¹⁸⁵ or a street girl of Paris, for these, too, he certainly felt affection or passion, but the force of Matilda Hoffman's influence must be taken as axiomatic. Her memory neither checked his career nor forbade marriage, which he more than once contemplated, nor, in the main, depressed his spirits. Yet, after four-

teen years he still recalled her poignantly. So, as time passed, she became an essential part of such feelings as those of "St. Mark's Eve": "There are departed beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in this world, — who have loved me as I never again shall be loved!"¹⁸⁶

In support of assertions concerning the enduring influence of this experience, we must reconsider briefly the story. Irving, as we have seen, was intimate with Matilda Hoffman in 1804 before his first journey to Europe. During this absence he did not forget her. She was almost the first to greet him upon his return; he himself described this significant meeting. From 1806 to 1809 he was with her, almost as a member of her household, and the allusions to her in his letters reveal the strength of the bond between them. In spite of his affectations as a man of the world, he was a boy, shy — and a dreamer, like Matilda. For Irving there had been Rosalines, but no Juliet; this was the first experience for both. Others who knew her observed the beauty of her life; her pathetic illness may have blended in his mind, only in this year made intimately acquainted with death, with his natural tendency to melancholy:

I cannot [he says] tell you what I suffered. . . . I saw her fade rapidly away beautiful and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bed side and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. . . . Her dying struggles were painful & protracted. For three day[s] & nights I did not leave the house & scarcely slept. I was by her when she died — all the family were assembled round her, some praying others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon — I have told you as briefly as I could what if I were to tell with all the incidents & feelings that accompanied it would fill volumes. She was but about seventeen years old when she died.¹⁸⁷

Irving was sensitive. The blow was severe, and these scenes entered his soul:

I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time — I seemed to care for nothing — the world was a blank to me — I abandoned all thoughts of the Law — I went into the country, but could not bear solitude yet could not enjoy society — There was a dismal horror continually in my mind that made me fear to be alone — I had often to get up in the night & seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.¹⁸⁸

Such is his own sincere testimony of the violence of his sorrow. More important is his insistence that the results lingered: "For years . . . I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."¹⁸⁹

During the period before his departure for England he could bear to speak of Matilda only to her stepmother. Alone he fought down his bitterness, seeking relief by scribbling in corners of his manuscripts or in irrelevant books the bare, tremendous fact of her death. In one he set down, "Mat. died in April,"¹⁹⁰ and in the German dictionary which he bought in London about 1816, he recorded, as if still incredulous, "M Hff died April 26, 1809 aged 17 yr 5 M."¹⁹¹

Yet the most convincing proof of the truth that the "catastrophe seemed to give a turn to [his] whole character, and threw some clouds into [his] disposition which have ever since hung about it,"¹⁹² is less the recurrence in later notebooks of phrases which refer to this experience, less the fact that the fragment so often quoted was written fourteen years after Matilda's death, but another entry, in a notebook dated 1817. A wanderer once more, in a cathedral, in a characteristic mood, he heard strains of music. Again he relived these emotions of his youth. The passage is less finished than the fragment but is far more personal; it cannot have been meant for any eye save his own. It takes on the conventional form of expression typical of its day, but this once conceded, we do not forget, having read it, its broken utterances — its emotion, its sincerity:

I heard a soft & plaintive voice singing Angels ever bright & fair — my heart melted at the words I drew into a corner of the cathedral and covering my face with my hands drank in the exquisitely mournful sound. My heart felt as if it would melt within me — the recollection of Matilda — ever allied in my mind to all that is pure spiritual & seraphic in woman came stealing over my soul — I recalled all the scenes of our early attachment — of her gentleness — her purity — & her kind affection — as the soft voice of the music seemed to ascend my soul seemed lifted up with it to heaven

I recollected Matildas parting scene — the agony of her death the seraphic years of her blessedness [?] — She was now in heaven — among angels ever bright & fair — while I — lonely — desolate — humiliated — was grovelling — a miserable worm upon earth — Oh Matilda where was the soul felt devotion the buoyancy the consciousness of worth & happiness that once seemed to lift me from the earth when our eyes interchanged silent but eloquent vows of affection and I seemed to imbibe a degree of virtue & purity by associating with all that was virtuous & pure — How innocent how gentle — how lovely

was then my life — How has it changed since — what scenes have I gone through since thou hast left me — what jarring collisions with the world — what heartless pleasures — what sordid pursuits — what gross associations — what rude struggles — How has my heart lost all its tune — that heart that then was all tenderness & melody — How has it become depraved — hardened — deadend — worldly. Misfortunes have crushed me to the earth — the cares of the world have harried [?] through my heart & made [?] it bare — I feel like one withered up & blighted — broken heart is like a desert wherein can flourish no green thing — The romance of life is past ¹⁰⁸

CHAPTER V

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK · DISILLUSIONMENT

1809-1811

VAN NESS & the Seat at Kinderhook — old farm house — Big Tree & spring.”¹ So Irving tersely described his refuge. For two months after his bereavement he lived here quietly, reading and, when not overcome by a kind of “nervous fever,”² conjuring up humor for his unconquerable *History of New York*. He now knew the meaning of grief. In every woodland scene, in every dark hour of night, in every page of his manuscript, he still saw Matilda’s face. In the murmur of the brook, in the song of the birds, in the hush of evening, he heard her voice. Part of the earth now, she seemed to be that very mood of reposeful nature which alone lifted him out of himself. When he afterwards wrote of sunset or of silver night she was often to be the guiding presence. Beaten down, his patient sadness in letters to his friends is more pathetic than outbursts of sorrow. At times he yielded to his enemy, composing passionate inscriptions to Matilda’s memory or pouring out his trouble to Mrs. Hoffman. She wrote him constantly. “My good friend,” he says to her of these letters, “there is always a kindness & affection in them which gives a pleasure superior to any that the finest flashes of imagination or the happiest sallies of wit could ever impart.”³ Through the affection of his friends he strove to fortify his spirit.

Religion had no place in his restoration. He had no relish now or ever for what he called the smug “Liquorish toothed parsons”⁴ of the conventional faith. Deacon Irving’s bigotry had done its work. Nor was he sufficiently profound in intellect or spirit to have built within himself a fane of faith, an asylum from the outer darkness. Never deeply curious about the eternal verities, he had now nothing to oppose to their cruelty. Yet his common sense taught him that he must go forward. In these few weeks, perhaps, he used more self-control than ever again throughout his life. Daily he disciplined

his mind, "never suffering it to prey upon itself, and resolutely determining to be cheerful."⁵ His was a practical stoicism, rather at variance with anxious assertions of friends concerning his Christian convictions; within the two months he achieved, he said, "a very enviable state of serenity & self possession."⁶

It was May, "the country is heavenly — every thing is in bloom."⁷ The crisis passed; gradually his nerves regained their tone.

I must [he wrote his confidante] soon leave this & return once more to the city — but it will be necessity not inclination that will lead me. I feel so content here so quiet — Life seems to flow on so smoothly in the country — without even a ripple to disturb the current — that I could almost float with the stream and glide insensibly through existence. I verily believe those who live in retirement are unconscious of half the painful passions that the best of us who mingle with society are subject to — I am sure that when I am quietly settled in the country I forget. . . .⁸

This was his aim, to forget, to blunt that aching remembrance of the chamber in Greenwich Street, to dim that scene,

the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling — oh! how thrilling! — pressure of the hand! The faint faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turned upon us even from the threshold of existence!⁹

So he fought with ill health and lowered spirits, smiling thoughtfully at Jesse Merwin,¹⁰ the homespun wit and future Ichabod Crane, but turning more often to his real anodyne, the history. On May 20, 1809, this was nearly done.

It was Irving's first experience of work as a solace, and it was good for him. During June he was again in the city, manuscript under his arm. Alien faces still tired him, and he fled at intervals to Hoffman's summer retreat at Hell Gate. On one trip his sailboat, *The Tinker*, capsized, and he clung to it until picked up by a fishing skiff, but of this escape from drowning he spoke with indifference.¹¹ Indeed, his inertia during these months contrasts strangely with the elaborate humor which clarioned Diedrich Knickerbocker to the world. The journeys to the libraries of New York and Philadelphia, the dickerings with publishers, the preliminary jokes in the *Evening Post*¹² — these were his nepenthe. His beaten route was between the Society Library and that of the New York Historical Society, to whose membership he was elected on October 10.¹³

What a tale the bundle of folio sheets might have told, of boyish nonsense, literary ambition, grief! He had commenced the book in his merriest hours; he was finishing it in days of sorrow. It appeared in December, and in its train followed fame second only to that of *The Sketch Book*.

At first glance Irving's first genuine book appears to be merely a Brobdingnagian offspring of *Salmagundi*. Growing under his hand into a monstrous tract of some five hundred pages, it mocked the paternity of these dabbling essays, but its origin was in the earlier satire. For Peter and Washington Irving had not shared Longworth's resignation at the decease of *Salmagundi* in 1808. Still in the glow of successful authorship, they were bubbling over with malice against the town; and only three months after its last issue, they were creating this new burlesque.¹⁴ The connection of the two books is evident, not merely in this continuation of a mood, but also in the very substance of the two satires. *Salmagundi*, through the Mustapha letters, had gradually sloughed off its early inanities and had adopted, in such papers as "Of the Chronicles of the Renowned and Antient City of Gotham," a mock-heroic tone. And this was the temper of *A History of New York*, even to the repetition of characters and particular incidents, such as the "Peach War."¹⁵

Like *Salmagundi*, Diedrich Knickerbocker's story, too, caught fire from absurd incidents associated with New York. The city had been taking its society and politics too solemnly; Launcelot Langstaff had counseled better perspective on daily contemporary life. One aspect of this society's complacency was pride in its antiquity. The republic was young, but the village was old—a fact which some prominent families never could forget. By 1809 the excesses of the noisy Democrats had stiffened aristocratic standards; the old families valued not only the city's present, for which *Salmagundi* had been a check, but its past, too seriously. For these New York aristocrats of 1809, Diedrich Knickerbocker had a healthy message. Launcelot Langstaff ridiculed the foibles of the day; Diedrich Knickerbocker, those of the city's entire history. Thus the link between the two satires was firmly welded. Their creator, a son of the middle class, reflected a youthful, intelligent protest against such stupidities in a community where living, he thought, had better be what he himself found it, a good-humored, self-critical gambol.

To the two brothers this supercilious pride in race and place had seemed incarnate in a small volume published in 1807, by Doctor

Samuel Latham Mitchill, under the resounding title of *The Picture of New-York; or The Traveller's Guide through the Commercial Metropolis of the United States*. Mitchill may not have meant to be pompous in caption or content, but to young men just returned from London and Paris, the slim volume with its majestic name might well appear ludicrous. It described gravely in seventeen sections such blessings as topography, insurance companies, and public health in this Elysian island of Manhattan.¹⁶ The book was merely an aside in Dr. Mitchill's immemorial labors for his city in medicine, economics, and literature.¹⁷ Everybody knew the Doctor; nearly everyone spoke of him with affection. Irving could remember that John Anderson was forever attending his lectures on natural philosophy; and he was familiar with most of Mitchill's studies, ichthyology or earthquakes, listed by J. W. Francis¹⁸ so reverently. Laughter at such a personage as Mitchill is proof enough of Washington Irving's temerity. Others, however, had risked it; Mitchill had already been the butt of jests from young men.¹⁹ This able scientist and philanthropist was reputed to be modest; yet he could say, "I know Great Britain from the Grampian Hills to the chalky cliffs of Dover: there is no need of my going to Europe, Europe now comes to me."²⁰ Now here was his book, much like himself, exact, capable, and rather cold. Was this a "picture of New York"? No. The spirit of "Old Sal" required a parody.

"Old Sal" and Mitchill, however, were merely stimulants. The inception of *A History of New York* was in *Salmagundi* and *The Picture of New-York*, but the ultimate two volumes, the book beloved by Scott and Dickens, could laugh at such parentage. In its narrative and in its sustained purpose it disowned the flighty essays; and it was under obligation to the guidebook for nothing except the idea of a history. Evidently, the joke of "esta obra," as the brothers named, at first, their swelling manuscript, expanded into another project, which Peter, who probably first conceived the jest, had not foreseen. He had hurried off to Europe, and Washington perceived how pointless would be a burlesque merely upon Mitchill's book. He had always been curious about New York's history. Why not a satire on that? "I could not imagine," he said, "what could be interesting enough for a volume on the subject and thought therefore of getting up Knickerbockers idea of it."²¹ Such were the two definite steps, undifferentiated by many historians of our literature, in the genesis of *A History of New York*. So this leviathan was born. "I now," said Irving, "altered the plan of the work. Discarding all idea of a parody on the 'Picture of New

York,' I determined that what had been originally intended as an introductory sketch, should comprise the whole work, and form a comic history of the city."²²

Of Irving's sorrows and joys during the years 1808 and 1809 we know the story.²³ He kept returning, from dancing with Mary Fairlie or from mourning for Matilda Hoffman, to these heaps of notes and to piles of books, many of them archaic even in his own day. Out of this "pedantic lore"²⁴ of early New England historians, European travel in America, medieval romances, eighteenth-century novels, and the drama — all the books littering his desk or his mind since the days at Romaine's — he framed his prolix satire. At last he was ready. He had looted the libraries of New York; he now cast about for a jape worthy of his masters. Dean Swift had inspired one entire chapter. Let there be, then, some stately humbug typical of Gulliver. On October 23, 1809, he warned Brevoort and Paulding to help him "prepare some squibbs &c to attract attention to the work when it comes out."²⁵

These federated wits probably responded. Anyway, Diedrich Knickerbocker donned his black coat and fled up the Hudson, thus becoming a character in American literature and the personification of a tradition.²⁶ This newspaper hoax was in the fashion of English satire, but it smacked a little, too, of our own frontier buffoonery. Readers of the *New York Evening Post* of October 26, 1809, puzzled over the following:

DISTRESSING

Left his lodgings some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of KNICKERBOCKER. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry-street, or at the Office of this paper will be thankfully received.

P.S. Printers of Newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity, in giving an insertion to the above.

And on November 6 they read:

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

SIR, Having read in your paper of the 26th Oct. last a paragraph respecting an old gentleman by the name of *Knickerbocker*, who was missing from his lodgings; if it would be any relief to his friends, or furnish them with any clue to discover where he is, you may inform them, that a person answering the description given was seen by the

passengers of the Albany Stage early in the morning, about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road, a little above Kingsbridge — He had in his hand a small bundle tied in a red bandana handkerchief ; he appeared to be travelling northward, and was very much fatigued and exhausted.

A TRAVELLER.

Gossip says that a feverish search was made for the old gentleman. At any rate, ten days later (November 16) "Seth Handaside, Landlord of the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street," announced the discovery of Diedrich's manuscript :

A very curious kind of a written book has been found in his room, in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill for boarding and lodging, I shall have to dispose of the book to satisfy me for the same.²⁷

It was a whetting of the public appetite which other publishers envied. Yet in the midst of this grimacing, which fooled at least one pompous donkey,²⁸ Irving himself, four weeks before the appearance of his work, was uncomfortable. Apart from the strain of the past year, Diedrich had rasped his nerves. He had become fascinated by the actual history of the city,²⁹ and, for the first time, had uncovered in himself an enthusiasm for erudition and also a gift for historical writing. Thus the book marked the birth of a new interest. Years afterwards he told Charles Lanman how he had come to cherish it for the very pains it cost him : "he was often," Lanman said, "greatly perplexed to fix the boundary between the purely historical and the imaginative. The facts of his history had given him great trouble."³⁰ Now, as the time grew short, he could not launch it so cavalierly as an essay for *Salmagundi*. Again and again he stumbled upon fresh material. "Minute & curious facts,"³¹ exhumed in Philadelphia, held up the first volume, and during a sleepless night he rose trembling and in the darkness set down the notes for Peter Stuyvesant's march up the Hudson. Finally, exasperated by delays in unloading his burden, he cried out : "To-morrow I begin — by God."³² On the next day the book was at the printer's.

Not only to Irving's nervous depression but to such haste and exhaustion may be traced the slovenliness of this first edition of *A History of New York*. He was wont to recall the composition of other books with sentiment ; to the writing of Diedrich's book he looked back with bewilderment, declaring that never had there been a manuscript so trying, both in the writing and in the pow-

wow of critics for fifty years afterwards. Typographically, the two volumes were a scandal. If we turn to the opening pages, we understand at once Irving's mortified comment that it was "a raw juvenile production."⁸³ In 1848 he himself reëxamined Dancker's map of New Amsterdam, the crowded title-page in English and Dutch, the foolish dedication to the New York Historical Society (a triumph of execrable printing), the twenty-three pages of diffuse introductory material, and sighed, "A youthful folly!"⁸⁴ Yes, it was boyish, but it was unafraid; hence its zest, before his scissors had clipped it to suit the propriety of his middle age. Only through this history of 1809 do we really see Irving during the twenty-two months of its composition—chuckling with Peter over their new, "short" *jeu d'esprit*; fleeing to Montreal to shun its terrifying growth; bantering with Ann Hoffman to forget it; returning to it, as to a rock in a weary land; and, finally, tossing it to the printer in a frenzy, as if it symbolized the chaos of these two years.

A shambling, windy book—such is the first impression. Yet a probing of its sources, contents, and fame kindles respect. One returns, for example, more and more thoughtfully to the reading of this young provincial. Unquestionably the most allusive of all American literary compositions written before 1825, *A History of New York* defines the current reading of cultivated Americans living in the little seaport in 1809. One character bespeaks Cervantes; another, Cotton Mather; still another, Smollett. Here Irving poured out, besides the harvest of Deacon Irving's discipline in the Bible, remnants of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Butler, Fielding, Swift, and Rabelais. Rabelais! of whom, after youth had passed, he wrote solemnly: "an old French writer of admirable wit and humor, though too gross and obscene for female perusal."⁸⁵ Rabelais, Charlevoix, and Sheridan; Homer and Sidney; Bacon and Hesiod—from all literatures and all ages the idols of his study crowd these pages.⁸⁶ These enrich the book with name and incident; in spirit they often color entire chapters.⁸⁷ Peter Stuyvesant was "a man who had studied for years in the chivalrous library of Don Quixote,"⁸⁸ and his creator, Irving, now wrote pages in imitation of Cervantes or Malory. Here, in many a gleeful passage, at least once in hidden verse,⁸⁹ Irving played with that pseudo-epical manner which was to aid him in writing *The Conquest of Granada*.⁴⁰ His most servile debts were to Fielding, whose conversations with the reader he reduces to tedium; to Sterne, whose Uncle Toby, now with a Dutch name, again analyzes military science; to Swift, who begot the war of the Long-pipes and Short-pipes;

and to histories so obscure, so learned, that we discern how strong in him was his antiquarian zeal, visible afterwards in *Bracebridge Hall* and in his Spanish writings.

It was love of history, after all, which carried Irving on to the end of this long book; history stuffed these notebooks with laborious excerpts. He was developing his passion for dusty tomes, the subject of an essay in *The Sketch Book*,⁴¹ and for dim manuscripts, which form the backgrounds for three of his works.⁴² He was also displaying that impatience of final, decisive investigation which was to restrict him as an antiquarian and hamper him as a scholar. He used secondary material and translations with numerous thefts and few ascriptions; his plagiarisms in *A History of New York* were unscrupulous, light-hearted. Well-known books, out-of-the-way pamphlets, manuscripts, both real and imaginary, contributed to this compound of honest and spurious learning.⁴³ To all this knowledge he appended footnotes which were yet more erudite. Decorative on each page, they appear to be part of the jest. Yet research proves these inaccurate only in minor detail; this is sincere documentation, respectful of the paraphernalia of scholarship.⁴⁴ This inconsistency is typical of the book. Irving backed and filled, sometimes writing almost a reliable story of the old Dutch colony, sometimes outlying Mandeville. How delightful to let himself go in these wild tales of William Kieft, and then show them to Brother William, to Paulding, or to other literary whipsters!

This huddling together of odds and ends shows Irving confused among his materials; these had mastered him. A comparison of his rough notes with his book discovers these to be often identical. He experimented little and polished less, as he admitted in a letter to Brevoort,⁴⁵ but dumped pell-mell his first drafts into the printer's copy.⁴⁶ Assimilation and excision, in which he was later an adept, troubled him not at all; he felt, apparently, that he must use up all his stores. Repetition of ideas, and even of phrases, lies like a blight upon the pioneer version of *A History of New York*. This helplessness in writing his first history, which presented problems nonexistent in the composition of essays, he tacitly admitted by his revisions in later versions, most drastic in that of 1812 (the second edition) and that of 1848 for his collected works.⁴⁷ In these, especially in the former, he corrected misprints and modernized spelling; he was ashamed of the book's illiteracy. He omitted racy allusions, and he deleted some anti-Catholic and anti-British passages; he regretted his exuberance. Most of all, he pared down the prosy disquisitions, such as those on the trials of historians; he knew he

had been a bore.⁴⁸ He assailed again his bulky footnotes, and re-ordered them. He spliced into the book such witty sections as the "Further Account of the Author" and the poetic "Voyage of Oloff, the Dreamer." In brief, he learned much from observing his faults in cool print, and he eventually imparted to *A History of New York* that finish of which the author of *The Sketch Book* was capable when not crazed by grief. No other book of his suffered such an overhauling. He was right about the weaknesses of the early version, but some readers still love this first thundering, amorphous jeremiad, without concessions to Mrs. Grundy.

Whatever the edition, *A History of New York* is still amusing. Our sides do not ache with laughter, like Sir Walter Scott's; we do not wear out a copy, carrying it about, as did Dickens, or break down over it, as did Fanny Kemble and Bryant — incredible legend! — or enjoy it as did Byron and Coleridge.⁴⁹ Yet the pipe plot, the ponderosities of William Kieft, the amours of Antony the Trumpeter among the corn-fed lasses of Connecticut, the duel between Jan Risingh, doughty Swede, and Peter Stuyvesant, more doughty Hollander, with his tragic fall upon a natural bovine cushion — these are less musty than some time-worn jests. Irving's laughter is at everything in the history of the proud city — explorers, aldermen, New England saints, close-fisted Yankees, avaricious Swedes, cock-fighting Virginians, soap-mad Dutch housewives, heavy colonial chroniclers, hidalgos, smoking, bundling, and the author himself. It is dangerous to speak of the book as a burlesque on a single theme; its satire is social, literary, and political, and it assails the foibles of humanity. It is not a rapier, like that used by one of Irving's teachers, Swift, but a true Dutch blunderbuss, shooting in all directions at those idiosyncrasies in men and women which so amused the Salmagundians.

This whole-hearted laughter is the life in the book, the gold in the alloy. Yet, if we read on, we may enjoy also Irving's use, in this early period of American literature, of our own legend and history. Thus, even prior to "Rip Van Winkle," he interpreted, through Diedrich Knickerbocker, native traditions. Hell Gate, Corlaer's Hook, the Battery, and the Hudson, no longer bare geography, are peopled with warriors and vibrate with deeds of arms.⁵⁰ It was grotesque romance, but it was our own. Nor, after the first book, does the reader escape the outline of a chronicle of the city, whose earliest records were nearly all lost or inaccessible. Blurred by caricature, *A History of New York* was nevertheless a rough charcoal sketch of the old village. If not history itself, it almost



PETER STUYVESANT'S ARMY ENTERING NEW AMSTERDAM

After the drawing by William Heath.

certainly was the cause of history from others: "Very likely," says one authority, "the great amount of work which the state government in the next generation did for the historical illustration of the Dutch period, through the researches of Mr. Brodhead in foreign archives, had this unhistorical little book as one of its principal causes."⁵¹

One other purpose of Diedrich Knickerbocker, almost forgotten to-day, gave the book a tang in 1809. Far away from the Clintonians and the Quids, Walter Scott at once detected, though he could not tag the allusions, its satire on American politics.⁵² Save for students, this undercurrent is now meaningless, but it was a factor in the immediate success of the burlesque. *A History of New York*, said the *Monthly Anthology*, was a "good natured satire on the follies and blunders of the present day, and the perplexities they have caused,"⁵³ and *Fraser's Magazine* described this undercurrent more precisely: "The fourth book of his *Knickerbocker* is throughout a palpable satire on the administration of Thomas Jefferson."⁵⁴

A History of New York was, indeed, more than this. Irving's distaste for Jefferson, first exploited in *Salmagundi*, he now expressed in a particularized parallel between the President and William Kieft; this effigy of a really learned man is a dunderheaded quack, impotent in governing his state. *Fraser's Magazine* was right; the political satire centers in the fourth book, in which the fifth governor of New Amsterdam stands for the third president of the United States.⁵⁵ We may to-day read on in Book IV, unsuspecting, but Kieft, under Irving's nursing, has characteristics which could belong, in the opinion of a Federalist of 1809, only to the famous Virginian. Thus the Dutchman wears a "cocked hat and corduroy small clothes," and rides "a raw boned charger."⁵⁶ *Salmagundi* had jeered at the oddities of Jefferson in respect to breeches and horses; Irving now reinforced these slurs by minute study of quirks in the President's mind. Irving's Kieft was an amalgam of leaden scholarship, futile inventive powers, and bastard philology, not to mention his boundless pedantry, his metaphysical "fog of contradictions and perplexities," and "*universal acquirements* . . . very much in his way."⁵⁷ The rating is in general tolerant, but in some episodes not without vinegar. One has only to contrast Kieft with genial Peter Stuyvesant, in the fifth book, to feel that Irving was more or less in earnest. He shared the Federalists' qualms at the President's eccentricities.

So Jefferson's mechanical devices, such as his machine for breaking hemp, his leather tops for carriages, and his plough, have coun-

terparts in Kieft's inventions, "patent smoke-jacks—carts that went before the horses, and . . . wind-mills."⁵⁸ The colonial governor made "Dutch ovens that roasted meat without fire . . . weather-cocks that turned against the wind."⁵⁹ He lived in "Dog's Misery," where his hobby was to paralyze animals—an allusion, probably, to Jefferson's penchant for vivisection, as Kieft's "sweet, sequestered swamp"⁶⁰ suggests Monticello. All that the Federalists attributed to Jefferson, and more, may be found in Irving's ungarnished summary of Kieft's temper and political methods. He was a "*wrangler*," a "*scolder*," and an "irritable pug dog."⁶¹ He was fond of thumping "his enemies in his speeches, messages, and bulletins."⁶² He took pleasure in experiments by which he "entangled the government . . . in more knots during his administration, than half a dozen successors could have untied."⁶³

Finally, by his magic word "Economy"—the *bête noire*, it will be remembered, of Mustapha—he easily shrank seventy-fours into frigates, frigates into sloops, and sloops into gunboats. To a good Federalist, Kieft was, all in all, a devout likeness. Irving's caricature, like the detested President, damned all Yankees and fought them aggressively with manifestoes. He maintained, almost in the very words of Jefferson, that a certain procedure was "a measure which, if persevered in a little longer . . . would have effected its object completely."⁶⁴ His muddled program, an amusing parody of Jefferson's platform, included government by proclamation, economic force, pacifism, hostility to the Quids, support for General Von Poffenburgh (Wilkinson), paper money, queues, dry docks, gunboats, and opposition to New England. No contemporary could question the authenticity or, at times, the acidity of this caricature. Besides the flagellation of Jefferson, Irving administered incidental lashes to other public figures, reserving a bludgeon for his especial antipathy, General Wilkinson, whom he thrashed soundly—a huge, paunchy, overdressed turkey cock, with a face that "glowed like a fiery furnace."⁶⁵ A study of *A History of New York* line by line throws further doubt on the assertion that Irving was indifferent to the technique of politics.

The satirist's rewards for his labors were immediate and satisfying. In 1810 he told Payne that he had already received profits of two thousand dollars.⁶⁶ The burlesque captured the town completely. Looking back over a rich past in the city, J. W. Francis thought it "excited an interest in the metropolis never before roused up by any literary occurrence; scarcely perhaps, by any public event."⁶⁷ Known at once as "Diedrich," Irving became a

lion. "It took," he said, "with the public & gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable & uncommon in America. I was noticed caressed & for a time elated by the popularity I gained."⁶⁸ We cannot hear, unfortunately, all the gossip in tea room and tavern, but the history's vogue was enormous. Within two years it was well known in parts of the West, going the rounds, for example, in Mackinac "from the Commandant to the smallest Indian Trader."⁶⁹ Irving had prepared his friends, and also a wider public, for *The Sketch Book*.⁷⁰

Meanwhile the Irving brothers exulted in the prosperity of New York in 1810.⁷¹ Wealth flowed in upon them, and Washington was free to travel or to write. This was sardonic; the gods, having snatched his dearest possession, showered him with others.

I was [he said] little elated by it. I cared nothing for money, it seemed to come too late to do me good. I read a good deal at times, but I could not bring myself to write, I had grown indifferent to literary reputation. I felt a degree of apathy growing upon me, which was dismal.⁷²

He was, moreover, incapable of fulfilling the desires of a public clamorous for more adventures of tiresome old Diedrich,⁷³ and his one piece of writing, the desultory introduction to Campbell's poems, was, after that authentic satire, a step backward. His mind still caressed the past. In a notebook he summed up the two years:

Jany 1808 — went to Canada May
ret^d June began Knick
Winter in Canada
1809 ret^d Jany Peter gone
Mat died in April.⁷⁴

He did travel a little, but joylessly. His brother-in-law Daniel Paris, on the Council of Appointments for the courts of New York, and some other friends recommended a sinecure. Irving acquiesced; anything was better than this blank of idleness.⁷⁵ He made application, and failed; but he viewed his ill success as listlessly as he had the scenes in the state legislature while he was pressing his plea. Here at Albany he amused himself in watching Fulton's steamboat on the river, or he paid casual attentions to the young "vrouws" of the city and to the old families who had been enraged by Diedrich Knickerbocker. On only one occasion did he enjoy a typical flattering dream. He had fallen in with Dickinson, the young miniaturist, who had just executed a figure of Hope, done in the "most delicate and classic taste." "How," Irving ex-

claimed, "I would glory in being a man of opulence, to take such young artists by the hand, and cherish their budding genius!"⁷⁶ But he returned to New York in the spring, again his old dejected self, "rich," he said with a kind of gloomy sarcasm, "in a great store of valuable and pleasing knowledge which I have acquired of the wickedness of my fellow-creatures." "That," he added, ". . . is the only kind of wealth I am doomed to acquire in the world."⁷⁷

His two interests were now reading and the Hoffmans. In June he transported to Philadelphia, not without laughter, Matilda's half brother and half sister, and he still wrote sedulously to their mother. He had spoken to Brevoort of a summer of study, but his reading in 1810 was random. He made excerpts from a queer trio, Herodotus, Longinus, and Dugald Stewart, but the same notebooks show his increasing preoccupation with the ideas later contained in "Rural Funerals" and "St. Mark's Eve." His observations on the transiency of things mortal are hardly unique, but they are ingenuous, and they unfold a sadness seldom associated with Washington Irving in this year. In his loneliness he wrote of "past scenes of happiness & objects of affection — scenes that have passed away forever and objects of affection whose memories have been hallowed by the grave."⁷⁸ Or, at night, laying down his Milton, he quoted:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
unseen, both when we wake & when we sleep.⁷⁹

He consumed the Rosicrucians, and at night under the stars fancied that in the wood hovered sylphs and protecting angels. Solitude he had always loved, but never before had it been so infinitely desirable. Matilda Hoffman's love and death had fixed his idle moods of reverie into feelings about the unseen world which, however vague, were to endure throughout his life.

In this year, save for one foray, he never trespassed beyond the frontiers of publishing, feeling only occasionally the "itching propensity to scribble, which," he said, "every man has, who has once appeared with any success in print."⁸⁰ This exception was the edition of Thomas Campbell's verse; the poet's sentiment soothed his nerves and counseled his languid pen to imitation. Irving never learned to like Campbell, whom he was to know intimately in Sydenham in 1818.⁸¹ Yet he admired his bolder romantic verse, chiefly because it reminded him of Scott, who since 1806 had become his passion. In this Irving was not unusual. Many American readers divided their allegiance, between 1810 and 1815, among Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Samuel Rogers.⁸² Campbell had just for-

warded the manuscripts of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and *O'Connor's Child* to New York for publication, and his brother Archibald Campbell turned expectantly to the author of *Salmagundi* and *A History of New York*. Irving, referring the request to Charles Nicholas, the publisher,⁸³ was asked to select from Campbell's poetry and to compose an introduction for the volume. Even this task was irksome, but, at last, he finished, and a few copies of the duodecimo volume⁸⁴ still exist as specimens of some of Irving's most banal writing. A notebook contains, besides long extracts from *Lockiel's Warning* and *Hohenlinden*, the first draft of his introduction. Archibald Campbell had evidently supplied some of the poet's letters and other facts; this material Irving sifted down into a namby-pamby appreciation of Campbell.⁸⁵

This essay—it was hardly more—Bradford and Innskeep, the Philadelphia publishers, prefixed to Irving's selections and printed as *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell*, "by a Gentleman of New-York." This new pseudonym was just. Very gentlemanly indeed was this essay, with its timorous comment on the "exquisite little poems." It eulogized Campbell's "nervous sensibility," his "gentle virtues," his "bland affections," his "delicacy and sweetness of versification."⁸⁶ Even John Howard Payne, worshipful of Irving at the beginning of their long friendship, told him frankly: "'Tis the kind of Biography . . . which like some Portraits, will suit a thousand other people as well as Campbell."⁸⁷ In fact, though this eulogy snared Campbell's friendship, though it made Irving favorably known in Ireland,⁸⁸ and though it was several times reprinted,⁸⁹ it heralded his futility in this bailiwick of literature. The sharp-eyed John Neal read it, and remarked:

Irving was never made for a critic. — He is, to a critic, what a cupper and bleeder is to a resolute surgeon. — If he let out any blood — black, or natural — healthy, or pestilential — it is by coaxing it out of timid, small punctures — not by draining arteries, with a fearless cut, into the very region of the heart.⁹⁰

Two years later Irving was to demonstrate even more convincingly his blind spot; he was never to be a critic.⁹¹ His feeble biography of Thomas Campbell, if linked with his reading in 1810, betrays this weakness, and also indicates plainly an attitude of mind which might have been foreseen in one of Irving's temperament and training but which is less apparent in the hearty *History of New York*. This attitude included more than his predisposition for English themes. True, "Buckthorne," of *Tales of a Traveller*, is

here betimes in Irving's reflections on the vanity of literary glory.⁹² In the biography of Campbell we see the Irving of a decade later, so eager to mollify British hostility in "English Writers on America."⁹³ But the important fact is Irving's aversion in 1810, at the age of twenty-seven, to those bolder writings of America which portrayed the frontier, the Indian, the Yankee, or the Virginian. Very possibly he distrusted such novelties as Royall Tyler's *The Yankee in London* or Samuel Woodworth's *New Haven*, both of which had appeared in the previous year. He certainly was not in sympathy with the sincere but overpatriotic admonitions of Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight, and others—a creed to reach its most challenging and more intellectual expression some thirty years later in Emerson's *American Scholar*—that America should quarry her own literature. It is significant that in these years he never mentions Hugh Henry Brackenridge or Charles Brockden Brown, both in their ways American "originals."

Frightened by the rank literary vegetation of this raw republic, he now declared openly that only English models were safe. Nor was he eager, like Joseph Rodman Drake, to associate American landscape with his romantic writing.⁹⁴ The very fact that he now wrote with adulation of a minor British poet is relevant. For the biographical sketch of Campbell reëchoes his dismay at the homespun Frankensteins about him:

In an age [he says lamely] when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry, and when we are confounded by a host of ingenious poets of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please, according to the established law of criticism.⁹⁵

Irving disliked both the original poets of England, such as Wordsworth, who irritated him, and the outlandish troubadours of his own country. He himself was to return to American materials, but he would envelop them with the decorum and fluency of the "established law of criticism." His subservience to the orthodox in English literature was perhaps predetermined, but for a moment, in his swashbuckling *History of New York*, he seemed to meditate alliance with the freer school in American literature. The incidental comment in the life of Campbell foretells those British reviews which doubted that Irving was an American; *The Sketch Book*, said these, seemed to be so plainly in the English tradition.⁹⁶ Indeed, fastidious tastes, gentlemanly Federalism, travel abroad,

and other influences were making him incurably Anglophile. He was to be the disciple of the correct in literature, and the personal friend of Jeffrey, Moore, Campbell, and Scott.

In the poetry of the last-named, Irving was already saturated. Before Bradford and Innskeep could put to press *The Lady of the Lake*, he had carried off their English copy. Lying under a cherry tree, he learned the passages which he was to recite to William C. Preston during their tour of the Scottish Highlands in 1817. Toward the end of August he fled with his treasure to an old sanctuary, the house of Captain Phillips, near Peekskill. Clinging to this book, a telescope, and a flute, he wandered off into the forest which fringed the east bank of the Hudson. After solitary declamations and some of the quavering music of which he was so fond, he watched through the telescope a strapping soldier slowly pacing the West Point terrace. Soon the glass slipped from his hand. He slept, and in his dream the soldier became a giant Indian, silhouetted on the horizon. He woke to the distant rattle of drums across the river. The Indian had vanished; he turned again to his beloved minstrel:

And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King.

The shadows sloped down the hills, and the gray walls of the old fort glowed a dull red. He closed the book but still lay on the grass, listening to the tinkle of cowbells and looking at the flashes of candlelight about the Academy. On this day it was half-past ten before he reached the Captain's, and on the next morning at five he was in the garden, studying the mists of sunrise in the mountains.⁹⁷

If we followed him on another morning, we should find his notebook open, and on its pages verbal sketches of water and hills. Robertson, John Anderson, and Allston had encouraged him in this experimentation, but another technique, now apparent, if we look over his shoulder, he had learned himself on the crags behind Nice and Genoa. He had experimented in describing landscape, a talent afterwards subtly operant in many an essay. He tried it now, crossing out a phrase or altering a simile. To these vignettes of the Hudson he was to return in imagination, if not to this very notebook, when, in the lonely room at Birmingham, he composed "Rip Van Winkle."⁹⁸ Although Payne was notifying his correspondents that his friend Irving was done with literature,⁹⁹ the following, one of many similar prose pictures, argues the contrary. He was learning to write:

29 Morning — 5 o'clock sky perfectly clear — Sun not up yet a soft mellow yellowish light over the landscape — perfectly calm — river like a glass. In some places almost black from the dark shadows of the mountains, in others the colour of the heavens long sheets of mist suspended in mid air halfway up the mountains — in some places they seem to clamber up the hollows of the mountains — One large mass entirely shrouds the upper part of the mountains above buttermilk falls and turns to droop into the water like a veil. Sound of the cattle bells from opposite shore cocks crowing — roll of a drum from West Point — ¹⁰⁰

And a little later :

Sun rises — lights up the fog of a golden colour. the mists break away — Sun gilds the faces of the mountains in different places. Sail of a sloop gleaming with a sun beam among dark scenery — mists slowly creep up the mountains to the tops & then expand into the air & melt away. ¹⁰¹

So Irving wrote pages on the Hudson, on the highlands, and on the brook which later flowed through the pages of his essay "The Angler." ¹⁰² These landscapes in the notebook he interspersed with anecdotes and incidents. In it he had collected ample material for an American *Sketch Book*. He had recovered his health and a measure of his spirits. What he needed now was the whip of necessity. ¹⁰³

This, however, fate withheld. Peter, who understood him so well, could have spurred him on, but Peter was adding columns of figures in Liverpool. Meanwhile, William and Ebenezer in New York were resolved to shelter him still further ; the literary prodigy of the family must be heartened. To effect this they embarked upon the kindest and worst course possible : they made Washington an inactive partner with a fifth interest in the business. While Peter made the purchases in Liverpool, Ebenezer managed the sales in New York, and the youngest brother was now appointed agent at large. He became a kind of superior errand boy, degenerating, he declared, into "a mere animal ; working among hardware and cutlery." ¹⁰⁴ In leisure hours he was, the brothers hoped, to spawn masterpieces. The conclusion from this premise was inevitable ; he did that at which he excelled — little or nothing. The notebooks now died. ¹⁰⁵ One suspects that these usually came into being only under the impact of warnings that the fraternal patronage might end. He stopped even the study of writing, and by January, 1811, he had resumed his familiar part as business factotum and literary jack-of-all-trades.

For literary huckster he was, even in 1810. It is customary to speak of *A History of New York* as the source of Irving's early reputation. This was his first triumph, but from the time of *Salmagundi* he and Paulding had shaped literary opinion; and in 1811 Payne applauded him as the arbiter of literary fashions, and conferred with him concerning a controversy which had extended through two years. In 1809 a *littérateur* named Rodman had published a pamphlet, which bibliographers have wrongly ascribed to Irving himself, the *Fragment of a Journal of a Sentimental Philosopher, during His Residence in the City of New York*.¹⁰⁸ This attacked Ogilvie, a minor writer of the day, but also Paulding, the Irvings, and others in high places. In the pamphlet, Irving appears as "I," an

interesting young man — has genius — wrote a book, which I took care to praise — has read a good deal in the authors of the new school, and a little tinged with their notions . . . much thought of here — must have his good opinion — will go far with the public — asked his advice about an oration — even altered it to please his taste.¹⁰⁷

"In this work," said Payne, with some horror at the author's daring, "Mr. Rodman has very injudiciously ridiculed Mr. Paulding, Mr. Irving, & some others of the New York literati."¹⁰⁸

The sequel demonstrates the complacency of Irving's literary clique. At Hoffman's, soon after its appearance, the wise young men read the pamphlet aloud, and even as they were debating, Rodman appeared at the door. Suspecting his authorship, they fell upon it so savagely that Rodman left the room in a passion and at once inserted in a newspaper a communication full of biting, personal denunciation. Fresh abuse followed on both sides.¹⁰⁹ The quarrel became more unscrupulous, and reached a climax in a brochure from the offended deities, the *New-York Review; or, Critical Journal*, "To be Continued as Occasion Requires . . . Containing Strictures on a Pamphlet Entitled '*Fragment of the Journal of a Sentimental Philosopher*.'" ¹¹⁰ It was a plan to annihilate Rodman; and it succeeded. The warfare ended. In this billingsgate Paulding and the two Irvings were the leaders, and the most insolent portions bear traces of Washington's hand.¹¹¹ Evidently his tongue and pen had a lash, if he let them go. He never afterwards mentioned this episode, but sections of the *New-York Review* should probably be included in any collected edition of Irving's writings. Later he expressed a godlike disdain of such squabbling, but in 1810 and 1811 he was still in communication with Payne

concerning this battle with Rodman. Such was one aspect of Irving's literary leadership between 1809 and 1812.

He was, in fact, in this period, Protean in mood and deed. Never was his life more purposeless. It is difficult to imagine what the firm of P. and E. Irving and Company, dealers in "whitehead, glassware, Epaullets, Sword Knots, Sashes, Hardware, &c,"¹¹² profited from sending this irresponsible fellow to Washington on their business. But the New York traders were anxious. With the congressional elections of 1810-1811 a new hierarchy had come into power, among them the Southerners Calhoun, Cheves, and Lowndes. They stood for hostility to commercial domination from New York; and the hardware merchants shuddered at their talk of agrarian reform. New Yorkers could do little; their only influential representative at Washington was Peter B. Porter; but they crowded the city with spies, who were to inform them of legislation inimical to their interests. Such a scout was Irving. He talked with persons of all parties, hung about the Capitol, and visited the Comptroller's office — without success.

How much the "silent partner" was accomplishing is suggested by the fact that it cost him nineteen days to reach Washington. He was temporarily lost from sight among the sirens of Philadelphia, and of business in his letters there appears never a word. In the coach *en route* to Baltimore was his friend Lieutenant Gibbon;¹¹³ when he reached the city this naval officer had almost persuaded him to a voyage to Tripoli, a fancy that four years later very nearly became a reality.¹¹⁴ Such rigors would have done him no harm, but in Baltimore he quickly eluded Gibbon in favor of that "rare wag and most brilliant wit" the painter Jarvis;¹¹⁵ and once in Washington, Jarvis himself was forgotten in Irving's anxiety about some pease blossom and silk stockings, which he must have for Mrs. Madison's ball — to which, by the way, he was uninvited. Yet this fête was now his heart's desire: "I arrived at the Inn about dusk and, understanding that Mrs Madison was to have her levee or drawing room that very evening, I swore by all my gods, I would be there."¹¹⁶

He was, and after ten minutes was intimate with half the assembly; besides, within a short time he was more than acceptable to the hostess of the evening, the gracious Dolly Madison. There were to be other associations of these two, through assemblies and letters. Though the "gentleman of New-York" was eleven years her junior, this was really an occasion, this presentation of the New York author to the mistress of the White House.

Both were natural adepts in the art of social life ; one has yet to hear that either failed in that discreet, observant courtesy which is the most vital external in polite relations. Irving soon knew the lady better, but just now he stared, so animated was the scene — Dolly urbanity itself in the midst of ugly old women and beautiful young maidens, and flanked by her two sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, “like the two Merry Wives of Windsor.” At this moment Irving thought her “a fine, portly buxom dame — who has a smile & a pleasant word for every body.”¹¹⁷ Then his eyes fell upon the wizened President, whom he had covertly satirized. He was sixty, and showed in his face some of his obstinacy, begotten of his weakness. Baffled by Napoleon’s guile, and preoccupied with British arrogance toward American vessels, a policy he could not thwart, he looked the part of weary statesman. Irving bowed, but ironic thoughts coursed through his mind : “But as to Jemmy Madison — ah ! poor Jemmy ! he is but a withered little apple-John — But of this no more — perish the thought that would militate against sacred things — Mortals avaunt ! touch not the lords anointed ! ”¹¹⁸

Congress was closed for an interim against auditors, but this restriction of his business activities Irving bore bravely. He even ceased to regret his bower on the Hudson. This ball of Mrs. Madison’s had retransformed him to a beau, this time in fashionable Washington society, far more glittering than the New York tea tables. Such oscillation between solitude and dinner parties is characteristic of the seesaw of Irving’s temperament. He would soon tire of these last playthings, but now no young girl was ever in more of a twitter. He was moored at the house of John P. Van Ness, but this old family friend seldom saw him. The following schedule for one week he described as delightful exercise of the mind :

On Monday I dined with the mess of Officers at the Barracks — in the evening a Ball at Van Nesses. On Tuesday with my cousin Knickerbocker & several merry Federalists. On Wednesday I dined with General Turreau¹¹⁹ who had a very pleasant party of Frenchmen & democrats — in the evening at Mrs. Madison’s levee, which was brilliant and crowded with interesting men & fine women. On Thursday a dinner at Latrobes¹²⁰ — on Friday a dinner at the Secretary of the Navys, and in the evening a ball at the Mayors — Saturday [he adds hopefully] as yet is unengaged.¹²¹

In the midst of his revels Irving managed to send home a business letter, which elicited, probably for obvious reasons, no immediate

reply from the brothers. Soon afterwards he protested in the old vein to Ebenezer that all this dancing and dining was a vexation ; it absorbed him only as a young man of literary talent who must understand the great world. He hinted vaguely that in his mind mighty tomes were generating ; to serve these he was consorting with both Federalists and Democrats, exhibiting a magnificent, unpartisan good humor. All his dissipations were really to ennoble a mysterious book, to which he had now dedicated his life :

I shall [he wrote] pursue a plan I had some time since contemplated, of studying for a while, and then travelling about the country for the purpose of observing the manners and characters of the various parts of it, with a view to writing a work, which, if I have any acquaintance with my own talents, will be far more profitable and reputable than anything I have yet written.¹²²

He then enjoined upon William a pointless secrecy. Of this masterpiece, it need hardly be added, he never composed a syllable. To such cloud castles the brothers were accustomed. It is unlikely that they were surprised when he left Washington hastily on March 7 either because of his failure to complete his mission or because of Joel Barlow's refusal to accept him as Secretary of Legation in Paris.¹²³

Yet, so the brothers thought, he was quite as useful in Washington as in New York. After a trip home through Baltimore, where he had "three days & nights stout carousal and a fourths sickness, sorrow, & repentance,"¹²⁴ and a stay in Philadelphia, where he saw much of Ann Hoffman Nicholas, he reported to William and Ebenezer, only to be forthwith dispatched back again to the capital. In May he returned to New York, and took temporary lodgings with Brevoort.¹²⁵ He now enjoyed his customary reaction from his social excesses. He was restless, yet impatient of routine labors ; dissatisfied, but praising definite tasks which he could not bring himself to perform. In his vacillation one mood was as honest as another, but the fervor of the following is less convincing after seeing him in Washington in 1811, or in similar circumstances throughout his career in European society. For a moment the weathervane had veered to the opposite quarter :

Pleasure [he announced loftily to Brevoort] is but a transient stimulus, and leaves the mind more enfeebled than before ; give me rugged toil, fierce disputation, wrangling controversy, harrassing research, give me anything that calls forth the energies of the mind, but for heavens sake shield me from those calms, those tranquil slumberings,

those enervating triflings, those syren blandishments that I have for some time indulged in, which lull the mind into complete inaction, which benumb its *powers*, and cost it such painful & humiliating struggles to regain its activity and independence.¹²⁶

These were words, words. His brother Peter was abroad, but he himself soon played again with the remnant of the "Lads of Kilkenny." Cooper was still preoccupied by violent pursuit of Mary Fairlie, but Irving could always fall back upon Paulding and Gouverneur and Peter Kemble. Brevoort, a steadying influence, was now absent, working for Astor at Mackinac, whence to Irving he discharged letters bristling with accounts of the Indians and with quotations from the poets. Irving, on his side, wrote of Mary's capitulation to Cooper, of Cooke in *King John* and *King Lear*, and of the Coldens, Rhinelanders, Gracies, and Renwicks. Relaxed mentally, he let down, there is reason to believe, morally. His letters¹²⁷ to his young friend James Renwick were full of worldly advice, and those to Brevoort hint at free living.

In the next year he undertook to keep the latter informed about various virgins, as he called them. One is an "ortolan, too rare and costly a dainty for a poor man to afford"; another has become "D—d stringy." This lady had "been acting very much the part of the Dog in the manger—she cannot enjoy her own chastity but seems unwilling to let any body else do it."¹²⁸ On this elevated theme he moralized often, but his amusement at one of his friends' escapades is the most enlightening. A letter concerning this pleasure-loving young man would hardly bear a full printing if it did not reveal in Irving an attitude characteristic of these months.

We have treated Peter, the late Prince Regent [he wrote Brevoort], with great contempt, and take all possible occasions to flout him and hiss upon him. I am convinced there is nothing on earth so truly despicable, as a great man shorn of his power. Peter however consoles himself by courting all the little girls in town, who are under sixteen; for you must know this old lecher has become so dainty and sickly in his palate, that nothing will go down with him but your squab pigeons and your first weeks green pease. He has likewise become a notable leerer at buxom chamber maids and servant girls, and there is not a little bitch of a house maid that runs proud about the streets, but what Peter has had the nosing of her—not that the little villain trips them all, but he is one of your little gluttons, whose eyes are greedier than his belly, and when he honestly rogers one, he dishonors a dozen with his lascivious looks. When he sits at the parlor window and snuffs at the gale as any little "piece of beef" goes by, he re-

minds me most powerfully of the old duke of Queensbury whom I used to see, wheeled out on his easy chair, to the porch before his door, that he might ogle the wenches as they passed by. But Peter is a "Dam rascal" and theres an end of it.¹²⁹

These are drab sections of the story, these years of irresolution before his departure for England in 1815. Will and spirit seemed dormant, and the record, if prolonged, until his activity in the War of 1812, would merely chronicle more indecision, idleness, and puttering until, again, we see him in the smock of storekeeper for his brothers. What would have saved him from this stagnancy of spirit? Not politics, for in spite of his response to young Henry Clay,¹³⁰ whom he had heard debate at Washington, he now lacked ambition for himself, and he hated the small factions whose intrigues outraged even his tolerant standards. His one wish, after studying with understanding the cabals of the Clintonians, was that each party should give the other a stiff drubbing. For the time being he was not more disillusioned about the women of New York than about this patter of patriotism and politics: "I've seen enough," said he, "both of general and state politics to convince me they are mere words of battle — 'Banners hung on the outer walls' — for the rabble to fight by — the knowing leaders laugh at them in their sleeves for being gulled by such painted rags."¹³¹

Nor were travel and society the panaceas, for he had tried both of these; nor religion, which he identified with clergy who were without "fine generous masculine attributes" and were "very old-womanish kind of animals."¹³² Alternately sentimental or flippant concerning women, skeptical of public service, scornful of achievement, he now appears shallow and, were it not too harsh a term for so kindly a nature, cynical. For the moment, his faith in life was dead. One thinks, as a cure, of literature, and certainly, through the direction of Peter or through some driving impulse, he might have spared himself much suffering by immersion in the clear waters of the art he loved best. Here, in 1811, he was in Brevoort's excellent library, with, as the notebook of 1810 shows, much promising material demanding completion. He was, in addition, easily the central figure of the New York literary world; he had only to write, and he would be read. Payne, who was hurt by a chance word of censure from him, said, "Your opinion is like a casting vote. With many it will turn the scale at once."¹³³ Literature, moreover, was now in New York, compared with a decade earlier, a living thing.¹³⁴ Gulian C. Verplanck, three years Irving's junior, was writing; and Samuel Woodworth, who had already removed

from New Haven to New York, was beginning his career as poet and journalist. Another Yankee, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who in 1811 came to the city, observed its hospitality toward literature. Irving and Brevoort had been excited by Walsh's *Review*.¹⁸⁵ Yet the author of *Salmagundi* and *A History of New York* could write nothing.

The explanation must be found in the events already recorded. Shallow or cynical he was not, but at the age of twenty-eight he was puzzled and somewhat shaken by life. That lethargy which began on April 26, 1809, had not yet fully passed. The old life was dead, and the new was still unborn. He would not write well again until necessity elicited both the writing and the character which his contemporaries later associated with the older Irving, the author and diplomat. Ten more years were to pass before this Irving, a more familiar figure to posterity, emerged.

CHAPTER VI

EDITOR AND OFFICER

1811-1815

ONE sanguinary event, Irving declared, expelled his apathy; this was the bitter struggle with England from 1812 to 1815.¹ He referred not to his personal sacrifice to the cause, but to the nationalism aroused by events on the Canadian frontier and on the sea. He shared, also, the anxieties of all the brothers under the hardships in New York, and at times he meditated regular enlistment in the line,² but for this step he lacked the patriotic convictions of the fighting branch of the Democratic party. It was an unpopular war, especially with the Federalists,³ and for this reason no overwhelming public sentiment urged Irving's participation. It was not until after the burning of the capital⁴ that he wore the blue and buff of a staff officer. Before this holocaust he had watched the disastrous ending of the first invasion of Canada in Hull's surrender of Detroit on August 16, 1812; he had taken down notes on the victories of the "fir-built frigates" over the veteran ships of the Nile and Trafalgar; he had studied, like James Fenimore Cooper, with peculiar interest, the freshwater triumphs of Perry on the lake front; and he had heard the news of Napoleon's abdication on April 6, 1814. At last England's hands were free; she could turn to this whippersnapper, America. The invasion, which John Randolph and Josiah Quincy had prophesied, was now a reality.⁵ Only then was Irving swept into the army, when businesses had dwindled and failed⁶ and when it had become apparent that, unless everyone mobilized, the British might molest even such families as the Renwicks, Gallatins, and Hoffmans.

Prior to this crisis Irving's indifference was that of thousands of citizens who considered impressment insufficient cause for war, or who sickened at the thought of indirectly aiding Napoleon by an attack on Great Britain.⁷ The center of satisfaction with American foreign policies was in the West; the center of disgust in New

England. New York opinion was less unified, but here the dread of commercial ruin had created a strong peace party. Of all this Irving heard much at home, but such discords hardly affected his way of life during the first months of 1812. He pocketed the twelve hundred dollars from the second edition of *Knickerbocker*; he bestowed flippant philosophy on James Renwick,⁸ who became in 1812 a youthful Columbia professor; and he philandered gently with the lad's mother, Jean Jeffrey Renwick, once admired by Robert Burns.⁹ He could not believe that there would be a conflict. When, finally, the prolonged irritation over the tangled intermarine questions flamed, on June 18, into war, he was no more disturbed than Brevoort. That sensible business man continued to travel in the enemy's country, haunting the London theaters, forgathering with Scott and Jeffrey, and presenting copies of *A History of New York* to everyone that mattered.¹⁰ Irving's main connection with the struggle was, at first, economic. The merchants were worried, and he was forced to listen to their mutterings. Thus, even as he was plotting a new literary flyer with Paulding,¹¹ his brothers shipped him again to Washington; this time he was a member of a Committee of Merchants to beg a remission of bonds for all importers.

The author of this appointment was undoubtedly William, who, having renounced his literary follies, had become eminent in both business and politics. Among the wholesale merchants of the foreign trade along the East River,¹² he was now a cogent personality. Active in preparations for the naval dinner on December 29, 1812, he spoke also at the great Democratic assembly in 1813.¹³ He was indeed an "active Democrat"; regardless of personal costs, he supported the war.¹⁴ He arranged celebrations, at which John Treat Irving also assisted;¹⁵ at the public dinner to Perry on January 11, 1814, he toasted: "Capt. Elliot, the intrepid coadjutor of Com. Perry";¹⁶ and on December 28, 1813, in the election of the successor of Egbert Benson to Congress, he defeated the Federalist Peter Augustus Jay by a majority of three hundred and seventy-six votes.¹⁷ In fine, William was more than ever the positive element in the Irving family. When Madison proposed the United States loan of sixteen million dollars, the subscriptions of the firms of Irving and Smith and of P. and E. Irving and Company totaled seventy thousand dollars.¹⁸

Thus the elder brother was able to secure Washington an audience in Congress. Though patient under the stoppage of trade, William protested in 1812 the forfeitures of the cargoes of Ameri-

can vessels which at the time of the declaration of war were in England, loaded with British materials. These had brought their burdens home, honestly convinced that the Nonimportation Act would immediately cease to function.¹⁹ A Congressional Committee was appointed, before which William testified; the affidavits of both Ebenezer and William in the matter of forfeiture are on record.²⁰ Accordingly, with William's counsel Washington again settled down in the capital to protect the family income, reporting on the progress of Madison's championing of the New York Merchants' Memorial, on the ever-changing attitudes concerning the embargo, and on any other business designated by the efficient William. All this he hated, partly because the city of Washington was the dullest outpost of the war; partly because, as we shall see, a more friendly occupation now awaited him in New York.

So he fumed for six weeks in the midst of profiteers, "sadly homesick, sick of the business . . . and sick of Washington."²¹ More serious than during his visit in 1811, he was not incapable of the task at hand, but he could not spur on this dragging legislation. He liked the Secretary of the Treasury, and the splendid Mrs. Gallatin shone in her drawing-room; she was, he thought, second only to Dolly Madison. But he could not forget the Secretary's power over his brothers' exchequer. For Gallatin was to decide concerning the remission of forfeitures: "I could not help fancying," he wrote of Mrs. Gallatin's ball, "that I saw two or three of my bonds trailing in her train."²² To forget these anxieties he had recourse to his usual diversions; he dallied in Washington society — and he drank. His two cronies Paul Rhinelander and Jim Paulding suddenly appeared in town, saluting him with mock gravity. They had arrived, they announced, to attend his wedding. To-day the jest seems a bit moth-eaten, but Irving made it go far. A moonlight party was arranged; he was to meet and to marry the famous Madame Bonaparte.²³ Wisely, perhaps, he became involved with a few select Congressmen, got drunk, and missed the rendezvous. "Do beg your mother," he exhorted Renwick, "for Gods sake to look out for some other lady for me."²⁴

When not exhilarated by such pleasures, which, in his letters, he deplored as so empty, he attended sessions of Congress, where he was moved by speeches of the "war-hawks." William and, less dogmatically, Washington were willing to support the war, but they feared the agrarians' everlasting talk of "Canada! Canada!" Yet the merchants, too, were strong. As Irving listened, he became more hopeful about the accomplishment of his mission. His mind

trailed off, nevertheless, into speculation about this American oratory. He was listening now not to argument, but to the speakers' perfervid eloquence. Characteristically, for him, statesmanship had become drama. How insignificant seemed the family interests as the voice of Cheves rang through the House! Later, in Europe, in lieu of the stage, music, public festivals, or bullfights, he would wander into senates and study this art, in which, though it was akin to his own, he himself was always to be a failure.²⁵ A public address he could never finish without anguish. Now, however, he warmed under the orators' Southern heat. This was what he meant by being shaken out of his depression.

Not only in the turbulent street parades, the stories of frigate and privateer, the celebrations, the news of John E. Wool's attack on Queenstown, was strengthened Irving's sense of identity with the republic, but in the sight of young men, hardly older than himself, forgetting themselves in these apostrophes to their country. "Nothing," he wrote, "is talked of but armies, navies, Battles."²⁶

Poor Clay! [he added thirty-two years later] I cannot but recollect him in the brightness and freshness of his early career when he was foremost among that glorious clique of young statesmen (such as Calhoun, Lowndes, Cheves, etc.) who led us so gallantly into our last war with Great Britain.²⁷

Clay, his future superior in the diplomatic service,²⁸ spoke well. But Cheves! This fellow declaimed like the ancient Greeks and Romans!²⁹ Irving's description leans upon stock phrases, but one feels his liberation from his apathy. Cheves was "so liberal and elevated, his sentiments so high minded, his illustrations so brilliant and such a manly generous spirit breathed throughout the whole, that I felt proud of our cause, since it was susceptible of such a vindication."³⁰

Such ecstasies were useless to William, but, at least, they halted Washington's introspection, and his disdain of the war vanished. He went to patriotic dinners, argued with Decatur, now an intimate, and wrote jingoistic letters on the national character.³¹ By this altered background, in a country completely changed by the war, he was quickened, as he said, and he now lived more buoyantly than at any time since the days of *Salmagundi*. He was, moreover, on the edge of a break with old habits in his persistent thought of enlistment. One may still wish that he had made the plunge. He would have suffered, but there was more iron in him than William thought; had he joined one of the New York volunteer companies,

the course of this story might have been different. His roused activities, however, found, at first, expression in a more natural way. For the publishing world now succeeded in an attempt which had failed in the previous years: it enmeshed him in a new literary net, one not wholly remote from the war. Accepting an honor which absorbed his new-born energy, he became, late in 1812, the editor of *Select Reviews*.

For Moses Thomas, the Philadelphia publisher, had just bought this stodgy monthly of seventy-two pages. Who, as editor? Thomas set his cap for the most eminent New York man of letters, namely, Washington Irving. In January, 1813, these two christened the periodical the *Analectic Magazine*; it was to offer readable transcripts from British magazines; it might even be spiced with a little original material. It is probable that Irving had already, as part of the plan, conceived the idea for his most significant contributions, his sketches of naval heroes. Biography was popular,⁸² and the public loved gossip about the officers who had blotted out disgraces on the Canadian frontier by humiliating the king's navy. Irving knew both Decatur and Bainbridge; a series of biographies might do well. Several times in his life he combined these two lasting interests, writing and national issues pertaining to the sea.⁸³ Such compositions were partly responsible for his invitation in 1838 to become Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren.⁸⁴

Whatever the bait cast by Thomas, Irving was soon disillusioned; the task proved to be neither easy nor suited to his powers. He had confided to Peter that this was to be "an amusing occupation, without any mental responsibility of consequence"⁸⁵—a mournful error! Now he accepted the emolument of fifteen hundred dollars and wrote Brevoort: "I am handsomely paid & the work is no trouble"⁸⁶—evidently a quotation from Thomas. He soon found, however, that the publisher was not satisfied with the initial terms, which are now known through Irving's letter to a contributor:

I receive [he wrote] a stipulated sum yearly for editing it, the original articles which I occasionally write for it are entirely gratuitous, having engaged merely to select and arrange articles from foreign publications. Indeed the plan of the work did not contemplate original matter, and though it has been in some measure departed from, yet we have rather chose to keep the original pact, limited and subordinate.⁸⁷

Such, at any rate, was Irving's understanding of his obligations. The news of his coronation as editor was received with hosannas;

he had consented, said the *Port Folio*, to sacrifice his "elegant leisure"³⁸ to his country. Listen, however, to the patriot's dismay:

This Select Reviews has drawn upon me such an abundance of worthless compliments, that I really stagger under the trash. Add to this, my publisher, who seems determined to make a comfortable penny out of me, has been advertizing, every day or two, some new addition and improvement, to be made to the select reviews, of which I have known nothing until I saw the advertisements.³⁹

Irving grumbled, but he worked. Though in many ways a bad editor, he had taste, and his selection of the foreign material was discriminating. His qualifications for his post were meager: comparatively wide reading and, since boyhood, a saturation in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. To educate himself further, he wrote to Paris for various exemplary periodicals. Within a few months, then, the *Analectic Magazine* took the form which made it, according to Bryant, a popular miscellany of British, French, and American essays.⁴⁰ Stuffy to-day, its success in 1813 is comprehensible; it was a short cut to the best in *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly Review*; from their pages it lifted narratives of travel, political essays, and the new poetry of Byron and Moore. Like them, it displayed a column of "Literary Intelligence," which Irving himself probably conducted, recording news of his friends, Washington Allston and others. Apart from his own contributions, Irving left his stamp upon the *Analectic*. During his editorship were published five selections dealing directly with the writings of Byron, who had now usurped some of Irving's devotion to Scott.⁴¹ It was also, presumably, his own preferences which made him include German tales and reproduce articles on the Spanish peasantry and on Mahomet. He sanctioned, likewise, the patriotic flavor of the *Analectic*, pressing into service Paulding, who wrote no less than fifteen naval biographies;⁴² and he sponsored reviews of American literature, such as those concerning Fisher Ames and Joel Barlow. The *Analectic Magazine* is a fairly reliable guide to Irving's literary passions in the years immediately following *A History of New York*.

So for at least two years the *Analectic* was Irving's magazine. Its references to persons mentioned in his writings, such as the Polish general Poniatowski,⁴³ and its emphasis upon his favorite literary topics, such as the poetry of Moore, suggest his dominance of the periodical's policy, and his control of the magazine is further demonstrated by the abundance of his own contributions. He may have regretted that Thomas imposed upon the original agreement, but

gradually he relied less on scissors and more upon his own pen. The full extent of his writing is probably not yet determined, for, though Paulding and Verplanck signed their essays with a bold "P" or "V," he usually remained anonymous. Internal tests are inconclusive, but eleven articles are known to be from his hand. His were two essays, republished in *The Sketch Book*, "Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket";⁴⁴ his were reviews of Robert Treat Paine, Paulding, E. C. Holland, and a brief biography of Byron.⁴⁵ He composed the biographical sketches of Burrows, Lawrence, Perry, and Porter,⁴⁶ and he also inserted in the issue of March, 1815, though he had then retired from office, his revised life of Thomas Campbell.⁴⁷ He wrote during his two years' editorship, on an average, at least one original paper for every other number of the magazine,⁴⁸ never becoming, as has been said, merely a nominal editor. Moreover, from these eleven essays supplementary notions may be formed of his intellectual equipment some four years prior to the composition of *The Sketch Book*.

Thus, in his magazine Irving tried out two forms, the review or critical essay, and the biographical sketch. In the latter he exhibited skill, and gained craft in a method already used in the life of Campbell and in *A History of New York*; the former he henceforth abandoned, to all practical purposes, forever. His inability as a critic of books was, indeed, in the *Analectic*, conspicuous, and this fact alone confers importance upon the brief editorial episode. For his reviews again proved conclusively that Irving's mind wanted the critical faculty. Meticulous in delineating an English manor hall or a Spanish muleteer, in analyzing literature he was platitudinous. His study of Paulding's satirical poem was simple exposition, and his observations on Byron were elementary. Before the phenomenon of Robert Treat Paine, whose poem *The Ruling Passion* concealed many implications concerning American literature, he was helpless.

Paine was now regarded in Boston as a master of the heroic couplet; he typified a phase of provincial literary culture. Irving denied Paine's talent, but could not tell why. Instead, he maundered commonplaces concerning "the standard writers of Great Britain" and the excesses of Paine's imagery.⁴⁹ Likewise, Edwin C. Holland, the southern poet, offered him a text for a study of Moore's influence in America, but Irving could only say that Holland suffered from "this early and exuberant foliage of the mind . . . peculiar to warm sensibilities and lively fancies."⁵⁰ Sugary phrases, generalizations, adulation of prevailing English modes—

Irving, the essayist and observer of manners, belongs as a critic to the worst school of the century. Wordsworth's new poem he dismissed in a line,⁵¹ and he warned the readers of the *Analectic* against this "new and corrupt fashion of writing."⁵² His annoyance at reviewing was in a way an admission of his own incapacity as a critic,⁵³ for he himself feared the reviewers. He was, indeed, to feel the lashes of Jeffrey, Lockhart, and Gifford upon his own back.

In his biographies Irving was, as said, more at ease. He could write lucidly; he could illustrate neatly with anecdote; he could introduce his everlasting theory that the best biographer will relate facts, but will tint them with sentiment. On this principle he made notes from state documents and from his conversations with seafaring men; and later he added pigment. But he had not yet achieved the felicitous balance between fact and fancy which was to make his life of Columbus for so many years an irreproachable biography; some of his American sailors of the War of 1812 resemble too closely the philanthropic tars in *comédie larmoyante*. The story of Captain David Porter, Irving told with restraint; it is, in fact, a bare chronicle. But the other three essays are sucked down into seas of tears and noble axioms; they anticipate in tone "The Wife," in *The Sketch Book*, and Irving's biography of the consumptive girl, Margaret Miller Davidson.⁵⁴

It seems futile to quote; everyone is familiar with this lachrymose diction, which spread like a fog over the lesser American writers of the nineteenth century until dispelled by the cool breath of satire. The American naval officers were blunt sea captains, but Irving lacquered them with his film of sentiment. He wrote of the "silent melancholy of [Lawrence's] proud and noble heart," and of his "fraternal tenderness . . . the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters"; he described Burrows' "amiable disposition and generous sensibility of heart" and the "silent broodings of [his] wounded spirit."⁵⁵ Commodore Perry, also, was a tactician and a tough fighter; possibly his victories, apart from General Jackson's, were the major aids of American morale during the war, but Irving's eulogy rendered him another "Humanity Martin":

Mothers no longer shrunk aghast, and clasped their infants to their breasts, when they heard the shaking of the forest or the howling of the blast—the aged sire no longer dreaded the shades of night, lest ruin should burst upon him in the hour of repose, and his cottage be laid desolate by the fire-brand and the scalping knife—Michigan was rescued from the dominion of the sword, and quiet and security once more settled on the harassed frontiers, from Huron to Niagara.⁵⁶

After such strains of sentiment, it is difficult to assert that in the pages of these biographies Irving often told a good story. Yet it is so. Inanities were everywhere. For example, at one point he urged the Americans and British not to slander each other during the war, lest there be planted the lasting roots of bitterness. Compared with the vigorous judgments of Cooper on the navy in the War of 1812,⁵⁷ these sketches are fanfaronade. Nevertheless, here and there, appears that art which made Irving's description of Columbus' first voyage a compelling episode in imaginative history.⁵⁸

For Irving, the association with the *Analectic Magazine* was salutary. He had learned at least one lesson; he could never be a critic. His rejection for a period of nearly thirty years, of all exhortations, even from Walter Scott,⁵⁹ to edit a magazine dated from this experience. He deduced, on the other hand, that he could some day turn a trick with the biographical sketch. He tolerated the republication of some of the naval essays,⁶⁰ and he returned to this form in *The Sketch Book*.⁶¹ Besides, the *Analectic Magazine* kept him in the arena, an aim which Cooper was to accuse Irving of never forgetting.⁶² Neal, too, believed that the editorship solidified his reputation.⁶³ Nicklin, the publisher, was ready to pay him from three to five thousand dollars a year to direct another magazine.⁶⁴ Thomas Campbell, to add other testimony, felt that Irving's name now carried more weight in England;⁶⁵ and in France, meanwhile, the *Mercure Étranger* declared that his success as editor implied versatility; he was a "jeune homme plein de talents!"⁶⁶ What if the *Analectic* was, as the *Port Folio* said, "dry as a remainder biscuit, and stale as the lees of an old porter bottle"?⁶⁷ He had done something else in the world of books. Lockhart and, especially, Scott always remembered that Irving had been an editor.

But of these more or less spiritual advantages Irving was, toward the end of the year 1814, unaware. He merely knew that Moses Thomas paid promptly, and that, for once, he was earning a living. He had even planned several new biographies. Then, suddenly, the magazine collapsed. The instability of all editorial appointments now became another factor in his renunciation of magazines. Thomas, guileless, but inert in business affairs, was dragged down in the bankruptcy of the publishers Bradford and Innskeep;⁶⁸ and Irving was jobless. The subscription list was large; Van Winkle and Wiley still hoped to salvage the *Analectic*. Irving, however, had had enough. Nor did he care to receive his salary while innocent creditors suffered. He would not attract to himself the bitter-

ness felt in the city toward Bradford. He was sorry for Thomas, but it was better for Verplanck and himself to stand by, uncompensated for their last labors.

I promptly signed off [he wrote Verplanck] whatever was due to me, because I thought him [Thomas] unfortunate & the victim of other peoples misconduct — and I told him that should he continue the magazine on his own account, I should cheerfully contribute to it gratuitously for the purpose of setting him a going again. I however would never again undertake the editorship of that or any other periodical work.⁶⁹

And in this determination he never once wavered, even during his poverty in 1825, until his association in 1841 with the *Knickerbocker*.

On the very day of Irving's letter to Verplanck announcing the failure of the *Analectic*, Decatur's ship, the *President*, was lost while trying to slip through the New York blockade. More serious reverses followed. The republic was being driven to the wall. From the time of Napoleon's abdication, nine months earlier, Irving had conceded the seriousness of this desultory war, and his anxiety for his country had deepened; however grandiose, his patriotic passages in the *Analectic Magazine* were sincere.⁷⁰ Since then, New York had been cheered by the army's isolated successes. On July 25, Colonel Miller's infantry, after a stubborn hand-to-hand contest, had bayoneted the British cannoneers on the crest of the hill near Lundy's Lane. The English ultimately drove the Americans from Fort Erie, but one channel of their invasion, on the Niagara front, had been dammed. Yet two others, Lake Champlain and New Orleans, British objectives, remained open to Wellington's regulars. It was a black summer for the United States; and a more anxious autumn was to ensue. In blockaded New York were fear and a dangerous philosophy of defeatism, and Irving could no longer trifle with the war as a mere drama of privateer and frigate. It was becoming his affair, too. "The disgrace of defeat," he wrote, "will not be confined to the contrivers of the war, nor the party in power, or the conductors of the battle; but will extend to the whole nation, and come home to every individual."⁷¹

To join the colors meant desertion of William, and probably, since Irving did not foresee the debacle of the following January, already described, abandonment of his magazine. Yet by the summer of 1814 military service of some kind seemed inevitable for everyone.⁷² Ebenezer Irving had been in the reserve militia since

the declaration of war;⁷³ William was an ardent patriot and a member of Congress; all New York was an armed camp. Irving finally acted, when stirred to one of his fits of anger. On August 24, 1814, Admiral Cockburn led his British forces into Washington and burned it to the ground.⁷⁴ This news Irving first heard on the Hudson River boat, and he recorded the derisive comment of a fellow passenger, who "wondered what *Jimmy* Madison would say now."⁷⁵ Irving's reply was savage. When the vessel reached New York, he offered his services to Governor Tompkins.

In the conduct of the war Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York State since 1807,⁷⁶ had gained extraordinary power through the State Militia Act of 1812, and now wore the epaulets of a major general. He was blamed, perhaps unjustly, for selecting his officers without respect for the Council of Appointments, and for brevetting generals and colonels at will. By 1814 nearly every officeholder in New York City boasted a commission in the army, and the great majority of the underlings were noncommissioned officers. Tompkins was a politician, as well as a learned man, and the charge of partisanship in appointments may have been well-founded. If so, it was but a trifle in this crisis. As the British mobilized near Plattsburg, Tompkins spared neither red tape nor himself to put the city in a state to withstand siege. At the time of Irving's appearance in his office he had endorsed notes on his personal security for a defense loan; he had issued a call to the people of the state to furnish munitions; and by September 2 he had set in motion forces which would bring forty thousand militia into the field.⁷⁷ This was the date of the first general order from Tompkins' headquarters to be signed "Washington Irving, Aide-de-Camp."⁷⁸ The editor was now *Colonel* Irving of the "Iron Greys" of the New York State Militia.

Late in the month Colonel Irving pushed northward with Tompkins, and in October received an official dispensation to press on alone to the front, near Sacketts Harbor. He took his old route of 1803, through Utica; it was now alive with Indians and soldiers. He had missed the turmoil of Macdonough's victory at Plattsburg, on September 11, and since the British had now staked all on the attack at New Orleans, he saw no fighting. Yet his detailed letters describe effectively the scenes in which the little army threw up breastworks and established points of skirmish against the expected onslaught.⁷⁹ He was again the vivacious observer, lifted out of himself, at last, and writing with a surprising exaltation of duty to country.⁸⁰ His was a clerical warfare; various documents show

him working ceaselessly in his office as aide-de-camp. He studied William Duane's *American Military Library*.⁸¹ He issued orders to quartermasters, to chaplains, and, oddly enough, to his fellow man of letters William Dunlap.⁸² He acted as a buffer to Tompkins against importunate interviewers, and he called out new detachments of militia. As for peril, he risked far more on the lonely roads of Spain or in the siege-ridden Madrid of 1843, and his only sight of the horrors of war was when, not far from Sacketts Harbor, he was suddenly assaulted by a drunken Indian.⁸³ Yet, once committed, he was ready for any service; Irving's war adventure, which ended abruptly in December when Tompkins returned to the session of the legislature at Albany, was on the whole a creditable interlude.

The treaty of peace with Great Britain was ratified by President Madison on February 15, 1815,⁸⁴ and the universal joy at what was really a confirmation of American independence spent itself in braggadocio demonstrations. Irving, always a little contemptuous of these Roman holidays, viewed the populace ironically in their debauch of dinners, balls, illuminations, "Temples of Concord," and "Bowers of Peace." He lacked the enthusiasm of his fellow citizens for reiterating the greatness of America by the noisiest fireworks. Already he was let down, as uncertain as ever of his future. "This," he said sadly of the war, "was the first thing that roused and stimulated me, but it did not last long."⁸⁵ In the very violence of the celebrations might be felt the energy of these Americans. It was even more apparent in their instantaneous orgy of rebuilding, in extravagant national projects, and in the revival of commerce. The embargoes had taught the manufacturers self-reliance. Industries hummed; stocks mounted; so began the "Era of Good Feeling."⁸⁶

Brevoort saw this, and settled down to heap up another fortune. But Irving was still unregenerate. He surveyed the reopened warehouses, the advertisements in the newspapers, the teeming streets, as well as his fellow boarders at Mrs. Bradish's,⁸⁷ with listless eyes. The year 1815 was a crossroad in the history of Europe and America. It was so, quite differently, in the life of Washington Irving. What should he do? To go on with the law was unthinkable. He wrote Verplanck that he liked to have his coat dusted in a scribblers' war,⁸⁸ but the truth was, he was sick of second-rate writing for a living. To be sure, he was still a partner in his brothers' firm;⁸⁹ he could always be a bloused shopkeeper. But Peter had gone to Liverpool "on business," and his own thoughts turned

longingly to Europe. He could at least see Wellington's armies.⁹⁰ William was the ultimate in the success of these Americans, but William was, after all, merely a financial leader and a member of Congress. And somehow he was not quite the same merry William of the days of *Salmagundi*. Meanwhile, Time's winged chariot was whirling on. Irving himself was thirty-two years old.⁹¹

His restless spirit now drove him to companionship with a new set of friends, men of action and varied life. He was in correspondence with William Bainbridge,⁹² and he spent days at Mrs. Bradish's talking with Decatur. "A gallanter fellow never stepped a quarter-deck";⁹³ he meant it. Decatur had returned from his imprisonment, after the disgrace of the *President*, and was scheming to restore his good name by some impudence to the Dey of Algiers, who was again a nuisance to American commerce. For evening after evening Irving listened to the sailor's exploits, and, finally, rejoiced with him at his offer from Congress of a Mediterranean squadron. The commander suddenly turned upon the paper soldier; demanded his company on the expedition. Why not? By May 18 Irving's luggage was stowed on the *Guerrière*. Had not the resurgent Napoleon returned from Elba and delayed the sailing, the literary idler would have seen the battle between this warship and the *Mazouda*, the Algerian frigate. Decatur, however, was still procrastinating. Irving felt the agreement to be an encumbrance to his friend, and withdrew from the vessel.

Yet his trunks were packed. He would shilly-shally under the eyes of his brothers no longer. Perhaps he could aid in the family business in England. In any case, nothing in Liverpool could be more "joyless" than this drone's existence in New York.⁹⁴ He was, he said,

weary of every thing and of myself. . . . I determined . . . to break off . . . from idle habits and idle associates & fashionable dissipation, and when I returned to settle myself down to useful and honourable application.⁹⁵

Again he took counsel with his brothers. They acquiesced. He was to have money with which to go to Italy, or even to Greece.⁹⁶ He made his will, omitting the prosperous William and remembering the children of poor Ann.⁹⁷ He went, for the last time, to the house of his father. "I had," he admitted, "a hard parting with my poor old mother";⁹⁸ he was not to see her again. On May 25, on the ship *Mexico*, bound for Liverpool, he was surprised at the lump in his throat. It was not, then, so easy to leave one's country. Nor to return; he was to stay in Europe for seventeen years.

CHAPTER VII

FIRST YEARS IN ENGLAND · WALTER SCOTT

1815-1819

AS I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another."¹ "The Voyage," in *The Sketch Book*, probably a composite of Irving's passage to Bordeaux in 1804 and this journey to England in 1815, cannot be relied upon too literally. "The tranquil bosom of a summer's sea"² hardly describes the rough weather which beat down upon the *Mexico*, and nothing in the essay corresponds with Irving's comment to Brevoort: "mewed up together for thirty days in dirty cabins."³ Yet the narrator in "The Voyage" sailed up the Mersey and landed at Liverpool. Like him, Irving now saw for the first time the cottages, grassplots, and ivy-laden churches of the northwestern coast of England. Peter, apparently, did not meet him, and Irving's feelings on that morning, late in June, 1815,⁴ could not have been very different from those of his imaginary voyager: "The meetings of acquaintances—the greeting of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land."⁵

His day had not arrived; he was not received as a famous American, as in 1842; yet he was not quite a stranger. In England were living a brother and a sister, and from London to Edinburgh were homes where he could have found a welcome. At Sydenham, in Kent, dwelt Thomas Campbell, now his sworn friend;⁶ at Edinburgh was Francis Jeffrey;⁷ and at Abbotsford the Minstrel of the North had become curious concerning him, through Henry Brevoort and through Diedrich Knickerbocker. In fact, his two humorous books had preceded him in England, not renowned, but friendly *avant-courriers*. In London one could purchase in the

bookstalls *Salmagundi*, in its English dress of 1811.⁸ Both editions of *A History of New York* were obtainable. Coleridge had sat up one entire night reading this, and Byron admired its style.⁹ Irving's roots, however, were sunk for a time in dusky Liverpool, where were the offices of P. and E. Irving and where Peter kept bachelor quarters. This was the Peter, his other self, upon whom he had not laid eyes for seven long years!¹⁰ The elder brother was in poor health, but the joy of this meeting was deep. Irving lingered with him for a week before hurrying on to the home which was always to be his refuge whenever he was in England—to the Van Warts of Birmingham.

"A castle," he thought, as he entered; he observed its stone front, its spacious vestibule, inlaid with marble, and its garden, encircled by a high wall.¹¹ "Castle Van Tromp,"¹² he named the place, or rather the family group, which moved three years later from Icknield Street to Camden Hill, to the house still associated in Birmingham with Irving and with "Rip Van Winkle." In 1815 Henry Van Wart was already eminent in the city. After his marriage (about 1804) to Sarah Irving,¹³ he had come out on the precarious enterprise of establishing a branch office of Irving and Smith.¹⁴ This extension had failed; Van Wart had crossed to America. In 1808 he had returned to Birmingham and recommenced his career in business and politics.¹⁵ He was a kindly, prosperous spirit, surrounded by friends and a flock of children. From the first night, when he made friends with his nephews and nieces, Irving became essential to this household.¹⁶ To the boys, Henry and Irving, whose education he was to supervise in Paris,¹⁷ he rattled off stories; for Marianne and for Matilda, his godchild, he played his beloved flute. The cloud of weariness passed, and he was more tranquil than for years:

I am [he wrote Brevoort] like another being from what I was in that listless period of existence that preceded my departure from America. It seems as if my whole nature had changed—a thousand kind feelings and affections that had lain torpid, are aroused within me—my very blood seems to flow more warm and sprightly.¹⁸

Besides, it was the hour! Waterloo, and Napoleon crushed!¹⁹ Irving had come, he repeated, to inspect the armies of the French War. While he was on the *Mexico*, the stubborn British squares had been beating back the engulfing waves of the Emperor's cavalry. In Liverpool Irving shivered with excitement at the mail coaches, dashing through the streets, covered with laurel, pro-

claiming victory. "I am determined . . .," he declared, "to get a near view of the actors in this great drama."²⁰ A decade earlier in Paris, he had seen the English through French eyes; only a year before he had shared American hatred for British regulars; and now he beheld their triumph. He sped to London to witness a celebration far greater than that of Trafalgar. He heard Englishmen planning for the villain of the drama. Napoleon should be imprisoned; he should be executed; damn the fellow, he should have plenty of air; he should be dished up to suit the palate of John Bull.²¹ Only the first, but quite necessary, ingredient in the cook's recipe had not yet been acquired; Napoleon himself was missing; "first, catch your Turbot!"²² This news of Waterloo was better than a parade of the armies; it was history itself. On the event Irving was far from judicial. He was piqued by British self-satisfaction; moreover, Napoleon was a portentous hero. Our romantic sympathized, of course, with the great soldier, and, after Bonaparte's capture, he wished he had fallen at the head of his columns at Waterloo, thus balking this insular complacency.

So he heard the clanging, triumphant bells; he devoured the newspapers; and he visited Parliament. To the literary society of London, this author of two rustic satires had no access. Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*, a copy of which Irving sent off to Eliza Bradish, appeared in this year, and also a poem and a novel from "the Great Unknown." Moore's *Irish Melodies* was sold everywhere, but Moore he had not, presumably, met, nor even Samuel Rogers, the host of everyone who had written so much as an anagram. Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, or the writers of the Cockney school he had no desire to know. His one connection was with Thomas Campbell, whom he sought out in vain at Sydenham, hearing only a gloomy tale from Mrs. Campbell of the poet's alarm at the more prolific muses of his friends Byron and Scott.²⁸ Irving was, indeed, not yet ripe for Holland House or Rogers' breakfasts; he was still an obscure American.

Meanwhile, he could not see enough of this enchanting England, and he hurried back to Castle Van Tromp to meet James Renwick. For "the Professor" was abroad and had promised to meet him in Birmingham for a tour. They were to explore the countryside, to go somewhere; anywhere would do, for Irving was now in high fettle. Renwick finally arrived at Van Wart's with a great hullabaloo in the new coach, and the pair laid their plans not for one, but for two excursions. These they discussed in the intervals of arguing Napoleon's fate or chaffing Van Wart about England's

magnanimity or listening to the unctuous sermons in the village churches. "Every country curate & parish clerk," complained Irving, "now lords it over Bonaparte."²⁴

At last they were off. In an interminable but witty letter to Mrs. Renwick, Irving registered their jubilant advance through Kenilworth, Warwick, and finally their arrival at Stratford-on-Avon. Here Irving experienced the appropriate "indescribable emotions."²⁵ Hardly taking breath at Van Wart's, the two merry travelers cast off again; this was to be their "Grand Welsh tour." Of such excursions in the British Isles, Irving made some twelve; each had, so to speak, its own flavor. This was the least sophisticated. Every fresh country scene had beauty; each tapster's wench was fair to look upon. Irving had not yet roved through Germany and Spain; he had not yet delved, as in the next few years, in English antiquarian lore; and he had not yet forgotten, for contrast, the uncivilized landscapes of the American frontier. Thus his ignorance of the historical backgrounds of castle and village kept the journal brief; his simple purpose, pleasure, rendered it gay; and his frequent comparisons with the prospects in his own country gave it a boyish, unacquainted air, not unpleasant. The sky over Stroud Water was "American"; the hills between Chepstow and Tintern were copies of the highland glens of the Hudson; and the Wye was but another Mohawk River.²⁶ Such transposition Irving never repeated, but rather its opposite. After the saturation in European scenery he beheld the forests of the West in terms of the Harz and Alpujarra mountains.²⁷

Irving and Renwick proceeded from Birmingham to Worcester, to Gloucester, to Bath, and to Bristol, where they mused over Chatterton. Such associations were exceptional. At Tintern there was an excellent salmon for dinner, but no mention of Wordsworth; at Ludlow a good inn, but no memories of Milton. From Shrewsbury they entered Wales, marveling at Llangollen and at Conway Castle. At Bangor the two dined with a wild Cornish miner, and on August 12, 13, and 14 they passed through Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Llanrwst, Ruthin, and Denbigh. They came back to Chester, both satisfied with the Professor's learning, whose abundance accounted, perhaps, for the meagerness of historical comment from Irving. Renwick was a chemist, dependable and even-tempered.²⁸ With him Irving shared lodgings and many a jest, but probably not the feelings which crowded his mind at the legends of Madoc, Llewellyn the Great, and Glendower.²⁹ He was thinking, of course, not of the facts, but of the Wales that never was,

the Wales of incredible romantic adventure, or of robber chieftains ambushed in the mountain ravines.

Years later he remembered the inn at Beddgelert:

I was shewn into a low parlour, lighted by a latticed window and furnished with old oak chairs and tables polished to the utmost brightness. Against the wall hung shooting equipments, and a fowling piece stood in one corner. . . .

While I was giving mine hostess directions for a repast, which was to serve for both dinner and supper the sportsman made his appearance. He was dressed in regular sporting style, and had on a square skirted coat with as many pockets as that of the ingenious Panurges. He was apparently about five and forty ; of a florid complexion ; with a hooked nose, prominent chin, and an obliquity of eye that gave a peculiar quaintness to his countenance.

Hearing the orders I was giving he immediately proposed that we should sup together. . . . As the unsettled weather had rendered the evening extremely chilly we ordered a brisk fire to be made which soon spread an artificial sunshine through the room. The night set in more and more unruly—the blasts came rushing down from the mountains, moaning about the old inn and whirling dry leaves against the casement. We had however a warm house over our heads; the⁸⁰

The manuscript breaks off abruptly, but has already opened a window upon the interior of Irving's mind on the "Grand Welsh tour." Yet his projects for writing were now hazy. He was merely conscious that in the towering mountains or the inns of Wales or in the blossoming by-lanes near Birmingham, there spoke audibly to him those romantic incidents which he loved.⁸¹

The writing of "The Spectre Bridegroom" or "Rural Funerals" was, indeed, several years off. This first happiness in England was Fortune's smile before she dealt another blow. Within a few months he was to say: "Woe is me! how different a being am I from what I was last Summer, when the Laird and I went forth castle hunting among the Welsh mountains—Those days of chivalry when we emulated the deeds & adventures of Don Quixote."⁸² The blow was financial ruin for the brothers. The failure of P. and E. Irving may be attributed vaguely to the war, but in the convalescence of commerce in 1815, many firms recovered their health.⁸³ Indeed, in the late summer of this year, Irving passed on to Brevoort his anticipations of a thriving business.⁸⁴ Underlying causes were, of course, the baneful diversion of capital during the war out of normal economic channels, and the increase in American

manufactures, with the consequent tumble in the market for imported articles.⁸⁵ The demand for materials imported by P. and E. Irving for the summer of 1816 was negligible. Other factors hastened the Irvings' doom; for instance, adverse winds delayed transportation to America, so that articles designed for one market were forced to lie over for an entire year.

Yet the special corruption was Peter's imprudent overpurchase in English goods. William himself had testified before Congress concerning the ravenous demand for English imports.⁸⁶ Aware of this, Peter had bought indiscriminately. To the end of his life he was a born gambler; steamboat companies and mine stocks found him easy prey. Now he lay ill, of Saint Anthony's flames, said Irving; Peter was quite incapable of retrieving his errors. The outcome was apparent, even to the greenhorn Irving. Studying the firm's books, he perceived what Peter had concealed even from himself. "I saw it coming from a distance, and that it was unavoidable."⁸⁷ He braced himself for the catastrophe, though he did not foresee its enduring consequences: "It was my lot," he said, "almost on landing in Europe, to experience a reverse of fortune, which cast me down in spirit, and altered the whole tenor of my life."⁸⁸

The next two years were brightened by holidays in London and by the happy family life of the Van Warts. Yet they were bitter years, and, afterwards, Irving would never mention them. Parting with Renwick, he sought out Peter. His distress began in comprehending that Peter was—it must be faced—a helpless invalid. Meanwhile, the chief clerk had died; head of the house of P. and E. Irving there was none. Only one course was open; he himself must wrestle with the stout ledgers in the warehouse. He accepted the challenge.

Perfectly ignorant [said he] of every thing about business affairs I came in and made them teach me. It was all wrong; I turned away first one and then another; every thing was in confusion. As I began to learn the business I saw the difficulties, the breakers ahead.⁸⁹

So in September, 1815, he entered upon a stretch of eight weary months, leading a solitary life in Peter's rooms in Bold Street, becoming, he said, "as dull commonplacéd a fellow as ever figured upon Change."⁹⁰ In this month he took a course in bookkeeping; in October he borrowed from the generous Renwick in a hopeless effort to atone for Peter's prodigal outlays; and throughout the winter he strove to reassure in New York the sleepless Ebenezer.

Peter, crippled by erysipelas and rheumatism, was useless ; the burden was Washington's. Some luxurious hours in Irving's life invite contempt ; in contrast, he bore all this toil with stubborn spirit. At first, he could jest about his anxiety, telling an acquaintance, after the receipt of letters from New York, "Yes, I am relieved : I feel that I have got down to *hard pan*. The last debts on which I relied have proved bad : and in that respect, I have no more ill news to receive." ⁴¹

As affairs grew worse, he stole off for days at Birmingham, or to London for brave evenings at the theater, where he saw Kean, Young, and Miss O'Neill, ⁴² and he now formed his friendship with William Roscoe. ⁴³ He rejoiced at the news of Decatur's victory near Algiers, ⁴⁴ and during a deceptive lull, when letters from New York were slightly more cheerful, he rambled with Peter, again in Wales and in Derbyshire. ⁴⁵ He even planned his new edition of Knickerbocker, with illustrations by Allston and Leslie. ⁴⁶ Yet, for the most part, during these two years, until the ultimate bankruptcy in 1818, the portion of Washington Irving was "anxious days and sleepless nights." ⁴⁷ In May, 1816, he confessed that he could not escape "the darkness that seem[ed] to lower upon [his] mind." ⁴⁸ Throughout the summer of this year he was despondent, and in the latter part of 1816 he wrote William sadly :

My heart is torn every way by anxiety for my relatives. My own individual interests are nothing. The merest pittance would content me if I could crawl out from among these troubles and see my connections safe around me. ⁴⁹

Yet it did matter for him, too, as his painful silence about this period of his life shows. He had placed his capital for the journey to Greece in the business, and this money, also, was to be swept away. The humiliation of the firm's failure lacerated him, perhaps, more than his brothers. He was a partner ; their notoriety, as he believed it to be, was also his.

The struggle [he admitted privately] was certainly vain, yet the disgrace must be kept off as long as possible. There it was, day after day ; work hard all day and then to bed late, a troubled sleep, for three hours perhaps, and then wake up ; thump, thump, thump, at the heart comes the care. No more sleep for that night ; then up and off to the coffee-house to see the wind dial ; wind due east, due east, day after day, no ship can come in, payments must be made, and nowhere for remittances to come from. Then comes an invitation to a great dinner ; must go to keep up appearances ; sit at table half asleep ; no life

for any thing ; stupid myself and everybody else stupid ; stay there three mortal hours ; then to bed with three hours of broken sleep again ; and the same thing over, day after day, week after week. Oh ! what a two years ! ⁵⁰

This unfamiliar recollection of Irving's unhappiness damages the popular portrait of the elegant idler dallying with *The Sketch Book* ; and the following unknown confession, more eloquent, discloses his suffering during the misfortunes of the brothers, and, at its conclusion, alludes to another sorrow :

I was [he said, after the downfall of the firm] no man of business ; I knew nothing about it & disliked the very name ; to such a one the horrors of commercial embarrassments and ruin are strange, and frightful and humiliating. This new calamity seemed more intolerable even than that which had before overcome me.⁵¹ That was solemn and sanctifying, it seemed while it prostrated my spirits, to purify & elevate my soul. But this was vile and sordid and humiliated me to the dust. Good heavens what I suffered for months and months and months. I lost all appetite I scarcely slept — I went to my bed every night as to a grave. I saw the Detestable ordeal of Bankruptcy in the distance and that it was inevitable, for my name stood committed in a commercial form. I would not live over that dreadful term of trial to be sure of a long life of felicity. In the midst of my distress I heard of my poor Mothers death.⁵² She died without a pang she talked of me to the last, and would not part with a letter which she received a few days before from me. I loved her with all the affection of a son, and one of my most poignant griefs was that her latter days should be embittered by my reverses. Shall I say it then, I heard of her death with a momentary satisfaction ; for she died ignorant of my misfortunes and escaped the pang of seeing the child she was so fond & proud of ruined and degraded.⁵³

Irving's nature was not profound, but, like most mortals, he had his Gethsemane. To understand his state of mind at this critical moment, we must realize that his adversities, beginning in 1809, were cumulative. He had lost during this period, before his real adjustment to life, his sister, his father, his mother, and his betrothed, and, so he now feared, that protection of the brothers upon which he had always relied. Lacking seventeen days, the death of his mother occurred just eight years after the bereavement from which he had not yet recovered. At the age of thirty-four, then, he had experienced two great sorrows, and, as he thought at the time, shame. In view of his tenuous connection with the firm's formative policies — he was only technically a partner — this sense

of dishonor appears squeamish, born of his excessive sensibility. He was blameless, but the illusion of his own guilt pulled on his sick nerves and deepened his despair :

I underwent ruin in all its bitterness & humiliation — in a strange land — among strangers. I went through the horrible ordeal of Bankruptcy. It is true I was treated with indulgence — even with courtesy ; for they perceived that I was a mere nominal party in the concern — But to me it was a cruel blow — I felt cast down — abased — I had lost my *cast* — I had always been proud of Spirit, and in my own country had been, as it were, a being of the air — I felt the force of the text “a wounded spirit who can bear ? ” I shut myself up from society — and would see no one.⁵⁴

Thus he brooded, not merely upon the last mischances, but upon new and old sorrows together. Confused, his perspective upon the eight years vanished. In his depression gloom spread over both past and future ; he could not remember that he had ever had a normal moment. He was again at Matilda's bedside ; he again took leave of his mother ; he again shriveled under the business whirlwind. His notebooks chronicled diverting experiences, but in every lonely moment he was chained once more to sorrow. The “period,” he wrote, “of trouble is over the world again quiet & prosperous while I sit like a shipwrecked mariner & look out upon the tranquil bosom of that deep in which my hopes have been overwhelmed.”⁵⁵ He racked himself, also, with remorse ; he might have saved his brothers ; he had been so weak in the happier days ! His father and his sister ! Matilda, and his mother, too ! Brevoort was successful in business, and engaged. Paulding had entered upon his career in public life and was to marry Gertrude Kemble.⁵⁶ But Irving, lonely and penniless, was merely a gyve upon Brother William. Peter, too, was perhaps dying. Academic meditations on death now had meaning :

How the truth presses home upon us as we advance in life that everything around us is transient & uncertain — It is one of those common truths that sleep in our ears — never heed it until we feel it withering at our hearts — until it is tolled in the funeral of our friends and written on the wrecks of our hopes & affections.⁵⁷

“When I look back,” such was his oft-repeated phrase, “for a few short years. . . .”⁵⁸ Irving was now neurasthenic, close to hypochondria, to what he described as “a melancholy that corrodes the spirits & seems to rust all the springs of mental energy.”⁵⁹

During the nightmare at Kinderhook in 1809 he had learned to

tame this mood by study and writing. Now, in 1818, he administered to himself another infusion of iron; he blessed, as so many times in his life, the discipline of his pen. Work would cleanse that marsh in his mind. Yet it must not be the work of an accountant in a dismal Liverpool warehouse. What should it be? Very possibly the hint is given us in the fascination for him, in the Beddgelert inn, of Welsh legend. American folklore was already a passion; he had toyed with it in *Salmagundi* and in *A History of New York*. But the fount of such legend (Scott was to confirm him in this belief) was in Germany, and he had already shared the popular excitement about German translations in English periodicals. English interest in Germany and German literature was still crescent,⁶⁰ but the greatest treasures were not yet in English. After the bankruptcy, probably as a direct result of his visit to Scott, to be described presently, Irving bought a German grammar and fell to work. "For months I studied German day & night by way of driving off horrid thoughts."⁶¹ He had a double purpose; German was an anodyne, and also a gateway to European folklore.

Perhaps while reading as a self-imposed lesson one of these old German stories, he first conceived the idea of his masterpiece, "Rip Van Winkle." During this time, at any rate, he beheld again, with a distinctness that drove off his melancholy, that dream of his which had lured him on from the days in Romaine's school, that passion which had outlived Matilda, and even his youth. He would write. As he pored over the German tales, as he paced restlessly up and down in Van Wart's chamber, as he explored Scotland with Preston, as he responded to the courage of his beloved Scott at Abbotsford, as he meditated upon his poverty, in all these moods he came to see clearly that if he was meant for anything in the world, it was this. His sadness, intensified by personal sorrow, his quick, tender feeling, his friendly humor, so close to pathos—however humble, these powers were his own, inalienably. Using them he would forget, and—a bolder thought—thus he would attain.

This affirmation was the mildest of Everlasting Yeas. In all his anguished speculations Irving never crossed the boundaries of this planet. Religion, philosophy, and a definition of this weary, unintelligible life were not for him. In faith an unaggressive deist, incurious regarding the moral order, his decisions concerning the conduct of life lack the dignity of a subversive spiritual experience. Nowhere in Irving's notebooks occur revelations of essential questioning, such as exist, for example, in Emerson's poem "Grace."⁶² His doubts compassed not the total meaning of existence but merely

his own inadequacy in certain exacting circumstances. Yet when his courage was at the ebb, in himself he found the strength to turn the tide. "It has pleased heaven," he wrote in a notebook of 1817, "that I should be driven on upon my inner strength."⁶³ It was a measuring of his own soul, an assertion of his best self, an expression of his belief in life worthy of our respect. He would do what he could. His foot might never be, like those of the great thinkers, beyond Time, but, if he were manly, it could rest more firmly on this world. He was not, like the mystic Whitman, "mortis'd in granite." He was not, as Epictetus admitted of himself, a Hercules, but, like the lame Stoic, he need not neglect his own powers. He would bend these to the utmost.

The idea [he says in his most personal self-portrait] suddenly came to return to my pen, not so much for support, for bread & water had no terrors for me, but to reinstate myself in the worlds thoughts—to raise myself from the degradation into which I considered myself fallen. I took my resolution—threw myself a stranger into London, shut myself up and went to work.⁶⁴

Thomas Carlyle, who sought for him in Paris in 1824,⁶⁵ might have applauded this defiance from a whimpering biped; Emerson, now a freshman at Harvard College, might have written otherwise of Irving, had he known this travail of his dark hours.⁶⁶

This was *The Sketch Book's* prenatal period; such was the prevailing mood of these years. Beneath a convenient elegance many of its essays are attuned to the feelings of this time, and with these events in mind, a reader may detect in the book many covert allusions to Irving's personal griefs. He suffered, and in his suffering was born his purpose; his heart framed a resolution to write; and this resolution held throughout his life. All this may be said, with due allowance for his mercurial temperament. His darkness was not, of course, unrelieved, as was in certain periods Poe's. Fitful and even intense happiness flashed through the clouds, as in the days with Walter Scott. In the months preceding *The Sketch Book*, he was at intervals freed from his load. Yet the dominant color was gray, and, like *The Sketch Book*, the notebooks of 1817 and 1818 took on this tint. Unlike the journal of the Welsh excursion, they depict, not the traveler, but the writer, earnestly in search of material. He interspersed his logs with notations, accompanied by deletions and emendations, of incidents and characters. As in the notebook of 1810, when under the spell of Scott, he experimented. Here is a sentence with a cadence; here a paragraph which is the substructure

of an essay in *The Sketch Book*.⁶⁷ "Pre-thinking," he called it, "— the determination not only of the content but of the actual form of the sentence before it should be written down."⁶⁸ He laughed easily in company, and forgot momentarily his sadness, but he had changed. He was more serious, a prospector on the trail of literary gold, and a rather anxious one. This fixation of motive, so evident hereafter, whatever he is doing, in London or Granada, was accomplished in this long-drawn-out struggle between 1815 and 1819.

"I am perfectly confident," wrote Irving's new friend James Ogilvie, endowed apparently with the tongue of prophecy, "that even in two years you will look back on this seeming disaster as the most fortunate incident that has befallen you."⁶⁹ Irving would have disagreed, at least during the three weeks in hot, deserted London,⁷⁰ where he settled in August, 1817, to keep his vow. In retrospect he could think of nothing cheerful happening during those first days of solitary labor. Actually, there were oases in the Sahara. He grew intimate with John Kemble.⁷¹ He became fonder of Leslie and Allston, and he talked much with Campbell, who proved to be less attractive than his poetry, partly because of his miserable domestic life. He took dinner at John Murray's;⁷² it was his first sight of his archtormenter in the English publishing world. The elder D'Israeli was kind to him; these meetings commenced a long friendship. It was probably Allston who dragged him to gaze at Coleridge. This was the year of the *Biographia Literaria*; Irving made a note of the odd title.⁷³ He may not have read this, but he could understand Coleridge's poetry, he thought, better than the eccentric Wordsworth's. He joined the circle of young men around the seer, and got about as much from the "islets of the blest and the intelligible" as most Americans, including Emerson fifteen years later.⁷⁴ His recollection of Coleridge is like a garbled sentence from Carlyle's noble portrait of the philosopher at Highgate: ⁷⁵ "I was surprised by his volubility. He walked about, in his gray hair, with his right hand over his head, moving the thumb and finger of his right hand moving [*sic*] over his head, as if sprinkling snuff upon his crown."⁷⁶

Later, after his own success, Irving overdid adulation of the great. Now he was in no mood to kneel before these gods of English literature. He meant to see Scott, and he would like to have met Byron, who had left England in the previous year, but a cat prefers food even to looking at kings. He could not gossip forever about successful writers; he must himself become one. So he beat

his brains, and scribbled in his notebooks. Meanwhile, he must live. He was in no position to demand advance royalties, and he could call no more upon the shrunken estates of William and Ebenezer.⁷⁷ Peter Irving alludes in a letter to Brevoort to the Irvings' "progress down the hill of fortune," and also to Washington's new arrangement with Moses Thomas: "It will furnish him the means of present support, and enable him to give his attention to objects which may prove profitable and honourable to him."⁷⁸

This was true. In desperation, Irving had dickered with his old friend, and had sounded out the suave Murray. The latter was to have the privilege of reprinting in England "some of the best books published"⁷⁹ in America. In the negotiations of twenty years between Irving and Murray, our first sympathy is with the latter when we learn the titles of "the best books": Wirt's *Sketches of the Life and Character of Henry*, Maclure's *Observations on the Geology of the United States*, McAfee's *History of the Late War in the Western Country*, and Brackenridge's *Views of Louisiana*. Murray declined promptly, but was more favorably disposed toward a reverse proposition, the printing of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* (1817) in the United States. Such projects did not lessen Irving's financial cares.⁸⁰ Yet, in spite of distractions, during the summer and autumn he stuck to that resolution of his to take notes and to write, most of all to write, always to *write*. He might have been seen in these August days of 1817, one in the never-ceasing flow of London crowds, one of the thousands uncertain of a livelihood, sauntering aimlessly about the city, with unstrung nerves. On one day he was "buffeting for some time against the current of population setting through Fleet Street. . . . The flesh was weary, the spirit faint."⁸¹ He wove his way through the press, plunged down a by-lane, and emerged into an ancient court, with its central grassplot. In such scenes were conceived two essays of *The Sketch Book*.⁸²

He wrote all of it, his famous book, in England, save two papers, and for these he had already sent an imperative summons to Brevoort.⁸³ A flimsy, duodecimo memorandum booklet contained what he called, then or later, "Notes while preparing Sketch Book"; on some miscellaneous scraps of paper he scratched down, apparently at this time, impressions of "Little Britain" or "Green Arbor Court."⁸⁴ Yet the manuscript, like his own nerves, demanded flight from the city; he must pencil and tint this sweet English countryside. It was not only London but "Europe," or at this instant, England, that "was rich in the accumulated treasures

of age.”⁸⁵ Pushing into the future the imminent meeting of the firm’s creditors, he “longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement, — to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity, — to loiter about the ruined castle, — to meditate on the falling tower.”⁸⁶ This particular yearning was peremptory. The counties between Birmingham and London he had explored; Wales he had visited twice; but he had not yet seen the moors and mountains whose songs poor Ann had sung to him in childhood. Caledonia would not fail him. Besides, Tom Campbell⁸⁷ would give him a letter to Walter Scott, and Preston was to meet him in Edinburgh. On August 25 he set sail for Berwick-on-Tweed. In the two notebooks, his daily companions, were already rough jottings for nine essays.⁸⁸

So the descendant of Scotsmen returned, for the only time during his life, to the country of his forbears. On the smack *Lively*, he corralled some fearsome tales of witches and warlocks, and, as the vessel skirted the misty Northumbrian shore, he sighted on its rocky cliffs Dunstanborough Castle, and softly quoted *Marmion*. Past Bamborough, then, and Holy Island, he sailed, and into the Tweed at Berwick; next, on by coach through Dunbar and the grain-laden fields of Lothian into Edinburgh.⁸⁹ How beautiful the city was, with the morning smoke rising from the houses between the old and the new towns in aerial cloud ramparts over rock and castle! At the scenes which had been everyday words in William Street he caught his breath — Arthur’s seat and Holyrood!⁹⁰ On that stage of Mary’s tragic end he composed at once an artless little essay⁹¹ — for write of Scotland he must. It was the land of past and present idols, Burns and Sir Walter.

Of the genial, brilliant society of Edinburgh, Irving saw little.⁹² To Scott and Jeffrey,⁹³ the masters who had reached the goal which he had set himself, he turned, to these northern men of literature. This Jeffrey, this “little inky Hector,”⁹⁴ as Brevoort had characterized him angrily to his friend, received Irving in his ancient Craigcrook, very hospitable, but with his cocksure edicts now shifted to America, from which he had returned three years earlier. Never had he seen such violent political parties!⁹⁵ Never such flippant, ignorant girls! Many Americans, who were always passing through the aisle of Craigcrook to reach the high altar of Abbotsford, returned this dislike.

His foible [went on the irritated Brevoort] is an unceasing effort to act the high finished gentleman, consequently he is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to condemn every thing in the whole

world both moral & physical. . . . I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys.⁹⁶

Irving was sensible of these twists in Jeffrey; the dictator's manner in society was a perpetual "This will never do." Yet he made friends with Jeffrey, forming an intimacy which the former's enemies would have called typical; ⁹⁷ later he knew Jeffrey even better in Paris. Indeed, the respective reactions to Jeffrey of the two friends are illuminating: Brevoort was enraged; Irving deftly changed the subject. Who was "the Great Unknown," the author of *Waverley*? In London they had been doubtful. Why, Scott, of course, said Jeffrey; everyone in Edinburgh was sure of it. He wrote the novels, Scott, "Social, Joyous, full of anecdote of irrepressible good spirits," Scott, who was so "picturesque & mimic . . . fond of a broad joke occasionally & quite a merry hearted man."⁹⁸ Indeed, the authorship of the *Waverley* novels was likely to be the sauce for any conversation on contemporary literature. As late as 1824 Lady Granard told Irving that "*mark her words* it would one day be known Scott only contributed the poetry & touched up the novels—written by another hand: His causes for father[*in*]g them were generous & would redound to his credit."⁹⁹

After all, Scott was the man! All American pilgrims sought him out, but Irving's worship was more special.¹⁰⁰ As Emerson hunted down Carlyle at Craigenputtock in 1833, so Irving's quest ended in Abbotsford. In his pocket now was the note of introduction in Campbell's handwriting. The formality was unnecessary. Brevoort had been there before him, Knickerbocker in hand; and in that year (1813) Scott had written Irving that memorable letter of master to disciple, in spirit not wholly unlike Emerson's greeting to Walt Whitman in 1855. The swift growth of the publishing business and the convenient lack of international copyright laws had made Scott's poetry and the *Waverley* novels staples in New York.¹⁰¹ He was in the bookstalls and on the stage;¹⁰² Irving's interest in him had long been personal, and, since the letter, almost proprietary. The notebook of 1810, already discussed, with its excerpts from the poetry, intimates in a dozen ways their kindred interests. Now Irving was to take Scott by the hand, to ask him the questions surging in his mind. The meeting seemed foreordained; no conjunction of stellar representatives of the two literatures is more suggestive than this, save that of the sages of Chelsea and Concord.

For in America had already begun a battle, inconclusive until the era of Mark Twain, for a buckram, original literature of our own. And Irving, despite his concern with local tradition, had long since

taken sides against this movement, as in his biography of Campbell. These friendships with Scott, Rogers, and Moore, during seventeen years in Europe, riveted his union with the conservative forces which strove to keep American literature imitative. The line runs straight from him through Longfellow and Lowell to the group which to-day counsels sustained effort under the established laws of the traditions of English literature, and sows suspicion on our own untutored ideals. For, unlike Emerson, who left Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, coolly pronouncing these ordinary men, Irving found in Scott the confirmation of his ideals in writing. Byron, Scott, Rogers, Moore, Tieck, and Fernán Caballero — Irving perhaps “listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe.”¹⁰³

On that morning of August 30, 1817, in the coach from Selkirk to Melrose, he may have speculated upon the resemblances between himself and the mightier writer, twelve years his senior. Personally, both were candid, social spirits of this earth; both were endowed with rare capacities for friendship and the domestic affections. Both loved the secular past, that extraordinary society of the middle ages, which both fashioned into a chivalric world that never had an actual being. Each had his “own romantic town”; each his antiquarian enthusiasms; each owned freely a childlike love of the mysterious-terrible; and both grew weary when this past threatened to entangle them in the metaphysical, the mystical, or those deeper and more dangerous elements which at once ennoble and intellectualize romanticism. Both, in a word, in their love of the past, were external.

Perhaps the comparison is irrelevant. Washington Irving's fancy was a feeble instrument compared with that powerful faculty which was projecting, as in *Rob Roy*, upon which it was now engaged, the vast playground of monks, knights, soldiers, and fair ladies. Irving himself would probably have admitted only that similarity which exists between Scott and the devoted student of Scott, the antitypal relation between the artist and his sympathetic reader. His sense of humor prevented his denying that Scott's universe of poetry and fiction was childlike, but he knew this also, that into it the master had breathed so much of his own sweet, strong nature that English, Scottish, and German legend had risen into life. It seemed to Irving that Scott was one of those writers who “tied the charms of poetry on every river hill & grey rock made the desert to blossom as the rose.”¹⁰⁴

In some such fashion, too, the younger man, of slighter men-

talily, was to arrest the legends of the Catskills, and even of the Spanish Sierras, to write memorably, if too gently, of peasant and prince, of Warwickshire, of the Rhine valley, of Brittany, of Cordova and Ronda. This day was to bind the two men together.¹⁰⁸ The coach rolled onward, beside the Tweed, which rippled lazily with the sound which Scott loved, between its naked gray hills; the horses paused at Abbotsford. Was it agreeable, inquired the postilion, as he presented Mr. Campbell's letter, for Walter Scott to receive a visit from Washington Irving, of New York? Scott, at breakfast with his family, received the announcement with thunderous welcome. In fact,

the noise of the chaise & the appearance of the postillion had given the alarm to a legion of dogs that garrisoned Scott's castle; all their throats were opened and one black greyhound mounted on a wall seemed to lead the chorus. In a few minutes Scott himself appeared limping up the hill.¹⁰⁹

The host's powerful frame was clothed in an old green shooting-coat, with a dog whistle at its buttonhole. He wore brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes, and a battered white hat. "Come," he called out in hearty tones, "drive down, drive down to the house, ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey." Irving demurred. "Hout, man," Scott added, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."¹⁰⁷ Thus dawned the four days which to Irving were blissful fulfillment. Though busy with the manuscript of *Rob Roy*, Scott showed him all that he could wish to see. With the younger son, Charles, he viewed Melrose by the pale moonlight; he loitered on the hills in sight of Gala Water, the Braes of Yarrow, and Ettrick Vale; he even dared to dispraise the bare slopes in contrast with his own carpeted Catskills. "Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills."¹⁰⁸ In the evening, in the cheerful living room, Sophia Scott sang border ballads, and the poet drifted off into story after story of chieftain and clan. "This," Irving told Duyckinck, "was to be happy. I felt happiness then."¹⁰⁹

Perhaps these friendly days and evenings accounted for his sudden sense of well-being; the family liked him,¹¹⁰ and, like everyone, he was hypnotized by Scott himself. It was enough to be "in daily intercourse with the *great spirits* of the earth."¹¹¹ Yet his contentment was not due wholly to the events which he reviewed, in

1835, in "Abbotsford." Irving was not, like Brevoort, a sight-seer, but, as Scott perceived, a student in an art dear to his teacher. Abbotsford was his Academe, and Scott his Plato. It was Scott's conversation which bound him forever to his mentor; this wise talk of legend and writing Irving kept turning over and over in his mind. No one else could have spoken so understandingly of his life-long interests.

That broad dialect flowed on concerning every subject save that of "the Great Unknown," about which Irving was tactfully silent — on dogs, on education, on feudal warfare, on natural scenery, on Tom Campbell's verse. Perhaps they chatted of Spanish themes, for Scott had just written a poem on Don Roderick, who was destined to be a subject of Irving's in 1828;¹¹² more certainly they spoke of Irving's study of German, and what a mastery of the language would mean.¹¹³ Scott did not show to Irving, as did Jane Carlyle to Emerson, testimonials from Weimar, but on his shelves were the reappings from his German studies, begun in 1792 — the translations from Bürger.¹¹⁴ It would be strange if Scott's endless discourse on the history of folklore had omitted these cognate studies, especially in conversation with a young man who at this moment was meditating "light tales in the manner of Wieland."¹¹⁵

Legend was, in any case, the refrain of this duet between Scott and Irving. Scott's ruminations on Thomas the Rhymer, imprisoned by the Queen of the Fairies for seven years, would be quite enough, one German critic is convinced, to suggest "Rip Van Winkle."¹¹⁶ Certainly Irving's most energetic study of German occurred after his visit to Abbotsford, though he may have struggled with nouns and verbs in 1816. If we omit, which is unwise, the probability of the discussion of Continental legend, there still remains the likelihood of Irving's receiving direct counsel from Scott on his own future. He appeared at breakfast on the second day, Mrs. Lockhart recalled, pale from lack of sleep.¹¹⁷ Was the cause his mere presence in the house of Scott, of whom he had dreamed since 1810, or was his excitement heightened by thoughts of his own authorship? Should he write a novel? For in his Scottish notebooks were the memoranda for his curious novelette "Rosalie," which he later packed down into the essay "Mountjoy."¹¹⁸ On one of these days Irving spoke long of himself; Scott, in prophesying Irving's fame, always exhibited a surprising knowledge of his friend's precise purposes.¹¹⁹

These are, after all, speculations, though, on the whole, they are as credible as the immortal story that Irving described Rebecca

Gratz so eloquently that she became the original of the Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.¹²⁰ The essential point is that Irving, in a critical moment, drank in encouragement from a genius in the same field. His days with Scott yielded a delirious pleasure in this romantic "world of ideas, images and impressions."¹²¹ Acknowledging that he was different from Scott in the gifts of narrative and verse, he felt himself allied to him in his passion for the picturesque in character and incident and for the romantic supernatural. In particular, he loved, as did Scott, the huntsman, the ancient retainer, the squire, the abbey, the castle, and the tournament. These belonged to a shallow, mythical universe, jejune now in the disillusioned twentieth century but dear to the spirit of the epoch from about 1800 to 1830, which was waited on by Byron, Scott, and the American imitators of the Gothic romancers. Irving had resolved to write, but was not quite oriented. Scott's service was to strengthen and define sharply his predilections. In London in 1819 it was common gossip that Scott had inspired portions of *The Sketch Book*; a few declared he had himself written it entire! "God bless him!" Irving cried out, as he remembered how much Scott's "restless creative principle" had meant to him. "I feel it a happiness to have lived in the same time with him."¹²²

Meanwhile, in Edinburgh, young Preston¹²³ was waiting for his friend to climb down from Olympus. Preston was a buoyant spirit, quite at home in the society of the Scottish capital, where it had been solemnly predicted that he would "be heard of as an ornament of that great continent [America] . . . such light of mind — such perfect good nature."¹²⁴ Irving was to know Preston again, many years later, when the prophecy had a reasonable fulfillment; Preston became United States Senator from South Carolina. His new friend had already experienced the "perfect good nature" in his summer tours with him and Peter to Runcorn and to Wales, and from the moment that the two mounted, on September 4, the chaise bound for Linlithgow, Preston, in spite of reluctance to walk distances and propensities for hiring carriages, was an excellent traveling companion. Eleven years Irving's junior, he never broke in upon the author's sacred reveries concerning Scott and Burns, and he had a flair for the humorous side of hardship and for anecdotes of his Carolinian frontier.¹²⁵ He was, indeed, a vigorous, irrepressible young American, in many ways the antithesis of Irving, whom he described shrewdly in his own *Autobiography*.¹²⁶ No other document shows Irving so clearly during this uncertain period of his career.

In Liverpool in 1817 Preston had been struck down by a severe fever. He woke to find standing beside him "a small gentleman dressed in black" who said: "I am your countryman Washington Irving,"¹²⁷ and who quietly managed him and his affairs till he was well. During the convalescence and the subsequent tours the intimacy had grown, somewhat to the chastening of the hearty Preston, who at first was somewhat in awe of this

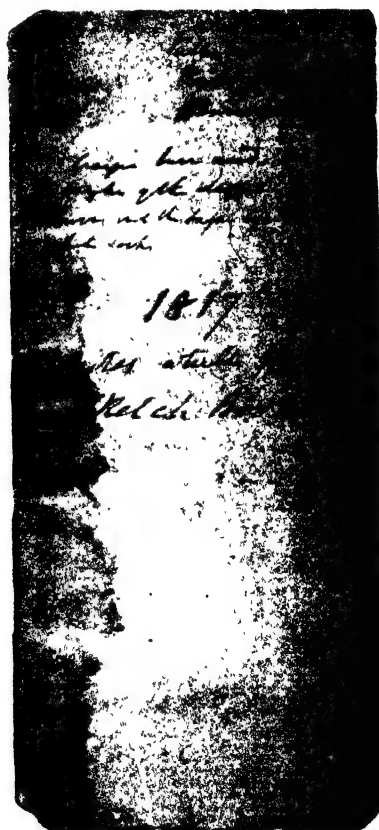
man of grave, indeed a melancholy aspect, of very staid manners, his kindness rather the offspring of principle and cultivated taste than of emotion. There was an unfailing air of moderation about him, his dress was punctilious his tone of talking, soft and firm, and in general over subdued, until a natural turn would occasionally run into humour, and laughable delineation of character or events.¹²⁸

The sorrows of the last months had had their influence upon this gravity, but it had existed earlier, as we know, especially in an attitude toward England, already described,¹²⁹ which now Preston heard formulated into a philosophy of travel or even of life. He seemed, said the surprised Preston, "to exercise a large influence over me, especially in restraining the exuberance of my national and natural temper."¹³⁰ As the two knew each other better, stout blows were exchanged on this ancient question. Preston was irritated by English reticence, and inclined to bear it down by lusty good humor. But of this Irving was scornful. "Americanizing!" he called it, again and again; and denounced Preston's faults in this particular without mercy. Yet, said the younger man, they are "nationalities." "Wrong nationalities," declared the other, reared in Federalist New York and upon English literature, "they are wrong nationalities and ought to be suppressed in a gentleman." To suppress them, he added, was one of the objects of travel. Neither yielded, and the argument grew warm. Still, said Preston, "upon subsequent reflection I saw much truth in what he said."¹³¹ There was; Irving spoke for a cult of his age, a cult which he was to express in book after book until he was denounced in the American press as an expatriate.

Preston's testimony is valuable, concerning Irving's sadness, concerning his Anglophile tendency, which "pushed his opposition to this tendency [Americanizing] to the extent almost of affectation,"¹³² and concerning his resolve to escape from his poverty by writing, especially, as will be discussed later,¹³³ by the transference of his talents in sketching to writing.



IRVING'S SKETCH OF THE BRIG O' DOON AT AYR



FRONT COVER OF NOTES
WHILE PREPARING SKETCH
BOOK &c., 1817

Irving [says Preston] decided that literature was to be his profession and the means of support. He had taken lessons in drawing, and had a decided turn for the art. He sketched very well, even in the estimation of Washington Allston, Leslie, and Stewart Newton, and it was perhaps some feeling of this kind that suggested to him the notion of his Sketch Book. He turned it in his mind — spoke a good deal to me about it — occasionally asked me when he gave an account of anything that touched him, how would that do in print. We went to the Athenæum together and on our return he jotted down what he saw or what had struck him.¹⁸⁴

Such were the interchanges of the two friends as they journeyed on from Linlithgow. At Stirling they wandered over the field of Bannockburn; and near Dunkeld they inspected Norval's grave.¹⁸⁵ Irving's pencil was busy; he drew outlines of Loch Tay and Ben Lomond. The pilgrims followed routes recommended by *The Lady of the Lake*.¹⁸⁶ For Irving could not forget Scott; he peered eagerly into Rob Roy's cave. With his notes on his deity and others on Burns,¹⁸⁷ collected at Ayr, he owned material for an essay which would have honored any miscellany. He was, however, too discreet to publish before Scott's death.¹⁸⁸ Yet the novelist's spirit hovered over his three weeks in the Highlands, and Irving's last act before leaving Edinburgh was to compose a farewell letter to Abbotsford.

I shall ever recollect [wrote the young American] the few days I passed with you and your amiable family as among the choicest of my life. Surrounded as you are by friends among the most eminent & illustrious the good will of an individual like myself cannot be a matter of much importance yet I feel a gratification in expressing it.¹⁸⁹

Until Irving's dying day, the journey to the North meant this friendship with Walter Scott.

The rest of the year 1817 Irving spent in the loathed Liverpool office. He was strewing sprigs of yew over P. and E. Irving. The contrast to the weeks in Scotland overwhelmed him. "I drew in," he wrote sadly, "new life & health & hopes with the bright air of the Scotch mountains as I looked around upon the lovely landscape. I thought it could not be that a world so fair should be the appointed abode of wretchedness."¹⁴⁰ His escape now seemed to have been momentary; he sank again into the habitual mood of the two years, and was hardly grateful for William's ineffectual efforts to secure for him the secretaryship of the American Legation in Lon-

don.¹⁴¹ Brevoort's marriage was an offense, "the grave of Batchelors intimacy."¹⁴² All this woe, including a new series of melancholy letters to Mrs. Hoffman, was an aftermath of the demise of P. and E. Irving. On January 27, 1818, Washington and Peter appeared before the Commissioners on Bankruptcy, and on March 14, all was done. On this day occurred the last meeting of the insolvents' creditors and the last act of Washington Irving as a tradesman. "Commerce," such was his verdict, "is a game where the merchant is one party & ruin the other."¹⁴⁸

To this final cutting of the thread he was almost indifferent. As in a fatal illness, he had already experienced his shock; he felt benumbed. This time he buried himself at once in his notebooks; his refuge was intense mental activity. Even as he awaited the Commissioners' sentence, he conjugated German verbs, scrawled off pages of declensions. "Guter Wein," he noted wearily; "gute Milch gutes Bier."¹⁴⁴ Shut up in his chamber, striding up and down, he declaimed genitives and neuters that he might forget bankruptcy, and, incidentally, understood a volume of "Erzählungen" and "Die Gespenster."¹⁴⁵ "Das Schwarze Pferd . . . das Deutsche Schifferhaus."¹⁴⁶ What a language! In it he could now splutter feebly. Worn out, he occasionally turned to his novel, "Rosalie," or brooded over subjects for essays—discoverable, perhaps, he wondered, in his homesick recollections of America or in his books concerning the Revolution?

Yet, more and more this tedious German tongue seemed the highroad to legend. One entry in his notebook has exceptional interest, that from Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany*: "Watzman Mountain in Bavaria where it is said the Emperor Charles the great & all his army are confined until Doomsday—near Sallzburg—a cleft of the mountain from whence you hear a dull rumbling like distant thunder."¹⁴⁷ Four years later he stood in this ravine, listening, half credulous, half amused, for the phantom army. He could always hear in the Harz hills the voices of enchanted soldiers, in the Sierra Nevada the din of Moorish shields; and in his own Catskills the dull reverberations of falling ninepins. Incurable lover of ancient legend!

He had, in fact, in this spring of 1818, already thought of such a tale as "Rip Van Winkle." As we shall see, he wrote this story swiftly, under direct inspiration; it cannot be traced in detail to such jottings as produced, for example, "The Wife." Yet the influence upon it of his German studies is plain. He began his note-taking for *The Sketch Book* as early as the summer of 1817, but

his vicissitudes cost him "much coaxing of his mind to get it in training again."¹⁴⁸ He finished the writing, by his own statement, three years afterwards, in June, 1820. The publication of the book's separate numbers spread over a long period, the printing of some essays antedating the composition of others. Thus the first of the seven serial installments published in America began in June, 1819; these concluded on September 13, 1820. Meanwhile, the first English volume was brought out in London in February, 1820;¹⁴⁹ the second saw the light in July of the same year. The fate of *The Sketch Book* as a unit belongs to the next chapter.¹⁵⁰ The separate essays have long since coalesced into a single work, but as each appeared, it influenced, unlike his other writings, Irving's thoughts and actions day by day; and with these episodes of his life story we shall now be concerned.

CHAPTER VIII

GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SKETCH BOOK

1819-1820

IN AUGUST, 1817, some nine sketches lay unfinished in Irving's portfolio. Between this date and June, 1818, when, apparently, he entered his first note on "Rip Van Winkle," he had done little with these manuscripts. He had visited Scott, had bade farewell to business, and had begun in earnest the study of German. In this month, however — a happy corollary of these events and of his resolution to write — Rip Van Winkle shouldered his gun, whistled to Wolf, and slept his long sleep in the Catskills. In "Castle Van Tromp" at Camden Hill was the birth chamber, with Henry Van Wart as a brummagem midwife, of Irving's immortal tale. This sensible magnate partly understood his brother-in-law's depression; he himself had been a heavy loser in the bankruptcy proceedings. He and Sarah grieved for the kinsman who had altered so sadly since the buoyant weeks of 1815. He "fell," they agreed,

deeper than his brothers — for he fell from a greater height of hope. They lost only money — as ten thousand others had done in the wide overthrow, and lost it as honestly as the best of them — but he lost more, and what money could not express or restore.¹

The children, missing the flute, were lonely; Van Wart was puzzled; Sarah still cherished the family faith that in the youngest brother was latent genius. They watched him, melancholy in company and still more melancholy as in his room he sat facing the empty sheets of paper. Van Wart's simple creed of cheerfulness finally won; on an evening in June Irving found himself laughing with his brother-in-law at long-forgotten days in Sleepy Hollow. He fled to his room, but in a different mood; his heart was light: "thoughts came with a rush, faster than he could write them — all the faster, seemingly, for being fettered so long by the ice of his

long mental despondency." Until midnight and through the small hours he wrote. At morning the June sun shone through the shutters, revealing him still bent over his table. The Van Warts at breakfast looked up to see him enter, radiant, the fresh manuscript in his hand. "He said it had all come back to him; *Sleepy Hollow* had awakened him from his long dull, desponding slumber; and then he read the first chapters of '*Rip Van Winkle*.'"²

The anecdote, authentic, and interesting in itself, implies how sporadic was the composition of the essays. Behind some lay Irving's molelike collection of data, with countless variations between first draft and printed page; behind others, such as "*Rip Van Winkle*" and "*The Wife*," was furious writing, impatient of delay. This haste became a habit. Later, Moore entered Irving's lodgings to find him caught in such a frenzy: "As the poet saw page after page of Mr. Irving's manuscript thrown aside, he stepped quietly into the room, and did not speak a word until the task was ended."³ Yet the works of rapture and the works of drudgery were published side by side. One bedfellow of "*Rip Van Winkle*," in the first series, was "*Roscoe*," whose genesis, by contrast, may be traced to the painful, revised sentences in the pocket notebook.

Ten essays, presumably, were near final form when Irving returned to London in July, 1818,⁴ including "*Rural Life in England*," materials for which he had gathered during holidays in the environs of Birmingham.⁵ Altogether the collection of manuscripts lacked homogeneity; these sketches could hardly be called a book. The idea of publishing them in small groups probably came to him at this time, for an old influence in his life suddenly revived; he was thrown day after day, in his leisure hours in London, with artists. Allston, in spite of the success of his painting of *Uriel*, left suddenly in September, overcome by homesickness, for America, where he was to die among his unfinished canvases.⁶ But Irving was now intimate with Leslie and Newton, and the mutual benefits of this triumvirate were lasting: "You opened to me," wrote Leslie, "a new range of observation in my own art, and a perception of the qualities and character of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other."⁷

The resemblance of some of Irving's prose descriptions to still life in painting, as noted by contemporary authors,⁸ probably represents the liquidation of this debt. Leslie's work Irving studied ceaselessly. With aid from Newton, Irving and Leslie had already visualized scenes in *Knickerbocker* by placid paintings of Dutch life. Would it be possible, Irving thought, to paint in prose Eng-

lish characters, English rural and urban scenes? He came to think of his art as akin to Leslie's, and he now, apparently, first named himself "Geoffrey Crayon." He would issue his papers separately, as vignettes of England and America. The novel "Rosalie" he threw aside. The essays he revised arduously, and within six months five were, if possible, to be sent to a printer. He studied London now with more self-knowledge than a year before, when he had not talked with Scott or Leslie of his aims or, at Van Wart's, lived through that night among the Catskills. In some ways, as he wandered thoughtfully in Westminster Abbey,⁹ he could regard the year between the visit to Scott in September, 1817, and the termination of "Rip Van Winkle" in December, 1818, in London, as an apocalypse to himself of his art.

This was fortunate, for there was to be a final test of Irving's resolution to write. Worry about him had become long since chronic in the brothers; and after the firm's disaster they had not been idle in his behalf. In November Washington received a disturbing letter from William:

New York 24th October, 1818.

My dear brother,

I added a postscript to a letter of Br Ebenezer to you, written a few days ago. The purport of the letter was to inform you that Commodore Decatur¹⁰ informed me that he had made such arrangements, & such steps would further be made by the Navy Board, as that you will be able to obtain the office of first Clerk in the Navy Department, which is indeed similar to that of under secretary in England. The salary is equal to 2400 Dollars p^r annum, which as the Commodore^{re} says, is sufficient to enable you to live in Washington like a prince. The Secretary of the Navy has resigned,¹¹ and as harmony in that department is wished, the President wishes that the new one may meet with their approbation. They have been looking round for a suitable person, and they are resolved to make it a *sine qua non* with him, whoever he may be, that the present chief clerk, who has rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to all the fine spirits of the navy, shall be dismissed; and they have determined to secure the birth for you, until your answer can be obtained. It is a birth highly respectable—Very comfortable in its income, light in its duties, and will afford you a very ample leisure to pursue the bent of your literary inclinations. It may also be a mere stepping stone to higher station & may be considered at any rate permanent.

If you think it will suit, you will return immediately. Leave your present engagement with the Doctor,¹² it will provide for him a present support, until it is in our power to do better. My dear brother,

how happy I will be to see you all in a comfortable way once more. It will take the only load remaining, from my heart.

Decatur is a worthy true hearted fellow, his sincere attachment to you has been greatly transferred to me; I have received many kind attentions from him, & have always found him ready to do every thing to promote the interest of our family. James¹³ has a very happy, independent life among them, and is highly respected by all the great men; your situation can be made exactly similar, & you will be able to spend your days in the best of society & among the worthies of the land.¹⁴

"Days in the best of society & among the worthies of the land"! Through the letter breathed the aspirations of this middle-class family, and also the unswerving affection of the brothers. Written a few months earlier, it might have doomed *The Sketch Book* and Irving's career in literature. During the first obsequies of the firm he could hardly have refused this offer. Now he was in armor. Still tossed about by trifles, his "purpose," nevertheless, to which he alludes so often in his correspondence, held fast. He comprehended only too clearly the misunderstanding in New York and the chagrin of the brothers. Yet he plucked up courage; he declined the post. "My pride," said he, "was up—I would receive nothing as a boon granted to a ruined man—I was resolved if possible to raise myself once more by my talents, and owe nothing to compassion. In this way I produced the Sketch Book."¹⁵

Bondage is bondage, though it be that of the deepest love, and for once, Irving had broken his. Would that he had stood as firmly in a similar test of eleven years later!¹⁶ So long had the brothers done his thinking for him that to act alone was a wrench. From now on he was to pay a price for his protracted dependence upon his family. The anxiety which beset William and Ebenezer was like that of the parent who cannot finally relinquish the guidance of his child. Nor could Washington, throughout his life, be quite independent of the fear of fraternal disapproval. It may be doubted whether the brothers ever looked upon him as an adult. Until he was forty-five they continued to plot for him, usually to his annoyance. This decision of his, that in writing lay the true fulfillment of his life, they never, in spite of their happiness in his successes, fully understood. In good American fashion they planned and planned, to fasten him, if they could, in some orthodox pursuit. It is the familiar story of the artist and his environment, that of the gifted American resisting Philistia. On the whole, Irving was lucky. His expatriation, by which he satisfied his deepest aims, came about

naturally. To go abroad for seventeen years to write would have seemed to the brothers madness ; to go on business and then stay to become a writer was dubious, but tolerable if success justified the heresy. Thus Irving, unlike Henry James, who saw this type of conflict so clearly, escaped lasting animus from Americans. Nor was he thwarted by Philistia, as was his greater countryman Poe — and, perhaps, Whitman and Mark Twain.

So Irving resolved to remain, to work out his destiny as a writer. He decided, but the expense to his new-found spirits was perceptible. Even to Brevoort, who understood better, he was all apologies, and during the gestation of the first number of *The Sketch Book* he was torn by the old self-distrust.¹⁷ To refuse William anything ! For a time this thought paralyzed his writing :

Fancy, humor — all seemed to have gone from me . . . I had offended the best brother a man ever had ; given over the chance Providence seemed to have opened, and now my writing-hand was palsied ; a more miserable, doubting creature than I was in the two following months can hardly ever have lived.¹⁸

These words he uttered bitterly, with clenched fist. He was learning the cost of independence of spirit. "It seemed as if I was utterly bereft of all the fancies I ever had."¹⁹

For Irving's was one of those natures which see painfully the advantages of the road not taken. He was wrecked, he thought. Yet he clung to his spar. In a letter to Ebenezer he rationalized his decision :

My talents [he wrote] are merely literary, and all my habits of thinking, reading, &c., have been in a different direction from that required for the active politician. It is a mistake also to suppose I would fill an office there [Washington], and devote myself at the same time to literature. I require much leisure and a mind entirely abstracted from other cares and occupations, if I would write much or write well. . . .

I have been for some time past nursing my mind up for literary operations, and collecting materials for the purpose. I shall be able, I trust, now to produce articles from time to time that will be sufficient for my present support, and form a stock of copyright property, that may be a little capital for me hereafter. To carry this into better effect it is important for me to remain a little longer in Europe. . . .

I have now given you the leading motive of my actions — it may be a weak one, but it has full possession of me, and therefore the attainment of it is necessary to my comfort. I now wish to be left for a little while entirely to the bent of my own inclination, and not agitated by new plans for subsistence, or by entreaties to come home. My spirits

are very unequal, and my mind depends upon them ; and I am easily thrown into such a state of perplexity and such depression as to incapacitate me for any mental exertion. Do not, I beseech you, impute my lingering in Europe to any indifference to my own country or my friends. My greatest desire is to make myself worthy of the good-will of my country, and my greatest anticipation of happiness is the return to my friends. I am living here in a retired and solitary way, and partaking in little of the gaiety of life, but I am determined not to return home until I have sent some writings before me that shall, if they have merit, make me return to the smiles, rather than skulk back to the pity of my friends.²⁰

This letter Irving dated March 3, 1819 ; in the same boat he sent, for publication in America, the first number of *The Sketch Book*. It was his answer to the difficulties of life ; he had had courage and struck out alone for blue water. Whatever else this batch of essays was, it was not the comfortable meditation of an idler. Like some nobler books, it had been written in sadness. Taking it down from the shelves after this study of Irving's four years in England, it appears to be a brave obedience to his admonition to himself to put down the sorrows of the heart in silence and go forward. Anyway, he had now launched the manuscript, and the story of his life, until the publication of the second volume, in London in July, 1820, is mainly a chronicle of proofs and publishers. Peter, somewhat recovered, was now in London, and Leslie was a faithful third. After his success Irving's group of friends expanded into intimacy with literary London. Yet, for the moment, the record, because of the serial method of publication, is of book-making. It is, on the whole, an interesting story. In New York two Irving brothers and Henry Brevoort were sponsors ; in England, watching the new American book curiously, were John Miller, John Murray, and Scott.

The first number of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* was to contain "The Prospectus," "The Author's Account of Himself," "The Voyage," "Roscoe," "The Wife," and "Rip Van Winkle." These manuscripts were Irving's response to William's letter. They were a satisfactory reply ; Ebenezer read them aloud to a circle of friends, and when they applauded, he broke down and wept with joy.²¹ The printed format, octavo, gray-brown covers, shaded letters in the titles, and fair, clear type, which Longfellow thought an outward symbol of the style,²² was later copied by the poet himself for *Outre-Mer* and by Richard Henry Dana, Sr., for *The Idle Man*. The first issue of the first number was in two thousand copies, to be sold at seventy-five cents each. Irving's plan

was to send the manuscripts to Ebenezer, who was to deal with the publishers while Brevoort, who was now writing for the *Analectic Magazine*, corrected both manuscripts and proofs. Irving was toiling frantically, but appreciable intervals occurred between shipments. He dispatched the second number on April 1; the third on May 13; and the fourth on August 2; and then waited.²³

He could do nothing else, for while Ebenezer and Brevoort negotiated in New York, all was uncertainty, and the author did not apparently see a copy of the first number until the middle of the summer.²⁴ He was in terror lest the harpy publishers in America should reprint the numbers in a volume before he could bring out an authentic English edition.²⁵ Yet the weeks passed quickly, for he was now bound to keep his series going. He revised unremittingly, and "Rural Funerals" he flung together in a churchyard; he sent it off in haste to substitute in the fourth number for "John Bull."²⁶ During July good and evil tidings came to the anxious watcher; the first number was popular, but was too high-priced!²⁷ About the latter nothing could be done, but the gossip concerning the essays, relayed by his agents, offered an opportunity, of which Irving characteristically made use. He begged Brevoort for more eavesdroppings that he might proportion in later numbers the humor and pathos; that he might, in a word, cut the cloth to suit his customers.

His letters to Brevoort now became a bog of deletions and corrections.²⁸ His friend must proof-read more diligently; at all costs he must blot out blunders and trim tautologies. Ebenezer's letters to this major-domo were equally excited. Had one manuscript been lost? "The Mutability of Literature" was a triumph, but the tales were doubtful. Yet Ebenezer was confident that one of these last would enrapture "nine out of ten of the *female* readers."²⁹ The hazards of this transatlantic publishing a century ago seem comic. Finally, on September 9, Geoffrey Crayon relaxed; he had not failed; the success of the first three numbers was enough to neutralize possible weaknesses in the later issues. He read and reread the bundle of reviews forwarded by Brevoort; and he wept tears of happiness. It could not be real, this fame.

Yet it was. It was not that James Fenno wrote his praises to Mrs. Hoffman³⁰ or that Ebenezer permitted himself a dignified "extremely gratifying,"³¹ but that the reviews meditated respectfully upon him as an American man of letters.³² For days under the blessed news he was nervous; he could only resolve to write still better. His deep joy is evident in a letter to Leslie, though he con-

cealed from his friend the true reason for his high spirits.⁸³ Nor need he have been uneasy about the reception in New York of the first four numbers. In America in 1819 Geoffrey Crayon had already become a favorite son.⁸⁴ In England, too, William Godwin at once praised the essays, and both the *Kaleidoscope* and the *London Literary Gazette*, uninvited, republished them.⁸⁵

This compliment was ominous. He must hurry. In October he shook off his dread of British reviewers—fears veiled in his biography of Campbell—and determined boldly on an English edition. His first thought was of Murray, but this calculating gentleman was not to be persuaded. "I do not see," he said of the American issues which Irving submitted to him, "that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us without which I really feel no satisfaction. . . ." ⁸⁶ In 1848 Irving published Murray's letter entire, not, perhaps, without malice. In the light of *The Sketch Book's* success it seems an over-cautious judgment; it was certainly a mistaken one. Although not so intended, it was Murray's first slap at Irving, and the latter remembered it. "It was not," he told Colonel Aspinwall in 1829, "until Murray found the work was making its own way with the public that he became the purchaser of it." ⁸⁷ It would be interesting to know which of Murray's "elbow critics," ⁸⁸ who later roused Irving to such anger, passed upon *The Sketch Book*. Was it Gifford, who almost prevented the publication of *Tales of a Traveller*? ⁸⁹ Or even Lockhart? More probably, it was an unknown critic; perhaps Croker, always hostile to Irving, who once declared, "I never could read the 'Sketch Book,' nor, what d'ye call it? 'Knickerbocker.'" ⁴⁰ Murray was right on the basic issue that Irving's works were less profitable for a publisher than Irving himself believed, even after his success,⁴¹ but he was wont to express regret that he had not been the first patron of *The Sketch Book*.

Yet in 1819 Irving was too humble a person, in respect to Murray's refusal, to feel more than disappointment. He thought next of the dingy shop in Edinburgh, Constable's.⁴² He was nothing at all to Constable, but Scott would aid him. There ensued long letters between the disciple and his teacher, those on Irving's side anxiously deferential, those on Scott's transfigured with a mighty good humor. He loved *The Sketch Book*; declared it "beautiful." He would do anything. His word was not law with Constable, but he would intercede. He had already told A. H. Everett of his regard for Irving, conceived during the visit to Abbotsford; ⁴⁸ he was glad of a chance to help. Touched by a tactful allusion in the other's

letter to straitened finances, he offered Irving outright the editorship of a magazine.⁴⁴ Irving, though grateful, declined, and without a struggle; he had not forgotten the *Analectic*. Scott bustled about, but, practically, all this diplomacy came to naught. This is impressive merely as a sequel to the communion at Abbotsford and as a forerunner of later services to Irving. For while Scott was smoothing the way with Constable, Irving, on January 9, 1820, signed a contract with John Miller for the publication of the English version of *The Sketch Book* at the author's risk. So it appeared, a handsome octavo volume of twenty-four sheets; "a very clever little work," Miller confided to Constable, ". . . and I shall be much disappointed if it is not very successful here."⁴⁵

This second test, with a more critical public, was daring, for booksellers, as Scott put it, "set their face against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves."⁴⁶ Yet by March Irving was able to tell Brevoort that the English volume was getting on. The reviews, though sometimes grudging, were in the main enthusiastic. What did it matter if Lockhart's notice in *Blackwood's* was inspired by his father-in-law? ⁴⁷ If this was Scott's doing, it was the least of his services. He was linked with *The Sketch Book* in a dozen ways. If he did not inspire Irving to write it; if he did not have his part indirectly in "The Spectre Bridegroom" and "Rip Van Winkle"; if he did not predispose Constable toward its author; nevertheless, he aided Irving now. For in April he was in London, and Leslie went about telling everyone that Irving was "a very great favourite of Scott's," and that he had "expressed the highest opinion of Irving's productions."⁴⁸

I called to him [said Irving] for help, as I was sticking in the mire, and, more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off, and the second volume was put to press, and from that time Murray became my publisher.⁴⁹

Scott for his friend, Murray for his publisher, and fame among the civilized readers of England and America, from the veteran Robert Southey, who wrote of him admiringly in personal letters,⁵⁰ to young Henry Longfellow in distant Maine! Longfellow as a schoolboy "read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight; spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie."⁵¹ He himself, he

vowed, when he had finished at Bowdoin College and was a man, would write, if he could, like Washington Irving! So far, at least, had the idler come since he landed in Liverpool in June, 1815. Such were the chances of life. His destinations when he left New York had been Rome and Athens!

But what of the famous book itself? If we glance at it, its bond with certain masterpieces of eighteenth-century English literature is undeniable. Hazlitt at once pointed out that the spirit of these essays was familiar to British readers; ⁵² they were new leaves on an old tree. As a whole, *The Sketch Book*, the orthodox believed, was merely "Dorfschilderung." "Addison and water," exclaimed Samuel Rogers. ⁵³ The generation still lived which had read Thomson's *Seasons*, with its landscapes adorned by Damons and Musidoras, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, with its cheerful fireside of the country preacher, Cowper's *The Task*, with its love of peaceful nature, Crabbe's *The Village*, with its more severe engravings of the woodman and the wagoner. ⁵⁴ For such decorous writing there was still a public ⁵⁵ — a fact known to Irving, and also to Miss Mitford, who issued in 1824 *Our Village*. Tranquil countrysides, rural virtues, eccentric, lovable English characters were commonplaces, as were, of course, the sorrows of maidens or widows. Readers of "The Broken Heart" recalled *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and admirers of "Westminster Abbey" compared it, presumably, with Sir Thomas Browne ⁵⁶ and Hervey's *Meditations and Contemplations*. ⁵⁷ Tales of the supernatural, such as "The Spectre Bridegroom," were less classic, but were also daily fare through the circulation in the magazines of German tales. Yet this element in *The Sketch Book* was subordinate. It was rather its patent debt to the tradition of the sentimental essay on humble themes which endeared *The Sketch Book* to the older generation.

Undoubtedly there was an influence here; Irving's boyhood had been bathed in such literature of the eighteenth century. Yet the preceding chapters have made clear, it is hoped, his emancipation from those authors who, at the time when all New York was reading them, had aided him in the art of writing. By 1819 he was hardly more under the spell of Addison and Goldsmith than under that of Pope or of Chesterfield. Even his earliest scribbling shows a glow of excitement alien to the elegant prose on which he had modeled sentences and paragraphs. One scholar has demonstrated the change in Irving from devotion to the writers of the eighteenth century, in which he was born, to those of the age in which he lived. ⁵⁸ His reading during the year 1808 reverted to more special

eighteenth-century figures, to Thomson or to Crabbe, whom, by the way, Irving met later without particular interest. In 1808 Cervantes and medieval epics were his guides; even then he wrote of adventure, of a past more tumultuous than that of an English village. In 1809 he was like a boy who has not yet discovered the teachers rightly destined for him. In 1810 he had found these—Byron and Scott.

Campbell and Moore, too, shaped him; the notebook of this year testifies to his apostasy toward nineteenth-century models. From this moment, in his journal the names of his contemporaries appear repeatedly; those of the writers of his boyhood, seldom.⁵⁹ Apart from his later perfunctory biography of his childhood idol, Goldsmith, he was through with them, except for their stylistic mannerisms, forever. He would write, of course, of immemorial English churchyards, and that, too, in the chaste sentences which he had studied in his father's library, but his aims resembled Scott's. Could he not poetize his own native Hudson? Was there no chivalrous past, say, that of Spain, of which he had already been reading, which *he* could recreate? Could he not in his prose recapture the fervor of *Hebrew Melodies*? These were the questions he had asked himself long before he came to England. Moreover, as editor of the *Analectic* he had been awakened. Into its pages he had stuffed all that he could from these contemporaries, who had taught him to listen more trustfully to what he heard in his own heart. He was no Scott or Byron, but his own age developed his natural taste for romantic themes; and *The Sketch Book*, though it reflected faintly his earlier inspirations, clung to conceptions of literature more akin to the living deities than the dead.

Not only, then, to the contemporary mode of the sketch or light essay and to the eighteenth-century classics, but also to the tendencies exemplified by Scott and other living writers, *The Sketch Book* owed, aside from the practical urgencies described in the last chapter, its origin and growth. Irving was already, it may be said, a superficial romantic, a lover of the grace and even splendor of old traditions and old ways. If he lacked the sweep of Scott and Byron, he was, nevertheless, nearer to their attitude than that of the eighteenth-century "village school." When he arrived in England, he was a romantic in this restricted sense; and the restrictions were, unluckily, to persist, leaving him dead to the deeper impulses of romanticism. He already believed that Leigh Hunt was a nobler poet than Wordsworth,⁶⁰ that Scott was a more powerful intellect than Coleridge. Such was his provincial credo as he began

The Sketch Book; and he remained, in his writing as in his personal life, unshaken by the glory of romanticism's introspection or its philosophic thought. Yet if these five years in England could not beget faculties palpably denied him by nature, they intensified his capacities in the lesser aspects of the movement. This deepening they brought about chiefly in three ways: by enlargement of his reading in romantic literature; by experiences in England, such as travel; and by his sorrows, already dwelt upon. Actual suffering was absorbed, in such a nature as Irving's, into a kind of melancholy, which set a different tone to his writing, quite other than that of the three boyish satires.

Irving's reading was, indeed, a momentous factor in the composition of *The Sketch Book*. In its pages he mentions or quotes from more than thirty writers.⁶¹ Of these only two lived in the eighteenth century; the others were Elizabethan or contemporary. Apart from material actually used in the book, his notes show an amazing acquaintance with the new literature, particularly with that from the pens of Byron, Scott, and Moore. His excitement concerning these romantics, whose purposes he now partly shared, was enhanced by reading them fresh from the English press, in England itself, and by arguing about them at the dinner tables of Murray and Jeffrey. The Liverpool Athenæum, moreover, and the British Museum were now his, instead of the lean New York Society Library.

Such facilities extended his reading to Continental literature; his study of German was perhaps more seminal than even his miscellaneous browsing. It not only influenced the creation of "The Spectre Bridegroom" and "Rip Van Winkle," but led him to embrace this type of short story⁶² in *Tales of a Traveller*, with his consequent sacrifice of the more conventional sketch. True, his progress in the German language was snaillike. Yet by 1819 he struggled with the originals of Otmar, Laun, Riesbeck, and others. To these may be added, either in German or in English, Wieland and versions of German tales printed in the *Port Folio* and *New York Literary Magazine*, and *American Register* between 1800 and 1808,⁶³ as well as the translations jettisoned into *Blackwood's*, the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and the *Edinburgh Magazine*. It is incredible, also, that his curiosity should not have been fired by the shelves in Scott's library, on which were more than three hundred volumes of German literature, including Bürger, Fouqué, Grimm, Tieck, and Hoffmann,⁶⁴ but because of an unforeseen train of events in 1823 and 1824, the lasting Continental influence upon

Irving's special romantic interests was finally exerted not by Germany, but by Spain.⁶⁶ He never utilized fully his reading in the German romantics. Yet the influence of the German tale upon *The Sketch Book* and *Tales of a Traveller* is substantial. It is significant, also, that in 1824 Dresdeners believed Irving to be writing a novel concerning Germany.⁶⁶ Even in 1818 his acquaintance with German literature must have emphasized, though perhaps indirectly through Scott's enthusiasm,⁶⁷ his particular romantic predilections.

Such reading took Irving far from the portrayals of reposeful village life. Yet from these he was distinguished further by what have been called his romantic experiences in England. He never lived, like Goldsmith, Cowper, and Crabbe, in an English hamlet. He was not altruistic or pious or bitter about the sufferings of the poor. He was a foreign literary mendicant. However sympathetic, as in "Rural Life in England," with tavern or cottage, he beheld them as an inquisitive stranger, imagining a glamorous past. Old stories, old pictures, or old memories of England, bequeathed him in childhood by his mother, rose in his mind and gilded every scene. All was new, yet familiar. So throughout these five years in England, in spite of grief, he contrived to follow that ideal which he defined in "The Author's Account of Himself," that of the romantic wanderer on quest.⁶⁸ To paint pictures of village life such as Cowper's, he had no wish, but to write of these rural scenes in his own way — this he had always longed to do. This sort of portraiture, indeed, he had already attempted in the highlands of the Hudson and of Scotland. This, too, he would accomplish once more in the sleepy villages near Birmingham. In all his tours his attitude was the same; he sought the place, the incident, the character which he could weave into a mythical past.

This was not really "Dorfschilderung," though the materials were sometimes identical and though these were fitted into settings reminiscent of the "village school." In the fifteen essays concerning such life in *The Sketch Book*, Irving hoped, he said, "to escape . . . from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past."⁶⁹ This mood colored, too, his essays on city life. Never disillusioned, like Emerson, with his gods, Scott and the others he deemed ever more cloud-compelling. Even his intimate friend the painter Leslie appeared, ennobled, in "The Wife"; and his meeting with William Roscoe led him to a typical romanticization. The rainbow tints with which he enveloped this grave scholar were in his own mind;

his sketch of Roscoe is, again, symbolic of Irving's approach to Europe.

Possibly in this romantic reading and romantic experience was a prelude adequate for a *Sketch Book*. "The Spectre Bridegroom" or the papers on Christmas in "Old England" are corollaries of these points of view toward books and life. Moreover, such an essay as "The Pride of the Village" shows Irving capitalizing his reading and travel in conscious, shallow sentiment. Yet, another element, as said, dignifies parts of *The Sketch Book*. This element is sincere emotion; it permeates a few essays and lifts them far above the others in tenderness of feeling. Such an essay is "Westminster Abbey." Never again, save once in *Bracebridge Hall*, was he to write of death as in this essay and in "Rural Funerals." Part of the former grew out of his own emotional moments in the Abbey;⁷⁰ such inspiration sprang from his own sadness. And one meditation in the latter paper is, as noted, a detailed recollection of Matilda Hoffman's death.⁷¹ It is, moreover, unlikely that the passages elsewhere on loneliness or on the love of a mother for her son were written without reference to his own experience in May, 1817.⁷² "I know," he said, "what it is to be sick and lonely in a strange land."⁷³ Again and again, if we are familiar with Irving's life story, *The Sketch Book* rings true. Neither his nature nor his writings bear severe analysis, but his sorrows made his humble book more honest and more beautiful. His reading, his imaginative observation of old England, his ordinary, human struggles with life—these all confirmed him in his particular bent in writing. Out of these he built *The Sketch Book*.

It is injudicious, then, to assign to each essay a single source. "Rip Van Winkle," for example, is a compound of German folklore, boyhood recollections, and Irving's importunate mood during the five years concerning the transiency of things mortal. This is true of all the essays: every one is a composite, binding together sentences from his reading, characters met in travel, and his own grief or good humor. Any convenient classification reinforces this conclusion. Thus, omitting the Introduction, "L'Envoy," and the Appendix, the thirty-two essays or sketches describe chiefly scenes, characters, and episodes of English life. Four deal with America, and two, "The Voyage" and "The Spectre Bridegroom," are asides. Of the twenty-six essays on England, six find their setting in London. The remaining twenty, except that on Roscoe, delineate, in one way or another, rural habitudes. Yet every essay records Irving's reading, travel, and changing personal moods.

For the six essays connected with London life Irving had pored over the books in the British Museum, the appearance of the city on Sunday, the relics of the old hostelry in Eastcheap, the Abbey, Little Britain, and Smithfield.⁷⁴ The book lists in his memoranda of 1817 and 1818 take on meaning. At his elbow were Stow's *London* and a score of Elizabethan writers. Viewing antiquities through the eyes of the past, he yielded to his mood of melancholy. "Their very monument," he wrote in a notebook after a visit to the Abbey, "becomes a ruin"⁷⁵—a sentence which became ultimately the last line of the essay. In the twenty sketches on the country Irving's method was the same. "Rural Funerals" he composed after a holiday in the Midland villages and with memories of the Swiss churchyard of Gersau,⁷⁶ but the essay owes much to Chaucer and would be nothing without Jeremy Taylor, Robert Herrick, and Thomas Stanley; "The Broken Heart," with its reflections on death in youth, may be traced to the account of Robert Emmet in *The History of the Late Grand Insurrection*⁷⁷ and possibly to Byron's *Don Juan*; ⁷⁸ "A Royal Poet" draws heavily upon Buchanan's history of James I; ⁷⁹ and "John Bull" carries an unacknowledged obligation to his friend Paulding's *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*.⁸⁰ No essay is without some incident gleaned by himself, and none is without a borrowing from other gleaners. He was, in fact, one of those predatory writers whom he denounced playfully in "The Art of Book-making," a lawless plunderer of ancient and obsolete authors.⁸¹ And all the essays were tinged with his recent sorrows.

Irving's workmanship in *The Sketch Book* is best in this skillful union of his reading and his own experience. The most graceful example of such technique is "Stratford-on-Avon," in which he adorns every step of his actual walk through village, church, and meadow with Shakespearean allusion. Or, in "The Angler," his idling by the streams of England and America melts into the spirit of Isaac Walton's⁸² ruminations; the brook of the Catskills flows on into Wales; on its banks is the fisherman-philosopher whom Irving met in Warwickshire. In "The Stage-Coach" real peasants live against a background from *Poor Robin's Almanac*; and both his friends Leslie and Allston appear as a single composite character in "The Wife."⁸³ Irving himself stopped at the original of "The Inn Kitchen," which he transferred from the Netherlands to Lichfield; ⁸⁴ and the incident recounted here as an introduction to "The Spectre Bridegroom," he probably derived from Bürger's

Lenore.⁸⁵ "Roscoe" he projected from his conversations with the philosopher, but on the character of genius, added his own meditations, conceived before he ever trod the streets of Liverpool.⁸⁶ Into "The Widow and her Son" he infused memories of Sarah Sanders Irving,⁸⁷ and the lament in "Rural Funerals," "Oh, the grave! — the grave!" he linked by his own testimony with Matilda Hoffman.⁸⁸

"Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket," written six years earlier — fillers rather than integral parts of *The Sketch Book* — are bookish and wholly artificial, but the other two American sketches rely upon the familiar methods.⁸⁹ One old New York pioneer had talked with Brom Bones;⁹⁰ yet "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is also a child of Bürger's *Der wilde Jäger* and the fifth of the Rübezahl tales.⁹¹ So, "Rip Van Winkle," whose sources have long been controversial, cannot be attributed solely to Irving's acquaintance with a patriarch or a Dutch housewife in a Catskill village, or to his own memories. As his most distinguished sketch and the clearest example of his principles of composition, it deserves, perhaps, a more concentrated study.

The dramatic scene in Van Wart's chamber⁹² suggests, for "Rip Van Winkle," a purely local origin, but Irving himself weakened this theory; he remarked that he had picked up the tale somewhere in the Harz mountains.⁹³ He had not yet been in Germany; he meant, perhaps, that he had dug out the story from the literature of this country. Its resemblances to Teutonic folklore were glaring, and by 1822 innuendoes were abroad concerning Irving's plagiarism.⁹⁴ These murmurs became so audible that in *Bracebridge Hall* he went out of his way to reiterate vaguely that the original was in nearly every collection of German legends. "I," said this wary trafficker in other people's wares, "had seen it myself in three."⁹⁵ Which three, however, he was at pains not to say. In 1883 J. B. Thompson named "Peter Klaus" in Otmar's *Volkssagen*⁹⁶ as the source of "Rip Van Winkle," but either through courtesy or ignorance failed to define the extent of Irving's pilferings.⁹⁷ H. A. Pochmann was the first scholar to collate fully Otmar's German with Irving's story.⁹⁸ Do not his conclusions suggest the reason for Irving's silence? His imitation was slavish; though "Rip Van Winkle" was four times as long as the German tale, parts of it were little more than verbal translations.⁹⁹ That Irving used as a crutch an unacknowledged source was not his last offense of this kind; he was to anger the Spaniards by offering translations from

obscure books as original stories.¹⁰⁰ This dubious practice was now responsible for solid portions of his most renowned story, "Rip Van Winkle."

Yet if we understand Irving's reluctance to mention "Peter Klaus," a name which he could hardly have forgotten, the point is, after all, inessential. He was right; the story was everybody's property. The central episode, enchanted slumber, belongs to age-old legend. The kernel of "Rip Van Winkle" is, for example, in Diogenes Laertius,¹⁰¹ in Moorish histories, in Dutch stories brought to America, in the myth of Rotbart,¹⁰² in the universal lore of peoples. Irving had also stumbled upon several cognates; that of Thomas the Rhymer and the legend of Ercildoune,¹⁰³ heard from the lips of Scott, and that of Riesbeck, which he had been careful to transcribe. His theft from Otmar is not edifying, but he so dressed up the stolen goods that the larceny appeared petty. In 1829, Irving's friend George Washington Montgomery proved again the common mythological core in the story by his metamorphosis of Dutch bowlers into spell-bound Moorish armies. His Andrés Gazul is a Spanish Rip Van Winkle; his Tarfe a Spanish Wolf.¹⁰⁴ So die and are reborn legends in the ceaseless flux of literature. "Rip Van Winkle" was to be the version in English of one of those old-world stories, handed down from generation to generation.¹⁰⁵ "With what singular unanimity," says Thoreau, "the furthest sundered nations and generations consent to give completeness and roundness to an ancient fable."¹⁰⁶

The point is not that Irving often, as in "Rip Van Winkle," copied other writings too exactly, but that, once more, he united ingeniously his reading with his own personal experience. Hearing from Scott of Thomas the Rhymer, reading Otmar and Riesbeck, recalling, probably, collateral versions from Dutch friends, remembering the scenes, dearest to him in all the world, for his background, and, above all, feeling now so poignantly the mutability of all he loved, he wrote, as we saw him write on that June evening, the familiar legend. In it he placed the shadowy Catskills and the azure Hudson, the Dutch wiseacres,¹⁰⁷ Doolittle's hotel; in it he made concrete those figures in his reverie, fused them until German emperor became the lovable scamp of the yellow-bricked, gabled village; and to it he imparted his love of painting,¹⁰⁸ his humor, his loneliness. He, too, to escape a way of life as irksome as Dame Van Winkle herself, might dream away the years; he, too, an idler imprisoned in another realm, might return after decades only to find strange faces and the old order changed for-



RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN
After the drawing by Felix O. C. Darley.



ICHABOD CRANE AND THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN
After the drawing by Felix O. C. Darley.

ever. He, too, by the tale's gossamer fancy, too fragile to be explained as allegory, might also satisfy, though he did not guess how well, his longing to make his native mountains, like Scott's hills, blossom with legend, a longing born when he was writing Knickerbocker's history, and renewed during his tour in Wales in 1815—the longing to give to America “a colour of romance and tradition.”¹⁰⁹

Test *The Sketch Book*, as it stands among the sets of English classics. Test it not, as did the first American critics, by single essays or groups of essays, nor, like the first English readers, by the two separate collections,¹¹⁰ but as one book, the first serious writing of Washington Irving. It will then appear to be a miscellaneous and, especially, an uneven work. As literature, at least a half-dozen essays are worthless; twice that number bear the stigma of mediocrity. With its prolix prefaces and appendices, the book overflows, lacking form, into a delta, with sands of sentiment and pools of quiet thought. In these last Irving is persuasive, but sand predominates. His tone is too varied, ill-sustained; reading in 1823 the *Essays of Elia*,¹¹¹ of whose author he was somewhat contemptuous, he may have noted wherein he had failed. Lamb had written a book, but his was no book at all; it was a sheaf of Geoffrey Crayon's random drawings.

To-day the reader turns, in *The Sketch Book*, to a few essays. These are different; they live on in the speech of men, in quotation and allusion, in painting and the drama, and in innumerable reprintings. However tepid, however archaic *The Sketch Book* as a whole, these few essays seem to have life. Needless to say, these exceptional essays are not concerned with such fashions in sentiment as “The Pride of the Village,” such defunct debate as “English Writers on America,”¹¹² such antiquarianism as “Little Britain.” They do not depend for their interest on the revelation of comparative influences, as does “The Spectre Bridegroom”; on early American use of German romantic material;¹¹³ on American deference to English tradition, as do “Christmas” and its companion papers; on sentimental idiom in describing the Indian,¹¹⁴ prophetic of Longfellow. Such are rather the interests of the seminary. It is their literary quality which has caused them to survive.

Concerning the titles of these few there will be disagreement, but such a group might include “Rip Van Winkle,” “The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap,” “The Mutability of Literature,” “Westminster Abbey,” “Stratford-on-Avon,” and “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.” These still retain their hold upon the imagination,

not because they are cleansed of Irving's minor sins: the commonplace metaphors, the excessive sentiment, the thinness, which bored Hazlitt.¹¹⁵ Their merits are positive. In all are Irving's long, indolent sentences, with their select vocabulary¹¹⁶ and their perfect concatenation. In all is the tranquil manner which engaged the admiration of Poe;¹¹⁷ the felicity of phrase, whose attainment may be traced in the notebooks;¹¹⁸ and the clever turn of incident, as in the conclusion of "Rip Van Winkle."

In these, that bookishness so tiresome in "Rural Funerals" illumines, and the observations on English character so tedious in "John Bull," so puerile compared with, say, the penetration of Emerson in *English Traits*, are engaging and even wise. Though "Westminster Abbey" is but a postscript to a thousand homilies, but one more repetition of *omnibus mors*, one more overtone of *Urn-Burial*, the measured sentences depict reposefully the sanctuary's dark splendor and retell in not unworthy accents the story of man's glory and doom. Close *The Sketch Book* at such patter as "A Sunday in London"; reopen it at "Stratford-on-Avon," to feel the emotion of the pilgrim as he stands at the grave of Shakespeare:

There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty.¹¹⁹

The power of these few essays may be ascribed partly, of course, to Irving's persistent self-training in his notebooks. His crude sketches of nature in the notebook of 1810 become in "Rip Van Winkle" the finished passages on the Hudson, silent save for the lazy call of the crows. The grotesque Dutchmen of *A History of New York* are now dry-point etchings, Nicholas Vedder, Hendrik Hudson's crew; while the blurred outlines of Dutch vrouws are sharpened into the picture of Rip's termagant wife. All is more surely, more delicately done; sentiment and humor are more distilled and blend into each other. Moods themselves are less explicit. In Irving's earlier writing his theme of *tempus edax rerum* is bluntly spoken; but in "Rip Van Winkle" we wonder a little. Here, in the dreamy story of the long slumber in the hills is implication — implication, perhaps, as has been too solemnly declared, concerning the consequences wrought by political revolution, but, more especially, concerning that relentless river of time which

devours us all,¹²⁰ whether or not we sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, for twenty years.

Mutability, indeed, the poet's strain — this is the motif of the six essays. In his five years in England this feeling overshadowed all others in Irving's mind; and in moments it found a not ignoble expression. Certainly the emotion of Rip Van Winkle, after his descent from the mountains, reflects the dejection, so unescapable in the notebooks, of the pathos of changes effected in absence. To state airily that Irving, depressed by his own isolation, was like the prodigal of the village, is to go too far. Yet symbolism is in the rôle; it was Irving's way of intimating his dismay in the face of this law of life. Even amid his good humor in the "Boar's Head," fingering the japanned tobacco box and the "parcel-gilt" goblet, he brooded over the silence where once rang out Falstaff's laughter.

Alas! [he says] how sadly is the scene changed since the roaring days of Falstaff and old Stowe! The madcap roister has given place to the plodding tradesman; the clattering of pots and the sound of "harpe and sawtrie," to the din of carts and the accursed dinging of the dustman's bell; and no song is heard, save, haply, the strain of some siren from Billingsgate, chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel.¹²¹

The "dilapidations of time"! The phrase is everywhere in the journal, and now it reappears in *The Sketch Book*. Platitude, yet more than platitude! Where was it more devastating than in his own craft? In the library of the Abbey, where echoed faintly the shouts of Westminster schoolboys, was evidence of its power. It should be the subject of an essay, "The Mutability of Literature"! His trite emotion was at least sincere; the mortality of books he had felt in the Society Library, and he was to experience it again among the parchment tomes of the Jesuits in Madrid. It motivated his ridicule of pedantry in *A History of New York* and in "The Art of Book-making." Yes, after all, there was pathos in the mood; each folio on its dusty shelf was a life wasted; each book an empty triumph — for through the "dilapidations of time" author and book alike were forgotten. Here especially, in this dim library of Westminster, was vindicated the saying of Ecclesiastes.

Cast [says the essay] a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dulness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! what bogs of theological speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics.¹²²

Yet, how fortunate was such mutability! Because of it survive, or appear to survive, only the Shakespeares, "the heaven-illuminated

bards, elevated like beacons on their widely separate heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age."¹²³ It is Irving's conviction, not less commonplace, but eloquently expressed, that the world of the imagination defeats mutability which ennoble this essay and "Stratford-on-Avon." In this the Widow Hornby and Sally Gardner are real; the loving verification by Stratford antiquarians attests the accuracy of his factual detail.¹²⁴ Yet the quality of the essay depends upon Irving's reverent wonder, not unlike that in Matthew Arnold's sonnet, at Shakespeare's defiance of mutability. Herein lies the poet's divinity:

He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakspeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak: had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page.¹²⁵

Mutability is thus the ground tone of the six essays; setting and incident differ, but each essay sets free the same emotion. Sometimes this mood is casual, as in the ending of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Near the decaying schoolhouse, the plowboy hears the melancholy hum of psalms from the spirit of Ichabod Crane. At other times, mutability is the essence of an essay, as in "Westminster Abbey," with its peroration upon transitory fame. Yet, whether incidental or basic, this mood has won for a few essays in *The Sketch Book* a place in English literature.

"Crayon is very good," said Byron.¹²⁶ The poet's praise represented a general verdict. Contemporary reviews of *The Sketch Book*, in both countries, threw into relief its weaknesses; these have never been obscure. Yet most criticism of the day, thoughtful or captious, conceded it to be a significant book. Irving's use of romantic principles and German influences, common enough in 1830, seemed artful and unusual a decade earlier.¹²⁷ Irving, of course, knew this and made the most of it. He had middlemen between himself and his two publics. In the *Analectic Magazine* for July, 1819, Verplanck touched off a bonfire or two, and prior to the appearance of the first English volume, Lockhart had publicly announced the distinction

of *The Sketch Book*.¹²⁸ These tributes were the result of the friendly offices of Henry Brevoort and Walter Scott. Yet even after reading the hostile reviews, there can be no doubt of Irving's minor international triumph.

In America, as already noted, praise was less qualified. Allston was jubilant, and, of course, the brothers were complacent; the New York *Evening Post*¹²⁹ acclaimed *The Sketch Book* in a series of reviews, and the *American* printed a poem inspired by "The Pride of the Village."¹³⁰ Less vital oracles let themselves go in uncritical eulogy. This was natural. The sketches on American themes were unique, pleasing both the correct readers of English books and the patriotic cult which demanded native subjects. The battle for "intellectual independence" did not yet include the ideal of fifty years later — an emancipation from established English forms in writing. In addition, the essays on England slaked momentarily the thirst for romance of the Old World, which Americans beheld with their own eyes so seldom. The sentiment, too, was palatable; Ebenezer Irving was right in reckoning on dilettante female readers. Moreover, *The Sketch Book* was not without a patriotic halo; the temperate counsel of "English Writers on America," rebuking anti-British calumny, the conservatives hailed as truth. Most of all, the culture of its author stanchd the sense of American inferiority, which Irving himself understood so well. Here at last was a fellow countryman who could write like a gentleman!

Irving had aimed *The Sketch Book* at this American group; English publication was an afterthought. Yet the essays were free from the bucolic interests of *Salmagundi* and *A History of New York*, and, with trepidation, he had decided to risk a British edition. It was a perilous cast of the dice, for none of the factors helpful to an American reputation operated in this self-sufficient island save a general interest in the sketch or essay. He must conquer not only a skeptical public¹³¹ but some of the most merciless critics in the history of English literature. This Irving did in the year 1820, and his achievement should not be dimmed by those of his successors, who found this road easier because of the fame of *The Sketch Book*.

It was natural that the American who had dared write of English traditions should have some remnants of wit broken on him. *The Sketch Book*, said its English enemies, was afflicted by "triteness," by an "affected imitation of the weaker and more sickly parts of our pathetic writers," by lack of force. Its most deplorable shortcoming was that "the impression which remains upon the

mind after reading it, is extremely slight.”¹⁸² In regard to particular essays, there was diversity of abuse and praise. “Westminster Abbey,” to one critic, was sublime, to another, silly; “The Country Church” was debased by “vulgarity”; and “Little Britain,” ignored by many reviewers, some considered “very agreeable and humorous.”¹⁸³ Such impressionism merely hid the unanimity of adverse critics on one fault, the substitution of feeling for thought. This was true, but the more authoritative did not blame Irving for not being some one else. When all criticism of this kind has been weighed, the fact remains that Irving, at about the time of Sydney Smith’s famous taunt, wrote the first American work of fiction to command widespread English respect.

Curious, how the allegiance of *The Sketch Book* to established English canons proved to be a hook with two barbs, catching both American and British publics. The former praised it as unlike their own literature, the latter because it followed their traditions piously. Yet the paradox of an elegant book from an aborigine, a universal comment irritating to its author, was, after all, a minor element in its success in England.¹⁸⁴ Judged without reference to its source, it rivaled other books of its kind in English literature and so rose even above the favorable verdicts of the press, such as that of the *London Magazine*, which alluded, as a matter of course, to “the great popularity of Mr. Irving’s Sketch Book.”¹⁸⁵ According to the best arbiters, it was more than a successful book; it was rather—this from Lockhart—“to be classed with the best English writings of our day.”¹⁸⁶

It shows, in many passages [declared the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and *Literary Miscellany*], an aspiration after an excellence which is by no means unattained. It proves to us distinctly, that there is *mind* working in America, and that there are materials, too, for it to work upon, of a very singular and romantic kind.¹⁸⁷

Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*,¹⁸⁸ was of the same belief, and the *Monthly Magazine* went further, placing *The Sketch Book* among “the best classical writings of our own country.”¹⁸⁹ Thus by the end of the year 1820 the “acceptance” foretold by Lockhart was accomplished. We should lay hold upon this word as a safe understatement of *The Sketch Book’s* English reception. It was accepted, and accepted at once, a boast that can be made concerning few American literary productions of the early nineteenth century. Scott, Byron, Lockhart, Jeffrey, Gifford, and Miss Howitt, we may enumerate the many critics echoing this quiet British suf-

frage, down to obscure villagers who liked *The Sketch Book* as something more than the latest tale in *Blackwood's*.¹⁴⁰ John Neal once more may gather together, since he was now living in England, contemporary opinion:

The SKETCH-BOOK — is a timid, beautiful work, with some childish pathos in it ; some rich, pure, bold poetry : a little squeamish, puling, lady-like sentimentality : some courageous writing — some wit — and a world of humour, so happy, so natural — so altogether unlike that of any other man — dead or alive, that we would rather have been the writer of it, fifty times over, than of everything else, that he has ever written. —

The touches of poetry are everywhere.¹⁴¹

Tracing the history of *The Sketch Book* through the century, one finds in America, prior to Irving's death, a reluctance to view it critically. All was, for the most part, eulogy,¹⁴² though the more seasoned judgments of R. H. Dana, the elder, and Edward Everett ventured to suggest its limitations.¹⁴³ It was read and reread, reviewed and rereviewed, at each appearance of a new work of Irving's ; it was excerpted in anthologies, gift books, and magazines ; its subjects appeared in paintings and on the stage ; it began its career as a prose model for school children.¹⁴⁴ The bibliographical record of the separate essays became difficult and interminable.¹⁴⁵ In brief, it was very nearly the first American classic and enjoyed the immunity of such a position. All that is said of Irving in the reviews of the 'forties and 'fifties concedes its immortality. The post-Civil War literature, freed from Irving's venerable presence and aflame with ideals for a new American literature, shook its pre-eminence¹⁴⁶ but hardly altered the popular conception of its worth in the general body of our creative writing. Primogeniture was something, but in America *The Sketch Book* still holds for its own sake an enviable niche. In England, too, its fame remained constant until at least a decade after its author's death, and its immediate and wide translation into French and German marked the real beginnings of Irving's Continental reputation. When he reached Dresden in 1822 and Paris in 1823 he was already known as that original person proclaimed by the English, that strange savage from the pampas of America who could write prose worthy of the masters.¹⁴⁷

CHAPTER IX

GEOFFREY CRAYON IN LONDON AND PARIS. BRACEBRIDGE HALL

1820-1822

DURING the summer of 1820 *The Sketch Book* was a password admitting Irving to the very citadels of London literary society. Toward the end of this year Miller remarked to Leslie that their friend was "the most fashionable fellow of the day."¹ Yet his popularity hardly reached an apex until about a year later; then he called at Holland House with assurance; now he was still dazed by his sudden fame. Unable to persuade himself that it was not all a dream, he was inclined to be self-effacing, even in the company of Rogers and Campbell, both of whom had accepted him as an apprentice. "Had anyone told me," he wrote Murray, "a few years since in America that anything I could write would interest such men as Gifford and Byron, I should as readily have believed a fairy tale."²

Yet Byron sent compliments from Italy,³ and here in Murray's drawing-room sat Geoffrey Crayon, included in the publisher's select afternoon gatherings.⁴ William Gifford lounged on the sofa, with cushions piled high behind him, shriveled, deformed, with divergent eyes and a wide mouth, but bland and charitable to Geoffrey Crayon.⁵ So, this was Gifford, savage in the *Quarterly* to all things American.⁶ Such brutality as his had inspired Irving to compose "English Writers on America." Like Ticknor, he was astonished by the gentle, well-bred little man.⁷ As a matter of fact, Gifford really liked him,⁸ though not enough to spare him in a later review.⁹ Yet Irving was not wholly deceived by Gifford's smile, and learned to agree with Moore's fearful estimate of him: "the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gall and spitefulness."¹⁰

Irving's wanderings about the city had steeped him in the by-gone London of Johnson and Goldsmith, but this literary world, of

which Murray's drawing-room in Albemarle Street was an annex, was different. He was not to enter the realms, near Saint Paul's, of Charles Lamb; he hated the cockney group,¹¹ preferring the area between Regent's Park and Pall Mall—St. James's Park, with its wealth and abundant intellectual life. The rear windows of Rogers' beautiful house, with its rich collections of books and antiquities, looked out upon the Green Park. American visitors did not forget this other drawing-room, this house, with its famous breakfasts, or its small, alert host, with his penetrating blue eyes. Like Ticknor, they recalled Rogers' "exquisite taste, expressed alike in his conversation, his books, his furniture, and his pictures; his excellent common-sense and sound judgment; and his sincere, gentle kindness."¹²

Rogers' parlor was, indeed, a cultural center, like Murray's drawing-room and like Holland House, the Tudor mansion on the fringe of the city. Irving became an assiduous visitor at Holland House, alive with memories of Addison and with the conversation of its mistress, which, thought Moore ruefully, would cure any author's vanity.¹³ To these shrines the American was to have access, and to most of the houses in Sydney Smith's select "parallellogram between Oxford-street, Piccadilly, Regent-street and Hyde Park."¹⁴ He was to know, before his return to New York, the London of Dickens, but this other, he thought, was better, this cosmos of Lord and Lady Holland, of Earl Grey, of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and of those writers who, during their brief day, shone in orbits hardly less brilliant than those of Byron and Scott. The best social record of the "genius, beauty, feeling and magnificence"¹⁵ of this world, of which Irving now became a part, is, of course, the diary of the vivacious Tom Moore.

"The most brilliant man of his company," said Henry Crabb Robinson. "In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme."¹⁶ Moore sang to most of these; and he wrote of them all. Scott, he says, has given his word of honor to the Prince Regent that he did *not* write the Waverley novels; Sydney Smith is the wittiest of men; Lord Lansdowne the kindest; Lord Grey is a noble sight in the bosom of his family; Sir James Mackintosh's wit is like champagne; Henry Luttrell's verses are equal to Moore's; and Wordsworth, whenever he enters this circle, betrays his charitable opinion of himself.¹⁷ The Irish poet was mistaken about the immortality of his patrons and friends, but no one could deny, least of all Irving, the charm of their society.

Into it he advanced, at first rather timidly, taking shelter behind

the affection of Scott and behind the growing friendliness of Southey and of Hallam, who talked to him in a never-ceasing cataract.¹⁸ Their respect, their deference toward his plaintive essays, amazed him. Lady Caroline Lamb, gossipy bluestocking, whispered to him hints of her own story and that of Byron.¹⁹ At the Countess of Bessborough's he was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Or he watched the fine, expressive face of Belzoni,²⁰ the huge traveler, as he told of excavating the interior of a temple with "rows of gigantic statues, thirty feet high, cut out of the calcareous rock, in perfect preservation."²¹ Belzoni had a tense auditor in the future historian of Granada; Irving listened spell-bound, as if to some Arabian tale. Such condescensions were soothing. His ambitions were still in the clouds, but his feet clung at last to solid ground. He would make the most of these friendships; he had now no doubt of their continuance or of their benefit to his career.

He was, however, restless. He was not writing now, and he could not always be at the tables of the great. He could stray into the House of Lords and listen to Lord Lansdowne's ornate periods; or share society's discussions on antislavery issues and ballooning; or, starting at the Horse Guards, he could walk for some three miles over turf and graveled walks, along St. James's Park, through either the Green or Queen's Park, into Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens.²² Oaks and elms shaded his head, but he was weary of London. One reaction of the five years' struggle was now a fit of homesickness; on this he was eloquent in a letter to Brevoort.²³ He must leave the city. To be alone with Peter, to plan with him, perchance to write another book, to fortify this reputation of his—such was now his longing. Most of all, he hoped to idle without purpose, indulging this sweet, unfamiliar feeling of success. On August 17 he had packed his trunks and was on his way to Paris.

Moving slowly toward Southampton, the brothers stopped at Winchester, where Irving drew a passable sketch of King Arthur's Round Table. Their coach bore them along into the soft valley of the Itchen, through the New Forest, past Hounslow, to the port where lay their ship, bound for Havre. On board, they watched the sun recede behind the Isle of Wight, and, as the vessel heeled toward the Continent, over waves lighted faintly by the summer moon, they took down notes on their fellow passengers. On the next morning (August 19) Irving again beheld, after fifteen years' absence, the coast of France, the high houses of Havre, its monkeys and parrots, its women, slender-figured, with red shawls

and lofty caps.²⁴ How different from the quiet English villages was this

clamorous, garrulous French town! . . . Houses with windows and doors all open instead of the close reserved look of the English — In the evening — people on public walks in groups — women at fountain in centre of the street — picturesque groups.²⁵

The Hôtel de la Paix was a bedlam of soldiers, servants, and trilling birds. Irving glanced up at the dirty tiled staircase, leading to the beds in niches; then entered the showy dining room, with its shell grotto, clocks, barometers, and equivocal pictures.²⁶ It was another planet; and, with Peter beside him, he was content.

For three days their host was Reuben Beasley, of New York, now United States consul at Havre.²⁷ His house, surveying the gaping mouth of the Seine, was to be a French retreat for the brothers. Beasley was a wealthy, hospitable magnate, a shareholder in many European businesses, and just now loquacious about a new Seine steamboat company, of which he was a director. His slender craft was about to make its second voyage up the river to Paris. To the Irvings he talked of little else, and, as he put them aboard, he filled them with his own treacherous dreams of El Dorados. Peter's capitulation was complete; he was to pay grievously for this river journey to Paris. Washington, too, was curious, but now abandoned himself to exploration of the Seine as the tiny steamer strutted over a route which later became his habitual path. Along the unfamiliar shores they passed, while the high-capped women watched from the windows of the brightly colored houses; and men cheered and fired guns in honor of the steamboat. Honfleur,²⁸ with its woody hills and white sea gulls, was left behind. At Quillebeuf, the engine gave way temporarily. Here, Irving reflected, "a story might be made. Scene the little village of Quillebouef."²⁹ On they puffed triumphantly, past Caudebec, with its old English church, past the willowed banks of Jumièges, with its ruined abbey, into, finally, Rouen, "with its lofty rich Cathedral towers rising from the midst of the valley."³⁰ Here they visited in the moonlight the Church of St. Ouen; and then transferred to a venerable diligence, with its ragged horses, ancient harness, and savage, wizened-faced postilion. On August 23 they entered Paris through the Faubourg St. Denis.

The Irvings, like all the other swarming post-war visitors, soon plunged into the gay currents of Parisian life, but there was a queer interlude, the result of this ill-starred encounter with Beasley and

his steamboat. Perhaps the huzzahing crowds may have reminded Irving of Fulton's march up the Hudson ; the rapture of the throngs may have persuaded him that Beasley's rainbows were real. At any rate, both brothers, especially Peter, now pondered expectantly on navigation companies. Larger and larger in their minds grew this gleaming bubble of riches for all Irvings through river transportation. For Irving's dreaming was apt to include the affairs of business ; an interesting antithesis to his thrift in lodgings and postage was his folly in investments. Potosí lurked for him in every copper mine and land grant,⁸¹ as now in this abortive steamboat company. In America money-making had become almost a moral virtue ; it was for many an epoch of sudden, boundless wealth. Irving was used to the idea of self-made riches. Brother William's traffic in the Mohawk Valley trade or even John Jacob Astor's conquest of Canadian furs had no more seductive beginnings than Beasley's plans. In middle age Irving came to his senses, and in "A Time of Unexampled Prosperity" he dwelt with chagrin on his painfully acquired self-knowledge. "Speculation," he said, "is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It renders the stock-jobber a magician, and the exchange a region of enchantment."⁸²

Beasley, however, and his friend Edward Church, the Seine, chugging steamboats, applauding Frenchmen, and millions of francs now coursed through his mind in alluring fantasia. He had hardly taken his lodgings at 5 Rue du Mont-Thabor⁸³ when this madness quite overwhelmed him. So, for the first month in Paris, the brothers dispatched appealing letters to William, Ebenezer, and John, exhortations to Brevoort, and superfluous entreaties to Beasley and Church not to exclude the Irvings from their project.⁸⁴ Peter had already rushed back to Havre and taken shares in the company to the amount of ten thousand dollars. On this fickle road to wealth Ebenezer and William were to be permitted to help ; the successful author himself would furnish one quarter of the capital. He now estimated his total assets as five thousand dollars, though, to be sure, much of this money was already invested or in dubious literary property or in unpaid royalties. Yet Irving must be credited with some compunctions about thus spending his all. He was doing it for the sake of less prosperous Peter, who showed, he thought, an absurd delicacy in refusing to share the income from *The Sketch Book*.

In New York the wise elders were again making headway in business.⁸⁵ Yet they were still rueful over the Birmingham debacle ;

and in reply to Brevoort's persistence and Washington's letters they were ice itself. In fact, their disfavor extended to poor Brevoort, who shared, it seemed to them, the management of Washington's affairs in a quite unaccountable manner. Brevoort, therefore, withdrew as intercessor; William and Ebenezer straightway declined unreservedly to abet this new nonsense of ne'er-do-well brothers who never reached apparently the age of mature judgment. It is sanifying to see momentarily the dilettantes through the eyes of two New York business men—the good-humored Peter, an invalid, with professional training wasted, the author of an unsuccessful novel,⁸⁶ and Washington, clever, lovable, but oh, so erratic! To their satisfaction, he had written a tolerable book. Why not, then, have done with these highfalutin ways and come home to work? Brevoort, now anchored by business and marriage, supported them in this. He even wrote to this effect in a letter which drew an acrid response from Irving.⁸⁷ In any case, the elder brothers would not chase this Seine will-o'-the-wisp; they certainly would not; let the river be content with magnificent quays and dingy barges. With enthusiasm they refused all aid.⁸⁸

Meanwhile, Irving had signed the drafts committing Peter and himself to the enterprise. Frenchmen continued to shout "Bravo!" as the frail little vessels mounted the Seine, but over investment of capital in the company they shook their heads. The financial ambitions of this people, unlike the expansive Americans, were founded upon the principle of savings, not upon that of speculation. They were willing to play imaginatively with innumerable projects, but buying steamboats was not their way of lining their purses. Six years later James Fenimore Cooper found them still skeptical about such innovations.⁸⁹ This apathy American capital could not combat forever, and Beasley and his friends shot to earth. From this unlucky flyer in 1820 the author of *The Sketch Book* derived only anxiety and a lean wallet.⁴⁰

Irving found himself in France, among the scenes which had in 1804 helped to begin the process of his own civilization. Yet he was never to penetrate, as in England, Germany, and Spain, into this country's deeper and more ancient moods. His records of Paris or the South are superficial compared with Hazlitt's, or even with Leigh Hunt's or Crabb Robinson's, all of whom visited France during these years. Whatever enrichment in culture he derived for himself or for his art he might as easily have secured in London, save perhaps the life with the peasants near Bordeaux. France never stirred him. Yet the country now offered a diverting *pasticcio*,

under the Bourbon Louis XVIII, of the old and the new *régimes*. From Montmartre, whose shot-riddled houses still recalled the assaults of the Allies in 1814, he could look down not only on the vast array of domes, crosses, and pavilionlike roofs, but on the Paris that was still countryside, the waste fields near the Seine, the regions of Meudon, Versailles, St. Cloud, and St. Germain. Into the city had poured, since 1815, battalions of Englishmen, eager for long-delayed Continental travel. At the theaters, in the *cafés*, along the streets, were the Londoners, always distinguishable, says a Frenchman, by their imperturbable calm.⁴¹

Moore, who was now here, after a visit to Byron in Italy, felt bound to satirize them; in 1818 he had published his witty *Fudge Family in Paris*. He lived busily in the cool disdain of this transplanted English society, with its fringe of French salons; on October 16 he noted in his diary that on that day he dined alone with his family for the first time since July 1.⁴² His round included Madame de Broglie, Croker, Wordsworth, and Theodore Hook. He also knew well the set to which he was to introduce Irving, namely, the Villamils (Spaniards, whose cottage at La Butte, near Sèvres, Moore rented), the Forbeses, Lord John Russell, Luttrell, Sydney Smith, L'Herbette, and James Kenney, the dramatist.⁴³ On December 21, at Meurice's,⁴⁴ Irving was at last looking into the dark eyes of the poet Moore, whom he had read and reread in New York.⁴⁵ For Moore friendship was preordained with this author of the successful *Sketch Book*, "a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man."⁴⁶ Here, for Irving, was a spirit to appreciate "The Broken Heart," in whose pages was quotation from the poet.⁴⁷ Moore, neglecting his unfinished life of Sheridan, was walking daily in the woods of St. Cloud, smoothing out the verse of his *Loves of the Angels* (published in 1823). He now carried off Irving, with Lord John Russell,⁴⁸ to sentimentalize over the dungeon of Marie Antoinette. Thus by March Irving was in the good graces of this "charming joyous fellow—full of frank, generous, manly feeling."⁴⁹ Eventually he was scornful of "the *small* traits and parasitical tendencies of Moore's character,"⁵⁰ but not now; these were memorable days at La Butte, discussing Byron with "Anacreon" and Bessy Moore.⁵¹

The statesman Albert Gallatin,⁵² now in Paris, was attentive to Irving, but, for the latter's aims, Moore was a better guide in society. Moore presented him to Canning⁵³ and took him to Lady Holland, who was surprisingly kind, either because she sensed his timidity or because she was for the nonce pleased with Moore, who laid

"his best offerings of wit and good company at her feet." "He," said Lady Holland, suddenly turning to Irving, was "a nice little man."⁵⁴ Irving now met Henry Luttrell,⁵⁵ and saw much of Kenney whenever the playwright was not "shut up and occupied in the miserable labour of writing some pleasant farce."⁵⁶ So he yielded to the smiling city.

Mr. Irving [says one of his innumerable notes of the period] is engaged to dine at two, at a charboneiers — Rue de deux Ecus . . . to attend a concert at five, at a Tea . . . rue plat d'etaïn and to go to a ball at eight at a Marchand de Modes — . . . but he will break all these engagements and give the charms of the Dames de la Halle for the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Story.⁵⁷

Or he called on Lady Granard, finding her absorbed in Byron's *Doge of Venice*.⁵⁸ In all this Moore was the chief dragoman. Irving loved to steal off to the Irishman's cottage at La Butte, where he shared with him his meals and his literary projects; and he danced at Bessy's anniversary dinner, boisterously, until the floor broke down under him.⁵⁹

Through the capital streamed, too, the "barbarous" natives,⁶⁰ as Moore had contemptuously called them, of America. With these, also, Irving mingled, accompanying, from November 8 to about November 20, an old acquaintance, Ritchie, in a tour of Normandy,⁶¹ and sharing the kindly home life of the American merchant Thomas Wentworth Storrow.⁶² Unhappily for Irving, as it proved ultimately, John Howard Payne was in Paris. Immediately after the success of *The Sketch Book* he had repeated his unanswered request to his very dear friend Irving for a loan of two pounds;⁶³ this renewal of old acquaintance now permitted the volatile dramatist to commence a fresh series of debts, for which Irving was to be frequently the unwilling, patient sponsor. Since leaving America in 1813,⁶⁴ Payne had been an actor, the manager of Sadler's Wells, the author of *Junius Brutus*,⁶⁵ and a prisoner for debt. *Clari*, with its lyric "Home, Sweet Home," was still unborn.⁶⁶ In the year of its appearance (1823) Irving was to return to Paris and reap the doubtful rewards of this friendship in his collaboration with Payne.

The nomadic playwright now pestered him about writing for the stage, but Irving was, for the time being, content to breakfast with him, presumably at No. 16 Petite Rue de St. Pierre, Pont aux Choux,⁶⁷ and listen to the actor's chorus of canaries. Payne made him stroll along the boulevards, gave him tickets to the theaters, and introduced him to Talma. To every word from the tragedian,

whom he had first seen in Paris fifteen years earlier, Irving listened heart in hand. Talma's bluish-gray eyes fell on the essayist—so young, he thought—and he spoke in his animated, discursive way of the great actors of the past, and of the new plays of ordinary life which Irving's generation would see.⁶⁸ Perhaps it was Talma's memorabilia of the stage; perhaps the prospect of the production at Drury Lane of a version of "The Spectre Bridegroom";⁶⁹ perhaps the recollection of hours in the winning companionship of Payne at the New York theaters; perhaps the reviews, proclaiming Washington Irving to be more than mere essayist: he was, they declared, a novelist and a potential dramatist.⁷⁰ Whatever the cause, the seed was sown. When Irving returned to England, he had pledged himself to represent Payne in London and had not denied that he would some day help his friend in dramatic writing. Why not become, Allston had said, a painter? Why not, now urged Payne, Kemble, and Kenney, a dramatist?

Meanwhile, other Americans in Paris expressed pride in Irving, their eminent fellow countryman, thirty-seven years old, the writer of, they were sure, a remarkable book. George Bancroft, just turned twenty-one, fresh from his studies in Germany under Heeren and Schlosser, climbed the stairs in the Rue du Mont-Thabor and listened respectfully to an essay which Irving told him he had written at one sitting.⁷¹ Some days afterwards Irving took Bancroft to Verrières to see Gallatin. They walked to the *barrière*, engaged the inevitable cuckoo, or suburban carriage, and rattled off on the highway toward Orléans, through the parks and wooded country. The conversation was a monologue, for Irving chose to be parental. Bancroft must, he insisted, lay up a stock of knowledge for future application. The younger man hinted at narrow means and other handicaps. "Still," reiterated Irving, who himself always delayed his reading until an immediate purpose was to be served,

[you] must still not give up the pursuit. Still follow it; scramble to it; get at it as you can; but be sure to get at it. If you need books, buy them; if you are in want of instruction in any thing take it. The time will soon come, when it will be too late for all these things.⁷²

In the carriage Bancroft sat silent, overcome by such sapience. Here was excellent advice—which its preacher himself never followed.

Gallatin received them hospitably, and at dinner was witty. Irving was at ease in the good-humored chaff at the "German sceptics in criticism . . . who deal in quotations by the hundreds and

stud their pages with long lists of cited authors in the margin.”⁷⁸ Such pedantry he himself had twitted in his comic history. On the way home he resumed his sermon to Bancroft and sustained it across the Pont des Arts, in the Tuileries, and through the Rue de Rivoli. It is an odd situation, the amateur in history instructing the future expert. Yet Bancroft, with thrice his elder’s intellect, was bewitched; thought him the most excellent man he had met in Europe. It was not wisdom, then; it was that quality of Irving’s so difficult to recapture as we follow his commonplace thinking — his essential goodness or sincerity. “I can almost say,” added Bancroft after other meetings, “that I never go away from him, without finding my better principles and feelings warmed, strengthened and purified by his eloquent conversation.”⁷⁴

Thus, in spite of his modesty in the presence of Moore and Lady Holland, Irving wears in this winter of 1820–1821 unmistakably the mien of the established author, drinking in his own popularity and encouraging other writers. For his satisfaction during these six months in Paris was bound up in his restored self-confidence. Reverberations of *The Sketch Book* had flown across the Channel to the Rue du Mont-Thabor. Jeffrey had touted the book in the *Edinburgh Review*; ⁷⁵ Lady Lyttelton was sure that it had not been written by Scott, so much better was it than anything from the novelist’s hand.⁷⁶ Byron voiced his delight in its pages,⁷⁷ and Murray sent its author, unsolicited, a hundred guineas.⁷⁸ Finally, here in Paris, two translations — *Esquisses sur les mœurs anglaises et américaines* — were in preparation,⁷⁹ and Galignani was eager to reprint *A History of New York*.⁸⁰ In London the *Times* hailed the first English edition of *Salmagundi*, Murray was republishing *A History of New York*,⁸¹ Leslie was illustrating this⁸² and also a new edition of *The Sketch Book*; and in America, praise of Geoffrey Crayon was still extravagant.⁸³

It was not strange, then, if we call to mind the days in Liverpool, that Irving was “fluttered,” unable to become at once “calm and collected.”⁸⁴ The “most fashionable fellow of the day” was now acceptable to Paris; here artists sought to paint his portrait. He sent Brevoort, with proper deprecation, Newton’s painting of himself, and he even worried a little about Leslie’s proposal for another picture in some dress, say, Venetian, which might survive transient fashions and so live on for posterity. His sense of humor rescued him; Venetian garb would not do. Such motley, he declared, “would have a fantastic appearance, and savour of affectation.”⁸⁵ He prayed Leslie to alter this at once. “Let,” said the author, “the

costume be simple & picturesque, but such a one as a gentleman might be supposed to wear occasionally at the present day.”⁸⁶ Newton laughed; this Venetian dress had been a joke of Peter Powell’s.⁸⁷

Yet, behind this foppishness, a resurgence of Irving’s fashionable life, lay his purpose. He meant to write, to consolidate his reputation by another book. Of its exact nature he was uncertain, but he kept scribbling throughout the winter, and during his tour of Normandy he mused hopefully over the legendary associations at Honfleur with Annette Delarbre, and at Falaise with William the Conqueror.⁸⁸ It was Moore, finally, who made his decision for him. “Why not,” said he, “make a slight thread of a story of the Christmas essays and Master Simon, on which to string your remarks and sketches of human manners and feelings?”⁸⁹ Irving’s answer was to compose incessantly for ten days; on March 19 he had scratched off one hundred and thirty pages, each equal in size to those of *The Sketch Book*.⁹⁰ Moore’s penalty for his ingenuity was to hear Irving read these aloud. This the author did, sitting on the grass at La Butte; so Thomas Moore listened to the first parts of *Bracebridge Hall*. He was, however, a better friend than critic; at least he could not bring himself to tell Irving his real thoughts: “It is amusing,” he wrote in his journal, “but will, I fear, much disappoint the expectation his Sketches have raised.”⁹¹

“Buckthorne” Moore liked better, but this was finally excluded from *Bracebridge Hall*; it was to be rewritten laboriously in England, Germany, and France, and to appear at last in *Tales of a Traveller*. The underlying idea of this story Irving also owed to Moore.

He has given [said the poet] the description of the booksellers’ dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans’ (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author’s jokes, the twelve-edition writers treated with claret, &c.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture.⁹²

Anyway, Irving was back at work; he had had his holiday. His spurts of energy became more frequent; a letter from Murray inspired him to create “The Student of Salamanca” in a single night.⁹³ He now felt the need of seeing Murray, and so he yielded to the exhortations of Leslie, Newton, and Powell to return to London. It was difficult to part with Moore, but after a hasty note to Payne, suggesting that the latter command him in all ways⁹⁴ —



WASHINGTON IRVING, *act.* 37

After the line engraving by M. I. Danforth in 1831, after the painting by
C. R. Leslie (in 1820) in the New York Public Library.

an injunction which Payne took literally⁹⁵ — and after a farewell dinner at Lady Holland's, where Talma stormed in with the news of Napoleon's death, he set off on July 11, 1821, with the fidgety, amiable Kenney for England.

Yet his heroic resolution to turn anchorite and see his book published by autumn vanished almost as soon as he set foot on English soil. How dreary was this gray city after the friendly gardens of Paris! No music nor Sunday dinners at the Storrows', and, most of all, no Moore with whom to discuss the "libidinous scenes" in the newly published second part of *Don Juan*.⁹⁶ To heighten his distraction, all London was now crowning George IV. "The King looked amazing grand; dressed in a huge robe of ermine and velvet, with a splendid crown, and long ringlets hanging down his back."⁹⁷ In the midst of the pageantry he caught a glimpse of Scott, but the Minstrel, with a quip or two on Irving's fame, hurried away, pre-occupied, engaged, as he put it, "*up to the hub*."⁹⁸ Newton welcomed Irving to his apartment,⁹⁹ but over the author hung the pall of enforced labor. He had come back to finish the new book, and he was already sick of it! It now occurred to him with a twinge appropriate to his temperament, as he faced a bare chamber and hard study, that he could have performed his task quite as well in Paris. He shut himself in his room, away from this English Babylon, but he still remembered his land of Israel.

I stay [he wrote Payne] almost entirely at home, and have been but twice out of doors for five days past; yet I am in a dreadfully idle vein. The closeness and thickness of the London air seems to have got into my brain. I wish myself back again at Paris a dozen times a day.¹⁰⁰

Thus, as so often in Irving's life, one change of scene begot the desire for another. He resolved to flee at the first opportunity to "Castle Van Tromp"; yet he must tarry for a time in this hot city to market Payne's play *The Borrower* — a fitting title for its author! Irving was always a conscientious friend in such commissions. In Payne's behalf he called wearily on Hazlitt, Richard Rush,¹⁰¹ George Lamb,¹⁰² and John Miller; and he forwarded bulletins and theatrical gossip across to France.¹⁰³ In the meantime, he had partly stifled his aversion toward his own manuscript, and he sweated part of each day over the "mass of writings" which was to be *Bracebridge Hall*.

In the end, Payne's insatiable needs had to be sacrificed to his own. He sealed up the wretched play in Newton's lodgings, and about September 9 started northward toward Birmingham. Leslie was

with him as traveling companion and critic. For the painter had listened often, as had Moore, to the maunderings of Master Simon Bracebridge, and he had even shoved "Buckthorne" out of the book into Irving's collection of remnants.¹⁰⁴ The condition of the manuscript which was written to surpass *The Sketch Book* was now delicate, for Murray requested its termination within three months. From scattered hints we may reconstruct its content in September, 1821. Moore had seen some one hundred and thirty pages; these were presumably the pages which tell the story of the Squire. Bancroft had heard a reading from "St. Mark's Eve."¹⁰⁵ From the jottings made at Honfleur it is probable that "Annette Delarbre" was finished, as well as "The Student of Salamanca," which now supplanted "Buckthorne." In addition, since the germ of "Horsemanship" is found in a notebook of 1817,¹⁰⁶ this essay was probably ready. Yet more, much more, was needed, and the excursion with Leslie and exile among the Van Warts must somehow amplify the manuscript. Leslie was hunting on his own account; he needed fresh subjects for paintings. So the two were off, hopeful, glad to be rid of London, their expectations of success making them hilarious on the top of the coach until set down on a Saturday night at Oxford.

The friends woke on the next morning in their inn to face a dismal, rainy Sunday. This day, too, found a place in *Bracebridge Hall*,¹⁰⁷ but the real prize lay just ahead. What occurred is hardly less interesting than the circumstances attending the composition of "Rip Van Winkle." Your true vagabond writer relies on chance and expects to find his golden coins in the street. As they departed for Stratford, Leslie laughed at the memory of a certain "stout gentleman" who had been in the Oxford coach. Struck with the incident, the other remarked, "Not . . . a bad title for a tale."¹⁰⁸ Instantly his pencil was out. Whenever the jolting coach halted he wrote. Seated on a stile, he revised, and again, on a gravestone near Leamington, he retouched, while Leslie sketched Warwick Castle. Still Irving scrawled on, ever faster and faster, laughing aloud, and reading the growing story to the painter.¹⁰⁹ Irving's luck was in; in this manner he composed "The Stout Gentleman." Nor was this the only booty of the trip. After a welcome from Van Wart he and Leslie pushed on to Haddon Hall. The girders of the book had already been thrown up from notes made in 1818 on Aston Hall in Birmingham,¹¹⁰ but it was easy to add ornament from this other antiquity. The dim notebook which records this forgotten pilgrimage suggests what parts of *Bracebridge Hall* Irving finished

during these last three months of 1821. Here, at Haddon Hall, he studied the "trimmed gardens — the fruit trees . . . Drawing room of oak panelled with low windows & the arms on them in painted glass"; and here he gleaned fresh observations for "Ready-Money Jack," for "May-Day," and for the sketch of Lady Lillycraft.¹¹¹

Leslie stayed on for a few weeks at "Castle Van Tromp,"¹¹² but in October Irving braced himself for a final hammering at the book. It was high time. He may have read the patronizing review of *The Sketch Book* in the *Quarterly* for April, 1821. Anyway, he must reconquer England, and he must also justify fond expectations in America. There the New York *Evening Post* remarked, just prior to the book's appearance, "Mr. Washington Irving is now correcting the sheets of his new work '*Bracebridge Hall*' . . . and a delightful book it will be." Irving thought so too, believing it less callow than *The Sketch Book*. "There is," continued the *Post*, "as much anxiety for its appearance, as there would be for a novel of Scott's or a poem of Byron's."¹¹³ More self-indulgence, then, was inexcusable; the public was receptive; the materials were in his portfolio; the clean sheets of paper and the long, uninterrupted days were before him. He could barricade himself away from the devoted Sarah and the children, refusing until evening to play the flute or to be "surrounded by a little fairy circle, all listening with breathless attention to some harum-scarum tale."¹¹⁴ This was far better than London, better even than Paris, better than Leslie's cheerful talk of his successful paintings, better than the gossip of Moore. Yes, this book would certainly top the other.

Yet one common law of Irving's literary career demanded fulfillment. Including his valedictory volumes in old age, he was doomed seldom to complete a book without sorrow. For, during the days at Stratford and Haddon Hall, there had been grief at home. After sudden illnesses, Sister Catherine had lost two daughters; and while this news was on the way to Birmingham, Ebenezer was writing General Dodge that for poor Brother William's recovery they entertained no hope.¹¹⁵ These tidings Irving received at Edgbaston, in letters, he said, that "have quenched every spark of animation or cheerfulness in me."¹¹⁶ The death of William Irving was "one of the dismallest events"¹¹⁷ of his life; it rivaled the loss of Matilda Hoffman. He recalled the mirth of Pindar Cockloft's verses, the brave political career in the face of an inveterate shyness, but especially that unalterable brotherly affection, so long a cushion for his own follies. These had hastened, perhaps, William's death? He became ill himself, lying stretched on the living-

room sofa, his bothersome ankles the prey of numerous doctors who threatened to make "a complete job and I may say *Job*" of him — he punned feebly.¹¹⁸ Leslie, since Peter was in France and unwell, seemed closest to him now; Irving's correspondence with him was in the strain of *de profundis*; his dejection was far blacker than the facts themselves. The morbid strain, always trying to his intimates, again ruled his mind. As he analyzed his own griefs, with the sick man's hopeless search for causes, he came to attribute all this suffering to lack of exercise in Paris! Up and down! The man of feeling! Even as he languished, buoyant little Moore, emancipated from the Bermuda scandal,¹¹⁹ passed through Birmingham, unaware of the presence of his brooding friend. Irving had forbidden Leslie to inform anyone, even Murray, where he was hid.

On December 26, on edge from medicines, confinement, and introspection, Irving returned to London. Prostrate on the bed at Edgbaston, he had done his best; but to finish on schedule was impossible. Murray would have to wait. Irving now extracted large sections from his manuscript, and bound together what might be called a first volume. A packet ship sailing from Liverpool early in February, 1822, bore this new miscellany together with a letter to Ebenezer containing careful instructions concerning American publication. The book was to be in duodecimo; it was to be offered first to Moses Thomas; and, in particular, it was to be printed instantly, to thwart possible pirates who might reproduce the English edition which Irving had under consideration.¹²⁰ By the last of February, he had dispatched the second volume and could turn his attention to the deferred English version.

For trading advantageously with English publishers no American author now enjoyed a position equal to Irving's. He could remember so well the days of October, 1819, with Murray's curt refusal of *The Sketch Book* and his own humble appeals to John Miller to let him publish at his own expense. Now, before he had laid down his pen, Henry Colburn called and offered him a thousand guineas outright. Although Colburn was a "fashionable publisher, liberal in his prices and anxious to get American works of merit,"¹²¹ Irving dismissed him politely, saying that he could not bear to disappoint Murray. "He should have," said he with an assurance which other literary aspirants, among them, perhaps, James Fenimore Cooper,¹²² might have envied, "my second even at a less price than the one offered me by himself (Colburn)." ¹²³ He was sure of Murray; from him he had received in Paris gracious letters, well-oiled with compliments and hints. "He has," Irving wrote Moore concerning

the king of publishers, "grown amazing fond of me, and his friendship increases with every edition."¹²⁴

Upon the considerable interest in American literature¹²⁵ aroused by *The Sketch Book*, Irving did not build. Nor did he count upon Murray's cunning deference to fashions. "Murray," he confided in this year to Wiley, the American publisher, "is precisely the worst man that an American work can be sent to. He has the offer of almost every thing that is choice, and is extremely fastidious and he is surrounded by literary advisers who are prejudiced against any thing American."¹²⁶ Irving had, in fact, few illusions about Murray. He based his sanguine expectations for *Bracebridge Hall* not at all upon Murray's concessions to American authors, for he made none, but upon his own reputation in the England of 1822. Murray followed the reviews of publications as closely as his own ledgers of debit and credit, and his measuring rod left Irving, for the moment, a comfortable margin. Acclaim of *The Sketch Book* convinced Irving that now he could dictate to the dictator. He was right about this, but wrong in his belief that all his future writings would meet Murray's test. When they did not, Murray coolly dropped a startled Irving.¹²⁷ Now, however, since he could, Irving would emulate the despised Yankees. He would swap horses with Murray.

So the famous publisher called to make an offer for Geoffrey Crayon's new work. This interview was the meridian of Murray's favor. Some six years later Irving meditated painfully on this august meeting; he was then writing feverishly in a little Spanish seaport for this man, but from him he could secure not one word of acceptance or refusal. Believing in him now, Murray was then to be equally disbelieving, convinced that Irving had written himself out. At this instant it was different. "Experience," Irving thought, as Murray bowed, "has taught me a lesson." When Murray inquired urbanely what the manuscript might be expected to fetch, the author replied: "Fifteen hundred guineas." Murray's astonishment was visible. "Have you not," he said, "overvalued your performance? I have come prepared to offer a thousand." So the venerable ruse was successful. Irving accepted the honorarium, and watched Murray sign the check. Now, as Murray handed it to him, was his own turn to be astonished—and embarrassed. It was a draft for twelve hundred guineas, to be paid before the book was published.¹²⁸

Yet Murray had bought a feeble book. Even to some of the romance-hungry readers of 1822 *Bracebridge Hall* seemed faint, dim as the paintings in Aston Hall. *The Sketch Book* was robust

compared with this bloodless assembly of lovers, mistresses, huntsmen, servants, and antiquarians idling in castles and forests. The penalty attached to Irving's plan as suggested by Moore was the thinnest of plots and the most trivial of subjects. Instead of a "Westminster Abbey" or a "Stratford-on-Avon," he had created such inanities as "Forest Trees" and "Family Servants."¹²⁹ "The characters," said the *London Magazine*, "seem to dawdle and hang about without a purpose, while the title of the chapter is being fulfilled."¹³⁰ This is the truth; Irving was merely writing essays based on his antiquarian reading. Sometimes his interest warmed such a paper as "Ready-Money Jack" into a tolerable epitome of British traits. Yet, except for "St. Mark's Eve," personal feeling such as that in "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap" was quite bleached out of the book. Compared with the hostess of the Red Horse¹³¹ or Dame Van Winkle, Phoebe Wilkins and the Squire are phantoms. Irving never loved these ghosts as he loved the flesh-and-blood Katrina Van Tassel.¹³²

For this reason *Bracebridge Hall* is to-day defunct. The sincere sentiment and the gamy humor of the best essays of *The Sketch Book* were swallowed up in what Irving himself was fond of calling black-letter diletantism. His veneration for England had become effusive, watery. The repetitions were innumerable, including even Diedrich Knickerbocker himself.¹³³ The shorter sketches were sometimes mere digests of Elizabethan passages; the quotations were long and trite; the moralizing on marriage was tedious; and the book itself was so spun out that Miss Edgeworth's comment was just: "The fault of the book (*Bracebridge Hall*) is that the workmanship surpasses the work. There is too much care and cost bestowed on petty objects."¹³⁴ Substance had become shadow, for John Bull of *The Sketch Book* had shriveled into Jack Tibbetts; the story of Emmet into "Love-Charms," "Love Symptoms," and "Lovers' Troubles"; "Rural Life in England" to "May-Day Customs"; and "Rip Van Winkle" into a Dutch tale of money at the bottom of a well. On our shelves dust covers *Bracebridge Hall*.

If such is to-day's verdict, it was not that of 1822. Though slightly less popular than *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall* was acclaimed as worthy of its predecessor and of Geoffrey Crayon. Moreover, it then boasted special merits and defects, now quite invisible. For in its day its faults were not those which make posterity neglect it, but others which may well amuse the modern critic. Jeffrey, to be sure, recorded a common buzz in drawing-rooms that it was more monotonous than *The Sketch Book*;¹³⁵ and others quailed

before its excessive length. Yet the horrible blemish of *Bracebridge Hall* in 1822 was—its *indecenty*! Parts of it were marred by “the degrading style of the Turf and the Ring.”¹⁸⁶ That broad disc of the Stout Gentleman’s breeches was offensive to high-bred taste,¹⁸⁷ and readers blushed at Master Simon’s buxom milkmaids and the bosom of Dolph’s Dutch sweetheart. Washington Irving had better not associate English scenes and characters with such vulgarity!

Yet the enemies of *Bracebridge Hall* were few. In the rest of his review Jeffrey was, like nearly every critic, fair-spoken. Miss Edgeworth, after her allusion to its workmanship, praised the book;¹⁸⁸ the Carlyles were well-disposed;¹⁸⁹ and, in America, Emerson implied that he was proud of Washington Irving.¹⁴⁰ The essential was, said the *Literary Museum*, that “the talents of Washington Irving . . . though somewhat overrated, are nevertheless of a very high order”;¹⁴¹ and the *Eclectic Review* inclined to think *Bracebridge Hall* cleverer than *The Sketch Book*. It had “a deeper vein of thought, a wider range of reflection than characterized the earlier sketches.”¹⁴² Not many judges went so far as this.¹⁴³ In America, Edward Everett was sure that it was inferior to *The Sketch Book*;¹⁴⁴ but *Blackwood’s* expressed a wide-spread opinion:

“Bracebridge Hall” certainly does not possess the spirit of the Sketch Book. And the worthy family to whom we are introduced, and whose habits and peculiarities form the chief subject of the work, are on the whole rather dull. The lovers are insipid enough,—the General as tiresome as his own Indian stories. . . . But for all this, there are redeeming beauties even in the portion of the work we censure. The pictures of English life, though fraught with the defects above mentioned, are at times exceedingly humorous and just.¹⁴⁵

It appears a rather stale business to quote fully either the adulation of the American reviewers or the English compliments to Irving’s general reputation resultant from *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*—that he was, for example, “at the summit of literary fame . . . the Goldsmith of the age”;¹⁴⁶ that he was distinguished for “exquisite delineation of character”;¹⁴⁷ that he was “the prince of modern essay-writers.”¹⁴⁸ It is more enlightening to winnow out three particular characteristics which formed the rock of Irving’s reputation in 1822, a reputation puzzling to the modern reader of *Bracebridge Hall*. The first of these is evident if we return to Jeffrey’s thoughtful review. For Jeffrey, after dubbing Irving “the most amiable and elegant of *American* writers,”¹⁴⁹ emphasized the similarity of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge*

Hall in effecting the coalescence in the popular mind of Irving's work and his personality. This, as will be indicated presently, became a decisive factor in Irving's career in London's literary world from 1820 to 1822. This fact Jeffrey himself probably recalled from his own meetings with Irving, as he continued :

For nothing in the world can be so complete as the identity of the author in these two productions — identity not of style merely and character, but of merit also, both in kind and degree, and in the sort and extent of popularity which that merit has created — not merely the same good sense and the same good humour directed to the same good ends, and with the same happy selection and limited variety, but the same . . . sustained level of excellence.¹⁵⁰

Bracebridge Hall, in brief, though not equal to *The Sketch Book*, defined still more sharply the nature of Irving's contribution in both writing and personality to literature and society.

And Jeffrey found in the fifty-one essays, sketches, and stories another virtue. He was not overpleased with Irving's simple exposition, his artificial lovers, his "universal affability,"¹⁵¹ or with "Annette Delarbre,"¹⁵² smacking of the sentimental afterpieces of the Parisian theaters, or even with his neglect of Scotland! But he observed what the *Literary Speculum* and many magazines called the beautiful simplicity of Geoffrey Crayon's style.¹⁵³ "The great charm and peculiarity of his work," pronounced the Edinburgh dictator, "consists now, as on former occasions, in the singular sweetness of the composition."¹⁵⁴ This we still concede, even concerning *Bracebridge Hall*, if we take the trouble to reread it. We admit that Washington Irving could write. He himself knew this, and even hoped that his skill would win him a kind of immortality through a "classic merit . . . depending upon style."¹⁵⁵ This power consisted chiefly of discrimination in the choice of words and of his deep-rooted sense of form. New literary gods now dominate the essay. That Irving was a master of this obsolete, sweet rhetoric seems to-day hardly a positive virtue. Such is, however, the difference in the two epochs. To appreciate Irving's reputation in 1822 we must observe that he satisfied the criteria of the circle which rejoiced in the "elegance" of sentence and paragraph. Geoffrey Crayon was a master of a fashionable type of prose. This was so in England, and in America this pleasure was heightened by the flattering novelty of his being a fellow countryman;¹⁵⁶ it was evident from *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, declared the critics, that an American could write pure, classical English. Nor, indeed,

was he altogether wrong in believing that as a stylist he would live.

Finally, Irving served an interest long since dead. To understand his achievement we must also recollect that the excellence of his writing was identified with subjects which belong to a by-gone day and the history of literary movements. Though the influence of Scott and his contemporaries is apparent in *Bracebridge Hall*, Irving's orthodox rhetoric was also, far more than in *The Sketch Book*, the handmaiden of the theme of English village life.¹⁵⁷ Although the mirth of "The Stout Gentleman" received its meed, it was this union of an approved style with an approved subject which delighted Jeffrey and his age far more than it bores our own. To be sure, judged historically, this fashion of the depiction of English country life seems an unimportant ripple. Yet in 1822 it existed, despite the rushing currents of more vigorous thought. In 1821, for example, Irving's friend John Galt brought out his *Annals of the Parish*, and in 1824, as already said, appeared Miss Mitford's *Our Village*. To show simply the life, manners, and customs of ordinary persons, whether with pathos, bleak realism, or, as did Irving, with romantic idealization, was a tendency still alive in reactionary literary groups.¹⁵⁸ Thus many critics forgave the anachronisms;¹⁵⁹ they recognized the aim of *Bracebridge Hall*; melted by the influences upon Irving of Moore, Byron, and Scott, it followed well-known canons.¹⁶⁰ Here, then, was an American, with a feather in his hand instead of on his head, straight from the wild savannahs of the New World, who could conform to and develop a popular form of the essay. To appreciate how Irving the stylist made lucky use of a prevailing mode, helps us to understand the contemporary fame of that insipid book *Bracebridge Hall*.¹⁶¹

In parenthesis, it may be added that to a modern student of English nineteenth-century thought nothing could be more banal than *Bracebridge Hall*'s "English Country Gentlemen," "English Gentry," and "A Village Politician," in which Irving discussed feebly the mortgaged estates and the poor. We understand the bitterness of Democratic reviews, which abused Irving for adulation of the British aristocracy. We recall, also, Preston's amazement at Irving's determination to de-Americanize himself. "It is remarkable," declared a German periodical, "how impartially and with what affection this democratically reared republican lays hold upon and restores the aristocratic ancient forms in English life."¹⁶² On the outworn feudal system *Bracebridge Hall* lavishes unconvincing generalization and lukewarm sentiment. Irving, for example, anx-

iously debates the dreadful question of whether the passion for coaches will destroy the temper of the old English gentry. His indifference to the suffering of the time is well illustrated by his jests to Tom Moore during their casual visit to a debtors' prison. Looking back on the turmoil of the period just beginning, we concentrate rather upon the stormy, rebellious outcries of the age, on, say, the terrible anger of Carlyle. Indeed, in contrast to the thinkers of the period, Irving seems to have had slight comprehension of the social issues glossed over by his romanticization of the landed aristocrats. Our sense of the gulf between this dreamer and the troubled critics of the era is underlined by Carlyle's qualification of his "esteem of the good man," for he cried out: "A smooth polished clever amiable man—excellent for an acquaintance—but for a bosom friend—*no!*"¹⁶⁵

Shallow *Bracebridge Hall* was, but it was famous, like its author.¹⁶⁶ We may reemphasize, as we conclude the story of these years of his life, that first cause remarked by Jeffrey—*Irving himself*. To meet him was to love him. Irving's gifts included the power to verify in person the impressions formed of him from his writings. His readers believed Washington Irving to be a romantic lover of English life and traditions; and this he was. (It was even rumored that he was a native of Devonshire.)¹⁶⁶ From *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* devotees had also deduced that their creator was gentle, tactful, humorous, shrewd, and kindly; and all these, as he proved at dinner parties or in his accessible lodgings, he also was. The easy identification of the man with his polished paragraphs was flattering not merely to Irving but to the reader, who suffered, in meeting him, no disillusionment. To be sure, this blending of book and man is often an ironical contrivance of deceptive fame; so it loves to gull mankind into mistaking a trifling talent for genius. The writings of Washington Irving have never seemed the same since he himself became invisible. "The *success*," said the London *Athenæum* in 1828, "which Mr. Irving met with on his first literary appearance in this country, was certainly disproportionate. . . ."¹⁶⁶ Nevertheless, the union of his personality and his writing accounts in large measure for his contemporary fame. A plea of his concerning his letters he might have applied to his books: "When you read them," he said, "fancy I am talking with you."¹⁶⁷

Those houses and scenes which Irving had first visited in 1819 were now his daily resorts. In later years he was wont to say that of the celebrities in Faed's picture "Scott and His Contemporaries,"

he knew all but three.¹⁶⁸ Let us, for a moment, forget the truth about his powers, which time has appraised, and see him in 1822, pleasing and being pleased, the accomplished author of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, the intimate of Scott and Moore. Now thirty-nine years old, he was about five feet seven inches in height and rather clumsy in his movements. His face, which was very pale, was lighted up by eyes "continually shifting through shadow and light . . . and a charming smile." His hair was deep black, as were his heavy eyebrows. He bore himself "with all the air of your old-fashioned, high bred gentleman. . . . His manner [was] full of composure and gentleness."¹⁶⁹

To the sentimental, too, there hovered about him some of the melancholy romance of his essays. "I have heard it said," remarked a friend, "that he lost the woman of his heart, by death. That were enough to account for the beautiful shadow that abides."¹⁷⁰ Sometimes he was "animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation,"¹⁷¹ but in society he was usually silent and often frankly sleepy, so that Moore was inclined to scold him because, when introduced as a lion, he so quickly took on the guise of a lamb.¹⁷² "Rather low-spirited and silent in mixed company," Jeffrey commented, "but is agreeable . . . tête-à-tête, and is very gentle and amiable."¹⁷³ Contemporaries wore out the last adjective, but never with the connotation of weakness or effeminacy. Jeffrey, who called Irving his "particular friend,"¹⁷⁴ respected him, was eager to be with him; and Scott's descriptions emphasize his dignity, born of a quiet strength. One other critic states this last more definitely:

Washington Irving is, emphatically, an amiable man, without being a weak one. He takes every thing—short of what would darken the heart of any human creature, disappointment in love, or fame, or ambition—all in good part; and even the rest, he takes like one, that is too good—not too proud, to repine.¹⁷⁵

The contemporary portraits by Newton and Leslie verify these descriptions;¹⁷⁶ such was the man at his zenith. Surveying, then, all this testimony of pencil and brush, plus the evidence from Irving's own writings, we may comprehend why the abashed Leslie suddenly found his friend the center of London gatherings.¹⁷⁷ At Holland House one morning, Lady Holland cried out to Moore, who had Irving in tow, "What an uncouth hour to come at," but she was "very civil" to Irving,¹⁷⁸ preferring his comfortable temper to Cooper's *brusquerie*.¹⁷⁹ Here, on another morning, Irving

saw the Duke of Bedford enter, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. Meanwhile, Moore was again ever at Irving's side. With him the new celebrity laughed through song recitals, plays, and dinner parties at Lady Blessington's. "I have felt," said her ladyship, "very melancholy and ill all this day." "Why is that?" asked the wondering Moore. "Don't you know? . . . It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death."¹⁸⁰ For this social spin-drift, Moore's capacity was inexhaustible. But Irving, still ill, though exhilarated, was wearied and finally begged for mercy. "I am nearly killed with kindness," he wrote Brevoort, "for I have not a moment to myself."¹⁸¹

The perquisites of his distinction included not merely a relaxed presence at the house of Rogers. He was also on the friendliest terms with Sir James Mackintosh, with Mrs. Siddons, with Crabbe,¹⁸² with Lord Houghton¹⁸³ and with hosts of others; he was, he said "hand-and-glove with nobility and mobility."¹⁸⁴ He would gladly have studied the painted veil of the drama, behind which his friend Charles Mathews,¹⁸⁵ the actor, led him, but he was prevented not merely by levees, routs, balls, and dinners, but by a new jumble of obligations. Hopeful Americans appeared with manuscripts. Here was Fitz-Greene Halleck,¹⁸⁶ with a letter of introduction from Coleman; or he must write to Wiley about his efforts to place Cooper's *The Spy*.¹⁸⁷ The social net now spread over the suburbs and countryside. He dined with Lady Spencer at Wimbledon and with Thomas Hope, the author of *Anastasis*,¹⁸⁸ at Deepdene, in Surrey. His stay in this country house he described minutely to his sister¹⁸⁹ in New York, and in the letter, rather than in the courtly, flattering verses which he composed for the Deepdene album,¹⁹⁰ he set down his true feelings about the ceaseless lounging, music, and prattle. It was all very well, but he had had enough. That other impulse of his nature, the desire for quiet, was reasserting itself urgently. "Like Trim," he told Peter, "I have satisfied the sentiment, and am now preparing to make my escape from all this splendid confusion."¹⁹¹ Besides, he was still worried about his health. On July 6 he left London, via Holland, for the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.

CHAPTER X

THE WINTER IN DRESDEN · EMILY FOSTER

1822-1823

IRVING'S thirteen months' saturation in German life and legend resulted from an odd series of accidents. Laun, his German biographer, believed that he was drawn inevitably to Germany by his love of folklore.¹ Yet no life-long literary passion led him to Dresden directly, as had his boyhood studies and family traditions to London and the English countryside. Until about 1817 his knowledge of German literature was apparently confined to the plays of Kotzebue,² popular in New York during Irving's youth, and, through the Gothic novel, to an acquaintance with a few Teutonic tales. During the editorship of the *Analectic Magazine* he had evidently looked into some German periodicals, and he had alluded pointedly in his edition of Campbell's poems to this poet's subjection to German influences.³ As early as 1810 he wrote, apparently quoting from some unknown author: "In Belles Lettres the German language opens a richer field than in their philosophy. I cannot conceive a more perfect Poet than their favourite Wieland." ⁴ Still, the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., Salmagundi, A History of New York* betray debts to writers of England, France, Holland, and Sweden, but none to those of Germany. All the pre-European notebooks, too, are silent concerning German themes. Irving's first creative period was hardly touched by the mounting wave of German translations in America.⁵ English magazines in the United States during the first fifteen years of the century, which were Irving's last years in his own country until 1832, must have acquainted him with German literature, but its influence upon him was trifling. In 1815 he knew far more of the conquest of Granada than of all German history or legend.⁶

The first accident was his meeting with Scott in 1817, with his consequent absorption in German legends and his battering at the strongholds of the language.⁷ The influence of these studies upon

The Sketch Book, as has been shown, was lasting. Three tales, "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and "The Spectre Bridegroom," demonstrate his careful reading, respectively, of Otmar's *Volkssagen*, Musäus' *Volksmärchen*, and Bürger. He must have been pleased at the success of his amateurish venture into "the rich mine of German Literature,"⁸ and amused at the contemporary ignorance of his secret sources, but he manifested during 1820 and 1821 no desire to drill deeper into his newly discovered vein of gold. No substantial German influence exists in *Bracebridge Hall*; and in the summer of 1822 his concern with German was hardly more alive than his spasmodic curiosity about Italian. Nevertheless, this acquaintance, initiating in Scott, with the German language and with German legend was an enticement toward his purposed visit. The English mine was, he felt certain, worked out; once in Germany, he might perhaps let himself down deeper into this other.

As a second accident, the baths recommended by his London doctor were on the fringe of the mysterious land of folklore, and as a third, the first scenes of Germany, in contrast to England, of which he was weary, and to Holland, which he had never loved, threw him at once under a spell. Romantic scenery and picturesque dress, tantalizing in his illness, challenged him to go on, to Heidelberg, to Vienna, to Dresden. This he had not intended. The excursion was to have been short, concluding with flight to the Storrows and Moore in Paris. Again and again throughout his protracted tour, he contemplated a swift exit from these new enchantments, but each time, this fascinating, utterly different Germany held him imprisoned like a character in his own legends. Had this adventure come to him in time of poverty or in later years, the thirteen months might have shrunk to one. It was now this coincidence of vivid experience and the particularly right moment which detained him across the Rhine. He was not yet forty, in the prime of life. Germany seemed half medieval. How pallid were the familiar streets of London and Paris beside the dusky beauty of Heidelberg, Vienna, and Dresden!

So we approach one of those romantic interims so characteristic of Irving's life. That, as a writer, he found England exhausted, defines pathetically the limitations of his mind. Seldom, indeed, had it been more seminal for men of thought. But Irving had, to cite only one instance, been scornful of Lady Brooke's humanitarian club at Run-corn, indifferent to its connections with the industrial revolution.⁹ He had lolled about the castle and remarked ironically upon certain foibles of the group. "Jane," he had said, apparently of one member

of the community, "amuses us by her philosophical reflections—discussion whether Beauty or wisdom is preferable. Jane resolute in favor of Wisdom."¹⁰ On the world of social thought or, indeed, on those of character or passion or criticism, this observer of externals was silent. He could write nothing more weighty concerning England than the flimsy comments in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. He had taken notes on the parks and forests of England, had studied hunting and falconry, and had placed his sketches in such settings. He had sucked England dry of the sentimental and the antiquarian. But now such bypaths grew tedious; he must search elsewhere.

For such a mind, which continually described its own inner process as a substitution of feeling for thought, travel thus became a necessity. Travel burnished anew his dulled illusions concerning this storied old world; without actually stimulating ideas, it reawakened pleasurably his old romantic feelings; at the same time it lifted the mist about these scenes in his imagination and localized his fancies. A castle, an inn kitchen, an English stile—these had sharpened the images, and so, since these now bored him, would a Württemberg woodcutter or a Bavarian brigand. Most of all, travel aided the slack mind in another more practical way; it reaped materials for writing. Travel meant a refilling of his notebooks, those somewhat shallow reservoirs of reflection. For such reasons removal was perpetually Irving's recourse when he had, perhaps unconsciously, written himself out. It is not chance that each of his best books follows close on a prolonged season of wandering. A period of writing and a period of travel—such was often the procedure in Irving's mental life. One anticipates these intervals as inevitably as his seasons of depression. In these times of travel he read with a dim general purpose, either with a comprehending companion or alone; he idled and sketched, setting down with minute care countless impressions of obscure persons or incidents. Throughout the journal and the notebooks may be found, also, what amount to two states of mind. When he was composing, the journal either ceased or became, like that written during the creation of the *Columbus*, a chronicle.¹¹ When he was traveling, it became alive with anecdote, character sketch, and personalia.

At one of these interludes of travel have we now arrived. *Bracebridge Hall*, as well as Irving's letters and conversation, indicates his mental lassitude during the summer of 1822. Within four years he had written nearly ninety essays or sketches, of which some eighty dealt with English scenes and English life.¹² Save the fragment of

"Buckthorne," he had now no actual writing in hand. Not only his manuscripts but his curiosity concerning English subjects were spent. Prescott noticed in him in 1846 even hostility toward England;¹⁸ after 1822 his enthusiasm for her immemorial past had abated. There he was to live at various times, but we look in vain in his notebooks for his old passion for her castles and squires. His desire to portray the imaginary bygone life of Europe was at the full, but to accomplish this end he now turned to the Continent. This enriching year, though it never really produced what he referred to as the "work on Germany,"¹⁴ gave fresh scope to the mood which had hitherto been linked with the country of his ancestors. He was to remember these months as "crowded with incident and full of historical, legendary and poetical associations."¹⁵

Thus from the date of his departure for Aix-la-Chapelle on July 6, 1822, until his arrival in Paris on August 3, 1823, Irving wrote but a few pages for publication.¹⁶ It is customary to think of *Tales of a Traveller* in composition during his stay in Germany, for Irving dated the preface of the book at Mainz and he worked at "Buckthorne" in Dresden. Here he collected in desultory fashion fodder for Part I. Yet a study of the journal proves that he wrote the bulk of *Tales of a Traveller* at 89 Rue Richelieu in Paris during the winter of 1823-1824.¹⁷ In contrast with his fierce activity when actually composing, he lay fallow during his sojourn in Germany. He spent his time not in writing, as in the days of 1818 and 1821 prior to the appearances of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, but in travel, in society, in amateur theatricals, in village inn yards, in picture galleries, in lonely forests, in the study of languages, in short, wherever his jaded mind could acquire refreshment — his "old resiliency," he was fond of calling it.

So his journal and his letters began again to flower with allusion. These romantic legends, of which he had heard so much from Scott, now gained meaning; he saw the Rübezahl region.¹⁸ He took part in Saxon ceremonials and Saxon boar hunts; the old courts of Germany seemed arrested, unregenerate through the centuries, impervious to the changes which had destroyed Elizabethan life.¹⁹ The huntsmen, the villagers, the very children beckoned to him like sixteenth-century figures astray in the nineteenth. The truth was that he was not yet tired of these German archaisms, as he was of the English. Dwelling with them, he fulfilled that need of cleansing and reclothing his imagination; he thus "*lived into*" things,²⁰ as he himself described it. Dependent upon externals he always was. But with-

out such experiences there would have been no *Tales of a Traveller*, no *Alhambra*, no "Tour on the Prairies."

This attitude of mind is evident from the day that he set out from London. He writes :

I embarked on the 6th July at the Iron Gates, Town Wharf, on board of the steamboat Rapid, for Rotterdam. On the following day we came to anchor off the Briel, where we were detained an hour and half waiting for the Inspector of the customs. A steamboat at that time, was a novelty and preparations had not been made for its reception. The aspect of the shore was agreeable ; the emerald verdure reached to the waters edge ; there were fine clumps of trees ; and, as it was Sunday, the good folks of the neighborhood were tricked out in their best attire, while a chime of bells made sweet music from a church tower. . . .

Our sail up the Meuse was extremely pleasant. We passed Schiedam, famous for its gin, where the canal with picturesque houses on each side, and the banks thronged with people, some of them in antiquated dresses, put me in mind of the Dutch pictures I had often admired.²¹ We passed Delft, also, renowned for its earthen ware, and worthy to be mentioned for its harbor, a dimpling sheet of water surrounded by willowy banks. The steeples, on church towers, are like crowns, richly pinnacled. I observed storks perched on the tops of tall chimneys, where they had their nests ; which I was told remain in their families from generation to generation, being considered birds of good omen that bring luck to the house.²²

In Holland some seventeen years earlier, Irving had hastened on toward England. Now, forgetting this country, he lingered over the details of the tranquil Dutch picture :

We landed at Rotterdam just as the evening service was concluded. I stopped before one of the principal churches to look at the congregation as it came out. Three or four carriages were drawn up before the portal, with long tailed horses, waiting for the families of wealthy burghers. I saw several very pretty female faces ; with fair complexions, blue eyes and pale brown hair. Some of the men wore large silver buckles, the reliques of old times ; but the cocked hats and ample nether garments, once so universal, are evidently growing scarce in Holland. . . .

As it was Sunday evening the streets were full of people ; many were sitting at their doors enjoying the sweet summer weather, much as the good folks used to do in New York and Albany in good old simple times. I put up at the sign of the Marshall Turenne, a rambling house with steep narrow staircases and confused [?] corridors. The

bed room allotted to me was furnished with old formal chairs, covered with thread bare crimson plush ; a ponderous table carved and gilded, but battered and tarnished ; placed against the wall was a high dim mirror. Instead of a carpet the floor was covered with an antique piece of tattered tapestry representing a landscape, on which a turkey cock was swelling and strutting just beside my bed.

Such peeps at Irving in old Holland, so reminiscent of his boyhood, are rare. More suggestive still, after the restless society of London, is his transient delight in these scenes, worthy, as he observed, of Paul Potter's ²³ pencil :

The canals with boats of grotesque shape painted gilded and varnished with lavish care, some with white and others with tawny coloured sails ; Here and there a little pavilion or Lusthaus, at the end of a garden and overlooking the canal, where the owner may smoke his pipe and enjoy lust or rust (pleasure or repose) The womens costumes, such as we see in old Dutch pictures. I must not omit to mention a very pretty style of head dress which I observed among some of the better class of peasants ; consisting of a gold or silver plate that clasps round the back of the head and comes above each ear, where gold pendants, and occasionally jewels, are suspended on each side of the face. Sometimes there is an ornament in form not unlike a diadem, all of pure yellow gold. Sometimes a kind of veil of fine lawn, edged with lace, is clasped round the head by this ornament, and falls gracefully over the shoulders.

He was unhurried. After The Hague, Leiden, and Haarlem, he reached Amsterdam on July 17. Again he put down on paper in detail his impressions of streets, persons, or the patterns of tapestries. Again he freshened his old ideas, as in this vignette of John Bull, who had served him in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* and who was to enjoy reincarnation in *Tales of a Traveller*.²⁴

The most prominent character here was an Englishman with a sour discontented face, apparently travelling to find whatever is bad out of England. Next to him sat a Russian, a pleasant looking fellow, brimfull of good spirits and good humor, who spoke English well, and praised England abundantly. The Englishman condescended to accept every compliment, but paid none in return. As usual he vented his spleen upon the country in which he was sojourning, abusing the Dutch for a sordid, trading, money seeking people, totally wanting in that generous, open, free heartedness peculiar to men of birth and breeding. All this was said with a cursed [?] astrigent face enough to curdle cream and drive a beggar [?] to despair This genuine old John Bull was accompanied by a young John Bull, about twenty two years

of age, a son, or nephew, rather raw and coltish, who dashed into conversation continually with all the bravery of utter ignorance. These worthies were particularly waited upon by the principal servant, whom I suspect they had subsidized, so as to secure his exclusive services. He was a study in himself ; a meagre, hungry looking fellow with motheaten wig that but half covered his head. I observed him, after dinner, putting by snug tit bits in holes and corners, for his after discussion ; drinking off ——²⁵ cups of champain and claret ; eating strawberries, curants, and whatever fruit came to hand. I suspected him to be haunted by a tape worm.

It is all very trivial, but illuminative of Irving's mind, so to speak, between books. For nearly a month, he saw, save A. H. Everett at The Hague,²⁶ none of his own kind. "Solitary, but pleasant,"²⁷ he wrote Storrow in Paris. "It seems," he told his sister, "as if my mind took holiday the moment it was out of the traces."²⁸ Even a tedious three weeks' illness at Aix-la-Chapelle failed to blunt his appetite for this new Old World. Everywhere were Dutch, Germans, Prussians, and Russians ; everywhere were officers, wearing fierce mustachios ; everywhere were women in national costume. Stationed on the tower of the cathedral, the watchman nightly blew on his horn blasts to mark the somber hours. "The Germans," Irving said contentedly, "are full of old customs and usages, which are obsolete in other parts of the world."²⁹ He surveyed his painful legs anxiously. It might be necessary, after all, to hobble back to Paris. Yet, first he would push on to Wiesbaden. He would at least see more of the Rhine country, and then, if the baths there did not fail him, he would forget Paris, and journey on through these fairy-ridden mountains.

His random prayers for any sort of a rescue were suddenly answered by the appearance of Thomas Brandram, whom he had last seen at the frontier post of Albany in 1803.³⁰ Brandram, now affluent, with a carriage and horses, carried him off. Feet propped up, but rejoicing, Irving rode through drowsy little villages, jammed in between old walls, under the spires of Coblenz, among the mountain defiles, to Bingen and Wiesbaden. Here he was again alone, and miserable in health. Yet he could think only of the scenery and of the operatic soldiers and peasants. Did not even the postilions wear blue coats with facings of yellow, orange, and red ? On an excursion into the hills he saw far off the heights of the Odenwald. Here, he meditated, "I laid the scene of my little story of the Spectre Bridegroom."³¹

At Mainz, where he removed on August 21, his illness was har-

assing; he had also brief attacks of writing and sickly self-examination.³² He even wrote a melancholy ditty in very free verse: ³³ "My sunny days of youth are over." Yet he cast off these vapors, declaring,

I feel the value of life and health now in a degree that I never did before. I have always looked upon myself as a useless being, whose existence was of little moment. I now think, if I live and enjoy my health, I may be of some use to those who are most dear to me.³⁴

He was not, obviously, thinking of Katrine, the landlord's daughter, who now won her place in *Tales of a Traveller*.³⁵ He was thinking of his brothers; and he was reckoning on this "rich mine of German Literature." He had resumed his study of the language and was curious about Götz von Berlichingen. According to his peculiar method, he had made his hero real by examining his armor. He meditated. There might be honey for an essayist and story-teller in these old German carcasses.³⁶

For, true to his temperament, he was already more concerned with the German past than with the German present. This latter, for most strangers, during the first decade after Waterloo, was exciting enough. The Confederation of German States was but seven years old, and the formation of modern Germany was about a half century distant. Daily Irving beheld campaigners from the Napoleonic wars; everywhere he met, like Madame de Staël, not Germans, but Prussians, Württembergers, Bavarians, Austrians.³⁷ He traveled through not a nation but separate states. Each vibrated with its own political aspirations and with its own cultural aims. Hegel declared that Teutons had now finished the roughhewing of their country and could turn to the inward kingdoms of the intellect and the spirit.³⁸ To one aspect of this present Irving was more sensitive; he wondered about these new men of letters. The more detached Goethe, who still had ten years to live, laughed at some of the juveniles, but to Irving, coming from an England which recognized, far more than had the supercilious French, the new romanticism of Germany, these fellows were brothers, spoke to him clearly. Johann Ludwig Tieck was but ten years Irving's senior. They were weaker men than their great classical forbears, but "these bunglers and scrawlers,"³⁹ as Goethe called the least of them, were, at any rate, closer to Irving's own modest art. And Tieck, whom he was to know, had used, as one expression of his romanticism, the fairy tale, a form dear to Irving.⁴⁰

Nor could he help being moved by the new literary enthusiasms

in each of these single states through which he wandered. German lore was symbolized in spacious landscapes, magnificent forests, and solitary hills capped by crumbling castles. His interest in modern German writing was, of course, highly special. To the new philosophical or economic thought he was indifferent. His questions were concerning the scribblers who had exhumed the materials of folklore. He must have already studied in translation some of E. T. W. Hoffmann's writings, which *Blackwood's*, in 1824, praised as the most popular of all the light reading from Germany.⁴¹ We know that in Dresden he read Jean Paul Richter, Tieck, and Arndt's *Märchen*. From Aix-la-Chapelle to Dresden his journal ignored the new political liberalisms but reëchoed the enthusiasm for Teutonic legend which had so agitated Walter Scott.

Such was Irving's point of view even before he started south. He might, at Aix-la-Chapelle, sit by Blücher's son, but to mingle with "officers in the costumes of the time of Turenne — among old walls and towers or in pannelled, grotesque rooms"⁴² — this was better. As he went on toward Heidelberg in the serene September weather, for hours at a time he retreated into his own enchanted world. Both a chance companion, Wemyss, a young English captain of dragoons, and the hardships of travel he viewed in these moments with equal detachment. He felt "a kind of intoxication of the heart."⁴³ He was living again in that paradise which had charmed his youth and which had brought him to Europe. In his reveries the Hudson, the Rhine, and the Neckar now became one; that magic river of no time or place. Yet in his present dreams it flowed on with the beauty of all rivers; on its banks were now these German forests, akin to Hazlitt's waving woods of Tudorley, these fortresses, these ruined convents. Such scenes, real yet fanciful, were tonic. He saw the crowded inns of Frankfort dimly, and Wemyss' talk of simmering wars grew faint in his ears. The true world, the world of romance, was in these mountains, glimmering in "the steady, serene, golden sunshine, [which seemed] to enter into [his] very soul."⁴⁴

This was the glory of travel, to induce such self-hypnotism. He could now flee in imagination to the blue Odenwald, as later he fled in Spain to the blue hills of Ronda.⁴⁵ As always, melancholy tinged his mood. In the hills along the Rhine, summer was passing. Summer, too, he feigned, was passing in his own life;⁴⁶ he was now thirty-nine. Romantic self-pity! It was perhaps his last summer, his last glass of the wine of youth. Suddenly derisive at his own introspection, he rode on toward Darmstadt, and in the Odenwald mountains he studied the tower of a castle. "It is all in vain," he cried, "to at-

tempt to describe the beauty of these scenes — the continual variety of romantic scenery that delights the eye and excites the imagination.”⁴⁷

The days in Heidelberg were unlikely to dispel these rainbow hues. He was still reading German and making notes concerning old castles, famous in legend, and goblin tales.⁴⁸ He struck south, lingering at Karlsruhe, Kehl, and Strassburg; but he liked best the small villages.

I am writing [he said, building up a favorite type of background] in the Inn of Hansach a little old village in the valley of Kinzig — black forest — The Inn such as is shewn on stage — great rambling staircase — huge room where waggoners etc. are boozing — great dusky Kitchen — patagonian women⁴⁹ — old fashioned chambers — Hostess in peasants dress — *Hausknecht* in ditto — red waistcoat a simple goodlooking girl mine hosts daughter.

Old castle that looks down upon the little village owls hooting on it and answered by others in the pine woods — cottages of village of wood and plaster — mills — stream thro village — Walk on bridge of wood — moonlight ampitheatre of black Hills — dark firs — forges at distance — Kinzig a pastoral stream in winter rises like a torrent thro it in winter — Watchman singing the hour Mine host sits by us at supper and entertains us — a pleasant old fellow.⁵⁰

For such sensations Irving had bargained away much of his youth. As the wise man of Concord studied this attitude, transferred from Irving to N. P. Willis and a dozen other American writers, he paused to scoff at it in a famous essay; in “Self-Reliance” he complained of Americans who travel because they lack the power of self-culture. “Travelling is a fool’s paradise,”⁵¹ was Emerson’s disgusted comment. Irving was certainly one of those who wander far “to get somewhat which he does not carry.”⁵² Yet in this taste, in this antithesis to the point of view of Emerson, is defined not only Irving himself, but his public in America, an eager clientele, contemptuous of native American literature and cherishing such artificial scenes as those in *Tales of a Traveller*.⁵³

At Donaueschingen Irving commenced his long swing down the Danube. At Ulm, Augsburg, and Blenheim his thoughts turned to history; he constructed, with careful notes, his own version of Lord Orkney’s attack on the churchyard.⁵⁴ He continued on the road to Munich, through wide, naked plains dotted with small, neat villages. He watched the fair at Augsburg and detachments of green-uniformed Bavarian cavalry, and, at last, on October 10, he “saw

from far the two tall towers of the Cathedral [of Munich], with their windows glistening in the red rays of the sinking sun like two burning eyes.”⁵⁵ Munich, whose population at the beginning of the century had numbered a scant forty thousand, was now, under King Maximilian I, beginning its career as the capital of modern Bavaria. In 1822 it wore an incongruous air of suffering and gayety.⁵⁶ The prisons were brutal, but the self-important little court, which Irving was soon to compare with that of Saxony, was proud of its art galleries, music – and of Eugene Beauharnais, formerly Viceroy of Italy. Prince Eugene was one of Munich’s stock notabilities; he was also the husband of the King of Bavaria’s daughter. Irving inspected him critically during a *fête* on the King’s birthday. Altogether he came to the conclusion that in architecture and personalities Munich was “one part rubbish the other fine.”⁵⁷ His reading in German led him to the noble library, where he bent over Thomas of Ercildoune’s edition of *Tristram and Iseult*. Afterwards he was amused to discover in the Queen of Bavaria’s boudoir a copy of Moore’s poems, well-thumbed.

This incident drew him up sharply, reminding him of his wayward purposes. Long before this he had expected to be back in Paris with Moore. It reminded him, too, more painfully, that he was burning the candle at both ends, spending money and writing nothing. He sat down to confess to his friend: “I set out,” he wrote Moore, who could comprehend such jargon, “. . . like a true Knight Errant, hardly knowing whither I should direct my course.”⁵⁸ There was just a hint that even now he might retreat, but over the rim of the horizon lay Salzburg and Vienna – Salzburg with its citadel and its “mountain regions . . . full of fable and elfin story,”⁵⁹ and Vienna, imperial Vienna. This was evidently not the moment in which a knight-errant could relinquish the quest. At the end of a week in Munich, he pushed on through the pine forests toward Austria.

Irving’s letter to Moore and his departure for Salzburg, both of which implied passing the winter either in Vienna or in Dresden, hinted at a crucial moment in his German pilgrimage. He now formed a resolution that folklore should not merely entertain the knight-errant but should earn his lordship’s bread and butter. He would really follow that impulse felt at Abbotsford in 1817 and create his own volume of German legends. The tour now became a hunt for gnomes, pixies, and phantom armies; and he extended the journal into a savings bank for this species of coin. At Salzburg he

inscrolled page after page of fable. His ramblings to the children of Van Wart and Storrow were often the first drafts of tales designed for eventual print.

Put me in mind [he wrote Susan Storrow] . . . of the Emperor and his army shut up in the enchanted mountain — which mountain I have absolutely seen with my own eyes. Put me in mind of the little dwarf woman, with twenty rings on her fingers, who came, nobody knew whence, and who went, nobody knew whither — Put me in mind of the Black Huntsman and the enchanted Bullets. Put me in mind. . . .⁶⁰

It was a way of remembering, for the parents saved religiously every letter from Geoffrey Crayon.

Indeed, when we see this bullion in the journal, we deplore in advance the tragedy of *Tales of a Traveller*, stuffed with second-hand gewgaws.⁶¹ These months in the journal put to shame the dross in Part I of this book.

There are [he recorded scrupulously] little men and women that live in the interior of the mountain — and sometimes visit the Cathedral of Salzburg — There is a hole in the foundation leading to water — thro which it is said they enter — They say the Cathedral was built upon what was once a lake.⁶²

Almost his first act after arriving at Vienna was to explore the castle of Dörenstein; ⁶³ here he forgot everything in a dream of forests, rocky dungeons, disguised pilgrims, Richard Cœur de Lion, *Ivanhoe*, and Walter Scott. How unlike yet how like were all these legends to those of Scotland, England, and Normandy! His study for "Rip Van Winkle" had revealed to him the consanguinity of fable. Could he not make something of this idea? Why not, he thought, as he walked in the garden of Prince Liechtenstein, prepare "a collection of tales of various countries, made up from legends" ? ⁶⁴

During her stay in Vienna Madame de Staël had remarked the odd separation in the city of the men of letters from the upper strata of society.⁶⁵ This condition, still persisting in 1822, would hardly suit a writer who had now resolved to subject himself to German literary influences. He had vaguely anticipated a bookish circle, but found only an elegant society from which the foreigner was usually excluded. In spite of its glitter, in spite of its sophisticated assemblies of nobles, copying French and English modes, Vienna exhaled a certain emptiness. Irving was interested in Bonaparte's son,⁶⁶ but Vienna was really summed up in the life of the Irish Colonel, a neighbor in his hotel, who kept a mistress, "partly thro ostentation."⁶⁷ "The

people," Irving lamented, "think only of sensual gratifications."⁶⁸ He was right. For a traveler with the vestige of a purpose, Dresden was a better refuge for winter quarters; it was so especially if he wished to make an anthology of the world's legends, and he had determined once more — though in vain — to do this, and also to discourse in fluent German. During his stay of nearly a month in Vienna, having exhausted the folklore, he retired to music and painting. But even the vogue of Rossini's music, which he loved, was not enough. His conscientious notes on the galleries acquired a flavor of routine. He was anxious to be off, and on November 18 he was on his way toward Prague, extracting interest even from the monotonous country and from the mean villages. At the inns he read by candlelight books of legends. Ah, these were the delectable hours in travel!

Save, perhaps, remote Andalusian villages, this two-hundred-mile push from Vienna to Prague, through the half-civilized Moravian and Bohemian country, shows Washington Irving, formerly of William Street, New York, in the most inapposite of his European backgrounds. During four days he drove on through brown hills, bleak huts, and dull hamlets peopled by duller boors. At last, the postilion sounded his horn in the outskirts of Prague, and the coach's lanterns gleamed in the streets of the venerable city. On the morrow he would survey its dry moat, ample squares, and Slavic treasures. Now he hurried to the theater to applaud Mademoiselle Sontag in a German translation of his beloved opera, *The Barber of Seville*.⁶⁹

The four days in Prague show him assembling odds and ends for romances which were germinating in his mind. The tomb of St. John of Nepomuk and the palaces were admirable; he sketched the oldest buildings, and noted down carefully the "yellow light on walls and towers — glassy reaches of the Moldau." He wrote of the "Pile of towers," of the Týn church, where Brahe, the Danish astronomer, lay buried; and he marked the "red roofs — white walls of convent — long white lines of palaces . . . willowd island in the river. . . . Long melancholy windings of the Moldau."⁷⁰ Soon he was again at full gallop through the broad Bohemian plain, through Schlan, Laun, Teplitz, to Peterswald, where he entered Saxony. Behind him lay Prague and Vienna; before him, on the evening of November 28, 1822, rose the spires and domes of Dresden. Now, so he afterwards declared, began one of the pleasantest winters of his life.⁷¹

The little principality of Saxony, owning, since the territorial readjustments by the Congress of Vienna, about six thousand square miles and a million and a quarter inhabitants, was among the hum-

blest states in the Confederation ; its influence upon the general history of Europe was done. The currents of liberalism and constitutional freedom flowed more slowly where still reigned "the ally of Napoleon," Frederick Augustus I, the first King of Saxony.⁷² At the time of Irving's arrival in Dresden, this revered sovereign, seventy-two years old, was tranquilly concluding in a court in all fundamentals like that of the eighteenth century, a stormy career as a soldier.⁷³ Frederick "the Just," as he was also called, had declined in 1791 the crown of Poland ; had been elevated from Elector to King of Saxony ; had been taken prisoner at Leipzig ; and in 1815 had joined the Confederation. Methodical, conscientious, an art-lover and botanist, he was endeavoring, without basic political reforms, to repair in his crippled domain the damages of the Napoleonic wars.⁷⁴ The capital, Dresden, dead politically, was astir under this Maecenas with a cultural life, vigorous even if, as Madame de Staël implied, ceremoniousness had supplanted real elegance.⁷⁵

Frederick Augustus, Irving was to know well ; he was also to be on the friendliest terms with Queen Maria Amelia, whom, corroborating other sojourners at the court, he dubbed unpoetically "a very affable old lady."⁷⁶ Other members of the royal group were hardly less individual. Irving saw less of King Frederick's daughter, the rather enigmatic Princess Augusta,⁷⁷ or the hordes of lesser relatives, but he was on an easy footing with his brothers, Prince Anton,⁷⁸ who succeeded to the throne in 1827, and Prince Max.⁷⁹ Both these were religious men, and both were adepts in statecraft. Of these qualities Irving saw little, but Anton, a devotee of literature, delighted him by his bonhomie, as did Prince Max by his zest for harrying the wild boar. Wives, sisters, and children of these princes, all appear and reappear in Irving's Dresden journal,⁸⁰ without, of course, insight into the deeper traits of their natures.

Irving was quickened by the sprightly surface of this court, carried away by the love of life which permeated this good-humored Saxon circle. If the innumerable dinners were sometimes dull, they were not so because of jaded tastes. Formal gatherings were a narrow outlet for a court which preferred balls, skating parties, amateur theatricals, and boar hunts. Moreover, the intellectual life in the Dresden of 1823 was sincere. These princes must convince Irving that they spoke English well ; it was impossible to doubt that their studies in music, painting, and writing were honest passions. Frederick's *entourage* rejoiced in gorgeous costumes ; Irving, to meet the King, waded through an "ocean of courtiers."⁸¹ Yet the resplendent diplomats from Poland, Russia, and the East relaxed in this

minor post in a denuded Saxony, and laughed jovially through their informal supper parties. They could all join hands on New Year's Eve with maids of honor, with Irving, or with the King himself, to dance the old rustic dance of the "Grossvater."⁸²

From the moment that Irving, on that moonlit night, took lodgings in the Hotel de Saxe,⁸³ his part in the life of Dresden was established. Longfellow, here in 1829, shunned the bustling court, to write quietly in Wiesbaden, but Irving's participation was predestined, for more than one reason. John Philip Morier,⁸⁴ who had been his friend in Washington in 1812, was the British Minister at Dresden; and Morier now presented him at Court. Yet even Morier was superfluous. Although merely an obscure traveler in Heidelberg, Munich, and Vienna, in Dresden Irving was already known as a man of letters. As the author of volumes published in England on English themes he profited by Saxony's eager interest at this time in British literature. Newspapers reprinted generously from current English books, a practice reaching its fullest expression in *Allgemeine Unterhaltungsblätter für Leser aus allen Ständen*,⁸⁵ and such reprintings included his own writings. Indeed, the currency of his essays in the Saxon city indicates the enlargement of his European reputation, which was growing in both Germany and France.

Yet a more relevant inference is the literary curiosity of this Saxon community concerning Irving. His books were discussed; only his presence was needed to assure him a minor aureole in the Dresden of 1822-1823. Even as he arrived his merits were debated in the literary chat of Dresden. In 1821 the *Literaturblatt* had copied, with a judgment of its own, the *Edinburgh Review's* account of *The Sketch Book*.⁸⁶ A German translation of *Bracebridge Hall* appeared in 1822, with notices in the Leipzig papers;⁸⁷ and a French edition of *The Sketch Book*⁸⁸ was sold in Dresden. The *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* had ventured an analysis of his mind from his self-portraiture in *Bracebridge Hall*. Now, here he was, to confirm it.⁸⁹ An incognito in Dresden's literary society was, even if he really desired it, impossible.

This adulation in Dresden was palpably a repetition of his popularity in London; he satisfied in person a preconception formed by his readers from his books. Furthermore, there was much in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* to please a circle still committed, in spite of greater liberalism in other kingdoms of the Confederation, to venerable ceremonies and graybeard customs. Irving's books pleased alike the political conservatives, the antiquarians, the inves-

tigators of folklore, the lovers of the new romanticism, or merely the Saxon lady anxious to improve her English. The emergence at this court, therefore, of Irving as a literary personage was natural. He was soon corresponding with Montucci, of Berlin, who desired to translate most of his writings. Dapper, bright-eyed, little Montucci, off whose fluent Italian tongue rolled four languages, was wont later to boast that "the great labor of his life had been the publication of a Berlin edition of *The Sketch Book* under the very eyes of the author."⁹⁰ Irving won also, with his usual luck, the regard of S. H. Spiker, the cultivated guardian of the King's Library; Spiker became almost at once an indefatigable interpreter, even before Irving left Dresden, of the American's place in literature.⁹¹

Indeed, society accepted Irving's presence in Dresden as a mild social event. Soon after his arrival the Dresden *Abendzeitung* informed its readers that

Herr Washington Irving has been here for several months in Dresden, among us, and busies himself tirelessly with our language which he himself speaks, and with whose characteristics he has been acquainted since his earlier sojourn on the Rhine, at Mainz and Vienna;⁹²

and in another issue the same newspaper praised him as "der nord-amerikanischer Romantiker."⁹³ All this Irving ostensibly deprecated; he deplored to Storror gossip concerning him in the literary papers of the day. It was worse than London; he must reply to endless compliments; he could not adopt his rôle of observer in society but was unmistakably "an object of blue stocking curiosity."⁹⁴ Yet was not all this, perhaps, gratifying, after the lonely months in southern Germany? At the age of thirty-nine he found himself a distinguished American author, respectfully received in the circle of King Frederick's court, a surprising situation if one remembered those first months after the collapse of P. and E. Irving in 1818, only four years ago!

Yet it was not at all surprising, if one considered not only personal factors but others of a more general character. It was no ordinary literary society into which Washington Irving had drifted.

Throughout the world [says Treitschke] the decade following the overthrow of Napoleon was a blossoming time of the sciences and the arts. The nations which had just been fighting so fiercely one with another, now engaged in a fine rivalry in respect of the fruits of their intellectual life; never before had Europe approximated so closely to that ideal of a free world-literature of which Goethe dreamed. In this peaceful rivalry, Germany took the first place.⁹⁵

[illegible]

Es steht so sehr in Gegensatz mit dem, was wir sonst erfahren, daß wir nicht ohne weiteres auf seine Richtigkeit eingehen können. Es ist nicht ohne Interesse, daß die meisten Forscher, welche sich mit der Frage beschäftigen, sich für die Ansicht aussprechen, daß die Bildung der Gänge aus dem Gestein selbst erfolgt. Diese Ansicht ist auch diejenige, welche von den meisten Geologen angenommen wird. Sie ist jedoch nicht ohne Schwierigkeiten. Es ist nicht leicht, sich eine Vorstellung zu machen, wie die Gänge aus dem Gestein selbst entstehen könnten. Es ist auch nicht leicht, sich eine Vorstellung zu machen, wie die Gänge aus dem Gestein selbst entstehen könnten. Es ist auch nicht leicht, sich eine Vorstellung zu machen, wie die Gänge aus dem Gestein selbst entstehen könnten.

...the

Receivables - Fall

334

WILLIAMSON

10

11

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

7. 结论

100

100

2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
841

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

10

TITLE-PAGE OF *Bracebridge Hall* AND A PAGE FROM 'ST MARK'S EVE'
IN AN EARLY GERMAN TRANSLATION

However incapable of responding to the deeper vibrations of this movement, Irving was nevertheless a man of letters, and he found himself in a unique, literature-loving society. The great classical age had nearly ended; he was now in the midst of a romantic turmoil. Moreover, though he did not come actually from Britain, his essays on England made him part of a powerful exchange of thought between England and Germany through newspapers, books, and travel.⁹⁶ Scott and others had drawn directly from Bürger and Goethe, making known to England the world of German saga and folklore. And no experimenter such as Irving, a disciple of Scott, could be without interest to the court which read Hoffmann, Tieck, and Jean Paul [Richter]. Moreover, Irving's weakness was his strength; for though during the war "that lachrymose sentimentality which had before been chiefly nourished by the writings of Jean Paul"⁹⁷ had faded, now, especially in northern Germany, it had regained its hold upon readers. In Saxony, as in England, it was the time of fairy tales, novelettes, engravings, and gift books. From all this, Tieck held aloof, though he was a master of the supernatural tale and an enthusiastic student of English literature.⁹⁸ Yet the currents crossed and recrossed in many a poet and prose-writer in Dresden. Such interests aided Irving's fame; both the sentimental and the supernatural were the very stuff of his writing.

It should also be observed that Irving was linked, apart from the fact that he was an *American writer*⁹⁹ — a paradox as interesting to the Germans as to the British — with the English romantics, such as Scott, rather than with the depictees of the vast, mysterious North American continent, whose allurements were already enticing Germany¹⁰⁰ and whose spell was to be strengthened by the translations of Cooper's novels, beginning in 1824.¹⁰¹ During the first decade of the century the German literary romantics had been, on the whole, uninterested in contemporary conditions in the new republic.¹⁰² But the increase of travel books and other descriptions of the country, coupled with social unrest and emigration, was to turn the minds of Germans toward America as toward a vision.¹⁰³ Irving was to have his share in this German romanticization of America, but later, after the translations of his "A Tour on the Prairies," *Astoria*, and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*¹⁰⁴ *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* could hardly satisfy these longings for noble savages and utopias. The popularity of his Western tales in Germany was to rival Cooper's, but he was now known solely as a civilized interpreter of old customs and legends.

Indeed, the significant fact at the moment is that Irving's first

reputation in Germany was due to his revelations not of America but of himself as a writer of English literature. For this reason his fame in Germany had, in a sense, a deeper root than Cooper's; it arose not wholly through curiosity about America, but through respect for Irving's art. This respect, beginning in the early 'twenties through the translations of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, was deepened by Irving's visit to Dresden and by his flattering use of German materials in *Tales of a Traveller* (1824). After this year translations and reviews of his various writings,¹⁰⁵ including even the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, multiplied until in 1829 he was invoked by the critics as one of the most popular writers of the day:

Grüss dir, munterer Neffe Washington,
Mikroskopischer Dichtung Objektenhändler! ¹⁰⁶

As a result, Irving left a distinct, if minor, imprint on German literature. Goethe read *The Sketch Book* in 1823 and, though he preferred Cooper's attitude toward America, was deeply interested in Irving; ¹⁰⁷ Heine praised him in his *Harzreise* and drew upon his Spanish writings; ¹⁰⁸ and Irving's romances were to exert influence upon Annette von Droste-Hülshoff,¹⁰⁹ Wilhelm Hauff,¹¹⁰ and others.¹¹¹ Irving's *Sämtliche Werke*, edited by August Fischer and published in Frankfurt beginning in 1826, commenced nine years before his first Western story. He was known as a cultivated romantic, portraying, like Scott,¹¹² with whom he was repeatedly linked by the Germans, the past of England with magic pencil, not, like Chamisso¹¹³ or Cooper, as a poetic interpreter of the American frontier.

By Christmas, then, these influences and Morier's friendly offices had done their work. Irving was an agreeable integer in this cosmopolitan society. He had dined at Morier's and met Karl August Böttiger,¹¹⁴ the antiquary, who lent, presumably, in their many interviews, an attentive ear to his talk of German folklore. He had been at the houses of General Canicof, the Russian Minister, of Baron de la Malsbourg, the Hessian *Chargé d'Affaires*; and at M. Bergh's, Chevalier de Campuzano's, and Count de Rumigny's, the diplomatic representatives, respectively, of Denmark, Spain, and France.¹¹⁵ He had also formed his friendship with Colonel Livius, a gay fellow who cherished two passions, one for a charming mistress and another for the drama. Livius, presumably, introduced Irving to Mrs. John Foster, apparently his kinswoman,¹¹⁶ and her two daughters, an association which was to mean for Irving both happiness and pain.¹¹⁷

During this first month, we see him most clearly at twelve o'clock on December 22, when Morier presented him to the King's brothers, Prince Anton and Prince Max, and then to Max's sons, Prince Frederick and Prince John. These nephews of the King conversed with him in English and concerning Irving's writings. On the same topic the ladies were gracious, especially Prince Max's daughter, the sister of the Queen of Spain. This was Princess Amelia, whom Irving secretly christened a "little of a Blue Stock'g";¹¹⁸ she, too, questioned the author on his books. And so on, as he was led around the circle of smiling, good-humored nobility; Frederick Augustus was particularly flattering to such a dignitary as the author of *The Sketch Book*!¹¹⁹ Nor was this condescension. As the French and German translations wafted into Dresden,¹²⁰ Royalty read and reread them. They liked Irving himself, too; this American added another tint to the kaleidoscopic court. In January, the queen singled him out of the throng for particular eulogy, and in April she sent her master of ceremonies to fetch him to her: "I have not seen you," she said with that comfortable kindliness of hers, "for more than a century." A flow of compliments followed, and an exhortation which, for the moment, found Irving receptive: "You must," insisted the Queen, "write something about Dresden, about our customs—such as our hunt?"¹²¹

All this was a foretaste of his distinction at the court of Isabella II.¹²² Yet, contrasted with his adoration of the dark eyes of the little Spanish queen, his relations with these companionable Saxons were laughably offhand. Several times he joined in the royal hunts; he slew one rabbit. Many times he attended the King's parties; once he pulled down a curtain, saved the apartment from fire, and received the special thanks of his host. On another occasion, in connection with amateur theatricals, he broke the Saxon law by firing a pistol, but was forgiven by the King. What he liked about King Frederick's court was its refreshing compound of stately ceremony and good homespun living. The doldrums incident to ballrooms and boudoirs vanished in the King's forests. Even when the scandal arose that a certain Polish princess had stolen the marble-faced Princess Theresa's necklace, the affair dissolved in mirth. Morier and Irving offered their condolences, but the old lady assured them it was no matter. She had other necklaces, she said. The mood of easy enjoyment was infectious, whether Irving dined with the diplomatic corps or danced the boisterous "Grossvater" at the court routs or jested with young Captain Scott¹²³ or called on Countess Hohenenthal. This lady was seated "with several gent about her and monkey in her lap.

She says Eh Bien Mons I. vouz me trouves en bon et mauvaïse société." ¹²⁴

With the court he laughed at Jean Paul Richter's refusal to visit the Dresden Galleries because the gatekeepers would not admit his darling poodle.¹²⁵ At the skating parties he watched ladies pushed over the ice in their little *traîneaux*. He enlightened the Princes concerning his country, assuring them that "we had servants as in Europe—the only difference was that we had bad servants."¹²⁶ He heard Karl Maria von Weber play his own music.¹²⁷ He smiled at the volatile Livius, who, forgetful of his "demoiselle" or "little governess," philandered with Madame de la Malsbourg¹²⁸ to the dismay of the aide-de-camp of the Russian Emperor. He danced, played cards, wrote crambo poetry, and haunted Morier's box at the theater. Altogether he was following with enthusiasm the advice given him by one of the veteran Saxon maids of honor, to eat, or cut, capers "to prevent yellowness." Scholars singing in the streets, masked balls, "superb suppers," ladies' maids romping with coachmen, charades, tableaux, picnics, musicales, chats with the King, French and Italian lessons on the same day, rambles on the hills—on the whole, though there were atrabilious undercurrents, Irving gave himself for the first months to the mirth of this gay little world.

The undercurrents crept to the surface in more thoughtful hours at the Fosters', with whom he was now intimate. Misgivings troubled him not only in that invincible scruple of his concerning the barrenness of all society, whether in New York or Dresden; not only in his sense of the impermanence of his own happiness, in contrast to the solid foundations of such home life as the Fosters'; but also in the consciousness that his purposes in coming to Germany were being defeated. He could not stay here forever, and meanwhile, his time was cut into ribbons. He might escape the court, but he could not flee from a subsidiary vortex, in which he was whirled round and round. The author of *The Sketch Book* must, he was told, exhibit his talents in games and in amateur theatricals. In respect to this time-devouring madness, Livius, who was himself writing an opera, was a fanatic. Two days after Christmas he had conscripted Irving. Instead of composing the anthology of folklore, the latter was now writing out parts for *Tom Thumb* or scouring theatrical warehouses for costumes. He learned and acted the part of Sir Charles Rackett in Arthur Murphy's *Three Weeks after Marriage*, only to receive orders to become Don Felix in *The Wonder; A Woman Keeps a Secret*. As a dubious reward he was permitted to sit through scenes

from his own *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and even *A History of New York*. Meanwhile the phantom armies and the magic lore of Salzburg remained locked in the caverns of his journal.

Yet Irving had meant to carry from Germany manuscripts in a state of completion. His purpose is evident not only in his collection of materials in Austria, but in his return, at intervals, to his well-aged story of "Buckthorne." On December 23 he sat down to his task, but on the same day laid it aside, apparently until June 14. Indeed, on March 10 he confessed to Peter that he was still no richer in manuscripts than when he had crossed the border. The cause was this engrossing social life, as he lamented to his sister Sarah¹²⁹ and to Leslie: "I have done nothing with my pen," he wrote the latter, "since I left you, absolutely *nothing!*"¹³⁰ Yet he was not a rich man; his only excuse for delaying so long in Germany was to ply more effectively his trade of writing. He had permitted Saxon society to swallow up his entire winter, a characteristic episode in a life too often shaped by persuasive circumstances of the moment. It was, indeed, typical of Irving that he allowed his mind to be in too confused a state to produce anything. Need of refreshment from London life or that he had "*lived into*" things might extenuate the blank in his writing for a few months, but hardly for an entire year. Again in Paris in August, 1823, he had made little progress, save for his litter of notes, on the book which he had planned in Vienna in October, 1822.

Yet to his infirmity of purpose must be added other hindrances to his productivity during the Dresden winter. One was an emotional experience, to be discussed presently,¹³¹ in the Foster household; another was his realization, soon after his arrival in Dresden, that he was still ill-armed to ravage easily the original sources of German legend. If, as is probable, he meant to enrich the story of "Buckthorne" from German literature, he must first translate more readily than during his struggle with Musäus and Otmar.¹³² His resumption of the story after many hours of instruction in the language seems to point to this special reason for delay in actual composition. He had relied on his tourist's knowledge of German acquired between Aix-la-Chapelle and Dresden, but once at the court he bemoaned to Storrow his bad French and "worse german."¹³³ Whatever time he could salvage from society and the home life of the Fosters he dedicated to the language. In this, after the first flurry of court life, he was diligent, so much so that on successive days he paid off two German mentors, one for "96 hours of German teaching," another for "5½ months German tuition."¹³⁴ It should be remembered that

not until March could he write Sarah Van Wart that he was becoming "very familiar with the German language."¹⁸⁵

Two conclusions are evident from this routine, first, that Irving's life in Dresden, despite the court of Frederick Augustus, was less idle than appears from the preceding picture of him in society. He was using the trick employed in the composition of *The Sketch Book*, the program which he was to find practical in 1827 in his intense concentration in writing the *Columbus*, that of rising early, often at five o'clock, and toiling while Livius and the Fosters slept. Second, and more important, his difficulty with the language threw him back upon the means for creating his manuscripts rather than upon manuscripts themselves. If he was to write a book on Germany, first he must know German. Early in January he had met Tieck, but was forced to carry on his part of the conversation in English.¹⁸⁶ From such necessities in the language resulted his occupation in adapting the operas *Abu Hassan* and *Der Freischütz*;¹⁸⁷ hence the hours given to German verbs instead of to legends; hence the dependence on scraps of folklore dropped at dinner tables.

His clinging to these secondary sources is pitiful; he earnestly desired to drink, through a knowledge of German, at the founts of legend. Some of the fragments which he captured from museums and travelers' chat have been recorded. Throughout the tour he noted down bits of tales, German words,¹⁸⁸ and mythical associations. Once in Dresden, unable to write until he had mastered the language, he strove, whenever possible, to direct conversation to native ghost stories; he read in more obvious sources such as Chamisso; and he attended the theater hopefully.¹⁸⁹ In a word, he attempted to store his mind with substitutes for learning. This is, in effect, to say that when Irving left Dresden and Germany in July, 1823, he was only then in a situation to seclude himself and write his book; only then, if we accept his own statement as truth, was he prepared to read widely in the language, to piece together these patches from conversation, play, opera, observation, with the German sources on the table before him; only then was he in a stronger position to wrest from his materials a "work on Germany" which might have surpassed those upon England. As in Spain in 1829, his hope of gleaning a book depended on his remaining for the harvest.¹⁴⁰ Unfortunately, he became the creature of others' plans. The Fosters were leaving Dresden, and he of course must go with them.

For, apart from the Storrows and Peter, the Fosters were now Irving's most intimate friends. His own record of an early meeting (at variance with Flora Foster's) hints that Colonel Livius presented

him to the family on December 19, 1822. In this English household, consisting of Mrs. John Foster,¹⁴¹ two young boys,¹⁴² and two daughters, Mary Amelia ("Emily") and Flora,¹⁴³ the liking for this stray American soon deepened into affection. Their names are on nearly every page of the Dresden journal of 1823; their home became, within six weeks of his arrival, an anchorage. Such sanctuaries were always essential to Irving; he never quite became the care-free wanderer. In Birmingham, in Paris, in Bordeaux, in Madrid, he must secure somehow the semblance of a home. Unwilling to build an orthodox life in his native land, he still cast envious glances at Brevoort, at Paulding, at all those who enjoyed the blessings of wife and child. Such fleeting seizure upon these treasures is a differentiating trait in his vagabondage. It was now the Fosters who ministered to his need. Their peaceful fireside was the countercheck to court balls and official dinners; in fact, his happiness at their hearth may well explain his spirits in society. His zest for theater and music seemed far keener in Dresden than in London or Madrid; the Fosters' friendship lent meaning to the superficial life of drawing-room and palace.

In fact, the friendship accounts for his content in Dresden. Almost daily he passed hours with the mother or the daughters; with them he acted in plays; with them he talked of his past and future. Such was his lovable weakness, his inability to live the life of bachelor and expatriate without assurances of affection for himself, and himself alone. Absent in Prague for a few weeks, he longed, not for Morier or Livius or their supper parties, but for the living room of the Fosters. They were all seated in the "little saloon" — without him. He was "recalling," he writes,

the many evenings of homefelt enjoyment I have passed among you; they are the sweetest moments I have passed in Dresden. . . . I would not give one such evening spent in varied, animated, intelligent, but unforced and unostentatious conversation, with now and then, but too rarely, a song, and now and then a recollection from some favorite author or a choice morsel from a scrapbook, given with beaming looks and beaming eyes — I would not give one such evening for all the routs and assemblies of the fashionable world. . . . I am sick of fashionable life, and fashionable parties. I have never let myself into the current for a time but I have been ultimately cast exhausted and spiritless on the shore.¹⁴⁴

The letter lifts a curtain from the exemplary evenings of Irving's generation. Such were the domestic scenes at the Storrows' and, later, at Sunnyside; such was the temper of that comfortable

family life of faith and sentiment which softens many chapters in the writing of the nineteenth century. To the scornful twentieth this seems but a step to lambrequins, antimacassars, samplers, and bronze dogs, to Lydia Huntley Sigourney, and to Irving's own biography of Margaret Miller Davidson. Yet, more intellectual personages than Irving basked in such conventional lamplight; and Irving himself always craved it. It shone gently over all his middle life and old age. More particularly, the letter shows the importance of this closely-knit family circle to Irving in 1823. Yet the question is, does it, taken with other letters, betray a secret? Does this affection for the Fosters veil a mystery? Were these evenings a setting for a personal experience of a deeper character? Was Irving, in brief, in love with the elder of the two sisters, Amelia Foster?

Plainly, Irving's attachment to the Fosters possessed an intensity lacking in his association with the Van Warts and Storrows, where his affections widened to include children. It resembles rather his earlier devotion to Mrs. Hoffman. He began by thinking Mrs. Foster the most good-natured woman in the world.¹⁴⁵ He ended, after a long and intimate correspondence with her, in seeking her out afterwards in London and in Bedford, presumably until his withdrawal from Europe in 1832. To her he revealed fully the most sacred experience of his life. He was constantly at her side during this winter; it is plausible to explain his devotion to her as the mother of the girl whom he probably wished to make his wife. Of the latter, of Emily Foster, Irving also speaks repeatedly, referring more than once to her beauty. To her he was attracted rather than to Flora. It was Emily who played opposite to him in amateur theatricals when he essayed the rôle of Sir Charles Rackett; it was she about whom he inquired anxiously during her illnesses; it was her miniature of a portrait, made in the Dresden gallery, which was forwarded to him in Paris.¹⁴⁶ She communicated with him when he was seventy-three years old,¹⁴⁷ and, after his death, with his executor, at which time she recalled punctiliously his injunction concerning the privacy of their correspondence.¹⁴⁸ With Emily Foster, it has been said, Irving was in love. Nay, more, to her he is said to have proposed marriage, and to have been so deeply affected by her refusal that the later inertia and dejection in Paris, in 1824, may be traced directly to his second unhappy experience in love.¹⁴⁹

These assertions concerning Irving's private life first became current five years after his death, and were a literary sensation in



FLORA FOSTER AND EMILY FOSTER [*right*]

From a water color by Henry Deffel, copied by Flora M. E. Wilson, 1891.

the year 1864, especially in the United States, where the "first man of letters" had earned, through panegyrics in annuals, gift books, and periodicals, a state of mellow deification. Sentimental America had wept over Irving and, of course, over Matilda Hoffman. Now, as an ironical, surreptitious tailpiece to the nephew's biography, in the English edition appeared the journal of Flora Foster and letters written by Irving to various members of the Foster family.¹⁵⁰ Flora Foster, now Mrs. Dawson, recounted the events of the last months in Dresden and of the journey to Rotterdam in the manner of Mrs. Hemans, but of the occurrence of the events there appeared to be little doubt. To America it seemed shocking, but true. To-day it can be proved, through two recovered journals, that the external details recorded by Mrs. Dawson concerning the party's pilgrimage through Germany and Holland are trustworthy.¹⁵¹ Why not, then, those pertaining to Irving's emotions? Mrs. Dawson's long narrative resolves itself into two statements: Irving proposed marriage to Emily Foster, through her mother, Mrs. Foster; and his rejection plunged him into a long period of melancholy, which affected his literary ambitions.¹⁵² With these two pronouncements we shall deal, but, first, we must review Irving's life in Dresden in relation to the Fosters. In doing so, we may incidentally follow his thoughts more intimately during this winter, and trace his movements when not absorbed in the society of the city, from the beginning of 1823 to August of the same year, when he arrived at the gates of Paris.

On the whole, it is a moving story, penetrating those outer wrappings of Irving's conventionality, indolence, good humor, friendliness; disclosing again the Irving visible in boyhood, in grief for Matilda Hoffman, and in the sad days of 1818; revealing him, especially in his remarkable confession to Mrs. Foster, shy, sensitive, fearful of life, and capable of suffering. The Fosters, like the rest of Dresden, had read *The Sketch Book*, and Mrs. Foster had written in praise of it to the eldest daughter, Margaret, in England. In December she knew that its author was in Dresden; had heard that, despite his fame, he was diffident. One evening, presumably after the introduction by Livius, he drifted into the Fosters' box at the theater, and into conversation.¹⁵³ "Have you," he inquired politely, "lately heard from Miss Margaret?" This was puzzling, for Margaret Foster, a stepdaughter,¹⁵⁴ was certainly unknown to Washington Irving. "Mr. Foster," continued the humorist, "liked his journey to the North, I hope?" A bombardment of questions followed, including one from Irving on the

health of Margaret's favorite horse, until he finally yielded the explanation. A letter directed to Mrs. Foster had miscarried, and, containing an allusion to him, had fallen into his hands through the German police. It was Geoffrey Crayon's whimsical way of advancing a friendship.¹⁵⁵

For this was, of course, the kind of hoax he loved. The journal and writings contain dozens of the same bland species. This joke was the forerunner of much laughter in the "little saloon." Here they could

. . . sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news. . . .
Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out.

Or so it seemed, for here there was a critical interest in the foibles of this court as seen through English and American eyes. In this family circle was the safety valve ; here Saxon solemnities might be viewed in their true proportions. Old General Canicof, the adorer of young ladies, was refulgent at the last ball, "with silver wings, and blue-and-silver tunic, in the character of 'Papillon.'"¹⁵⁶ Was not the old gentleman rather close-fisted ? Or Irving mimicked the "Grossvater" dance led by the Prince of Prussia over the choicest sea-green cushions of the General, who almost wept over the desecration. Through Irving's skilled narration, this was indeed an anecdote. The Fosters thought that these humorous recitals, in their sly technique suggestive of "The Stout Gentleman" or of Ichabod Crane, lighted up happily the pale, sensitive face, which could alter in a moment from melancholy to gayety. In repose at the Fosters', he almost resented the appearance of other guests, though he could be equally merry with such visitors as Campuzano, and the De Rumignys, or flirt with Madame Bergh.¹⁵⁷ Yet, evidently he had become possessive about this friendly group. He preferred them alone. Then he could show them letters from Tom Moore and from Scott,¹⁵⁸ or talk, under Mrs. Foster's sympathetic guidance, of his own past life.

On one of these evenings he was, Flora Foster observed, unable to speak ; he was "languid, pale, depressed beyond measure."¹⁵⁹ On the following day Flora wrote in her journal her interpretation :

He has written. He has confessed to my mother, as to a true and dear friend, his love for E—, and his conviction of its utter hopelessness. He feels himself unable to combat it. He thinks he must try, by absence, to bring more peace to his mind. Yet he cannot bear to give up our friendship—an intercourse become so dear to him, and so necessary to his daily happiness. Poor Irving !¹⁶⁰

This entry by Flora Foster Dawson cannot be regarded as conclusive, though she is an important witness ; her detachment is too doubtful. We may, for the time being, suspend judgment on the first question, that of Irving's proposal of marriage to Emily Foster. At this stage of the story there is only one certainty : Irving had a crisis of nerves. On one occasion, possibly on the very evening described by Flora, he entered, downcast and silent, thrust a manuscript into Mrs. Foster's hands, and left the room. This was the document so often quoted in the present volume, the manuscript concerning his own life, with its passionate tribute to the memory of Matilda Hoffman. One may well speculate whether this manuscript was not that referred to by Flora when she said, "He has written"; and whether the opening or the concluding pages, now missing, did not contain the secret of his relations with Emily Foster. Yet, unless we trust Flora Foster implicitly, we really know little more than that, at the time of writing the manuscript, he was in profound emotional excitement. Never before or afterwards did he so bare his own soul as in this "confession."

After the account of Matilda Hoffman's death, already quoted in Chapter IV, he continues :

You wonder why I am not married. I have shewn you why I was not long since — when I had sufficiently recovered from that loss I became involved in ruin. It was not for a man broken down in the world to drag down any woman to his paltry circumstances, and I was too proud to tolerate the idea of ever mending my circumstances by matrimony. My time has now gone by ; and I have growing claims upon my thoughts, and upon my means slender & precarious as they are. I feel as if I had already a family to think & provide for,¹⁸¹ and such are some of the dark shadows that obtrude themselves upon my brightest moments, haunt me in the places where I ought to be full of enjoyment, and suddenly check me in the midst of my vivacity. I am too apt to be absorbed [by] the delights of intimate & social intercourse and to lose all thought and relish for those pursuits on which I depend, and which require complete abstraction & devotion of the mind. And then I am seized with compunction at my selfish indulgence, I recollect how much good I could & ought to do for others, and that while I am idly amusing myself, the useful purposes of life are neglected. You want to know some of the *fancies* that distress me ; I will mention one as a specimen of many others. I was one evening going to a Ball at the Countess de Hohenstals. I had not slept well the night before & after dressing myself I lay down on the sofa & fell asleep. I dreamt of my poor Brother whom I had lost about eighteen months¹⁸² before, & whom I had not seen for years. We walked & talked together. The

dream was most vivid and consistent & affecting. When I went to the Ball I was engaged to dance, I think with both Emily and Flora, I tried to dance but could not ; my heart sank at the very sound of the music and I had to give up the attempt & go home. Do you want some of the *real* causes. While at Dresden I had repeated. . . .¹⁶³

The manuscript breaks off. Is it possible to believe that "the *real* causes" were those put forward by Flora? "Here is the key," she says, speaking of Emily's rejection of Irving, ". . . to the journey from Dresden to Rotterdam in our company."¹⁶⁴ It may be so. On May 20, he left Dresden with John Cockburn, an English officer, for the Riesengebirge.¹⁶⁵ This excursion, which extended through Zittau, Friedland, and Prague was not a cheerful one ; in Prague Irving nursed Cockburn through the scarlet fever. Altogether he was left too much to his own thoughts, which seem to have been still in the temper of his "confession," as we may call the manuscript fragment. His frequent letters to Mrs. Foster are dampened by a dismal introspection, and his mind is full of confusion concerning the future : "I do not," he said, "like to confess all the wild ideas and impulses that flit across it."¹⁶⁶ Something, then, had happened to him in Dresden, either the proposal or an attack of hypochondria. He had, he declared, fifty plans, but only one which he really desired to carry out.¹⁶⁷ He would come back to Dresden. Yet no — for he could not entertain the thought of a real leave-taking.¹⁶⁸ He exclaimed cryptically :

When I consider how I have trifled with my time, suffered painful vicissitudes of feeling, which for a time damaged both mind and body — when I consider all this, I reproach myself that I did not listen to the first impulse of my mind, and abandon Dresden long since. And yet I think of returning ! Why should I come back to Dresden ? The very inclination that draws me thither should furnish reasons for my staying away.¹⁶⁹

It is probable that the reason was a passion for Emily Foster. The many letters from Mrs. Foster, which have not survived, may have comforted him in his disappointment. Perhaps his single, rather tart letter to Emily¹⁷⁰ was consistent with his mood, as was his early return. "On June 26, 1823," announced the *Dresdner Anzeiger*, "arrived Mr. Irving, Gentleman from America, from Töplitz, at the Hotel de Saxe."¹⁷¹ On the same evening he called at the Fosters', and during the next fortnight was with them more than ever. He had determined to accompany them on their way to England as far as Cassel. "Oh, Dresden, Dresden !" he cried years later, "with what

a mixture of pain, pleasure, fondness, and impatience I look back upon it ! ”¹⁷²

Yet, in considering this complex pattern, rejection at the hand of Emily Foster appears an explanation almost too simple. The “confession” seems rather to spring from long-since-canceled woes. In it Irving says of marriage : “My time has now gone by.” The issue was also certainly connected with his career, for on this theme Mrs. Foster had written him. “You charge me,” he said in reply, “with tormenting myself almost into a nervous fever, because I cannot write.”¹⁷³ As for the invocation to Dresden—in this fashion, also, did he look back on “bellísima Granada.” Nor was his setting out from Dresden at this time significant. He had long since planned to leave it, to return to Paris to write. Once more, perhaps, he let time of departure and route be determined by attractive traveling companions.

Moreover, as the Dresden friends stood about the coach, bidding farewell to the English family and to Irving, the latter, even Mrs. Dawson admits, was “full of spirits.”¹⁷⁴ This was, perhaps, acceptance of the inevitable ; he could never possess Emily but meant to be happy in this last journey with her. Yet his own journal of these events is persistently cheerful ; he had at least a firm hold upon his emotions, singing songs with Emily, and relishing thoroughly every incident of travel. At last, all was ready. The Germans wished them Godspeed ; the French paid their final compliments ; the English gave them farewell handclasps. In the German traveling carriage were the “three philosophers,”¹⁷⁵ namely, the two sons of Mrs. Foster and Trappaneger, their tutor ; in the light English barouche were the sisters and their mother, and on the coach box, Irving. Count de Rumigny presented his bouquet of flowers. The horsemen, including the jovial Livius, who were to escort the party for a few miles, clattered off. Farewell to Saxony !

From now, July 12, 1823, until the parting of Irving with the Fosters at Rotterdam on July 30, three sources tell the story of the pilgrimage. One is Mrs. Dawson’s reminiscence ; the others are the journal of Emily Foster and Irving’s curt chronicle of the progress of the two carriages day by day.¹⁷⁶ Near the Mulde he was overcome by laughter at the personality of a village landlord. At Leipzig he and the ladies studied intensively the relics of the Battle of the Nations. *En route* Mrs. Foster still read, as in her Dresden summer pavilion, Musäus and tales of German witches,¹⁷⁷ and Irving at every turn deposited legends in his reopened savings bank. He was tracing the wanderings of “The White Woman.”¹⁷⁸ By the time

the party had reached the Dutch frontier the journal was filled with sketches of noblemen, peasants, and market women.¹⁷⁹ In these businesslike entries there is no grief.

Yet, at Rotterdam, says Mrs. Dawson, "Mr. Irving, like a man expected to be his own executioner, had been out to take our berths in the steam vessel."¹⁸⁰ For Emily's lover, if this he was, had not separated from the Fosters at Cassel, but, "after a night of pale and speechless melancholy,"¹⁸¹ had resolved to go on to the coast. She thus recounts the last episodes :

We had taken a dismal walk along the slimy canals of Rotterdam, though something neat and old-fashioned in the Dutchmen's houses for a brief moment took up Mr. Irving's attention. . . . Irving was in terrible spirits. He gave mamma a beautiful little copy of Cowper's poems, and to each of us some favorite book. Our tea and evening were as melancholy as our approaching separation. Very little was said. . . . We sat round, looking silently upon one another. . . . Irving, lonely and depressed in his crowded steamboat, the deepest despondency hung upon his spirits.¹⁸²

Irving, however, who was seldom loath to mention in his journal his mercurial rise and fall of moods, describes this day as follows :

Wednesday 30 went down to the Brille on steam boat to see Mrs. Foster & family off — Breakfast on board — in two hours we arrive at the Brille — go ashore in Custom House officers boat with some other persons & the Agent — Steamboat goes off finely — walk to the Brille — neat little dutch town Van Trump¹⁸³ born here — return ½ past 11. cross ferry & ride in open waggon to Maaslandsluys — fine village — cod and Herring fisheries.¹⁸⁴

And so on. The anguished lover was not entirely beaten down. Nor was he depressed on the next evening, when bound for Antwerp, in the "serene moonlight night — old rosy faced gentleman a board, who talks with a great sonorous voice accomp'd by small spoken man — discuss the merit of my works."¹⁸⁵ He enjoyed the paintings at Antwerp, but even more, here and at Valenciennes, superlative beef-steaks. On August 3, he was pouring out to Susan and Minny Storrow, in Paris,¹⁸⁶ his cornucopia of goblin stories. In the light of these incidents, if Irving did love Emily, either he nourished fresh hopes of wooing her in England, or his self-control was of a new stoical quality, or Mrs. Dawson overestimated the consequences of his disappointment.

Such is the story as related by Irving and Flora Foster Dawson. Yet it demands, so important is this episode in Irving's life, recon-

sideration, even with repetition of the same incidents, through the recently discovered, invaluable journal of Emily Foster.¹⁸⁷ Once more Irving's proposal of marriage eludes us, but here, more than in any other document, may be perceived his fondness for this young English girl, and, really for the first time, the true loveliness of her character. Arriving in the city during the early months of the year 1820, she and Flora had made the great house in the tree-shaded avenue¹⁸⁸ a rendezvous for Dresden's gay beaux, most of whom afterwards became Irving's friends. Here during the years when Irving was idling in London and Paris came Barham Livius, whose weaknesses for music, acting, and the ladies Emily quite understood; here laughed and chatted the egotistical Captain Airey, the volatile Italian youth Allegri, and the good-humored Bavarian Gumpfenberg, with whom Emily was for a time in love.¹⁸⁹ The journal records, with lively dialogue, the Fosters' endless dinners, balls, charades, and excursions into the romantic mountains near Dresden. Emily Foster's mirth, wit, and intelligence still illumine these pages written more than a century ago.

Irving's quieter evenings with the family in 1823 contrast with the gayety of Emily's first two years in Saxony. Allegri writes verses to her in Italian; and Gumpfenberg emulates these in German. Emily copies them all into her journal, with candid comments on their authors. Major Whiteford at the royal hunt rescues a trophy for her, a hair from the head of the slain boar. She is not a coquette, as she protests more than once, but she finds it exciting to watch the mercurial Italian compete for her favors with the exuberant, open-hearted Bavarian. Indeed, when Irving reached her court, he entered lists in which younger and bolder knights had long since engaged. She says far less of Irving than of these earlier squires; never does her journal show toward him the moods of tenderness evoked by these predecessors. How gaily she laughs with Allegri and Gumpfenberg! How sadly she listens to the latter's receding footsteps on the night of his final departure from Dresden!¹⁹⁰

Yet these rivals and Irving saw in Emily Foster far more than the light-hearted Bedfordshire girl, living abroad for pleasure and education. Böttiger calls, with many a bow, to offer her and Flora the privileges of the Royal Library.¹⁹¹ With enthusiasm she devours Madame de Staël, comparing the Frenchwoman's vigor of mind with Samuel Johnson's.¹⁹² She reads Dante with her mother; she delights in Jean Paul; she can discourse wisely on Hallam and Montesquieu.¹⁹³ She is an ardent student of languages; perhaps an eighth of her long journal is written in French, German, and

Italian. Regularly she sketches in the galleries, and she experiments daily with her writing. Her prose, which later found expression in a book on these Dresden days,¹⁹⁴ is particularly effective in vignettes of nature, in pen pictures of the Elbe under the stars or of the Saxon mountains at sunset. In brief, one may still hear in these pages not merely her youthful laughter, but her friendly voice speaking intelligently of nature, of music, and of books. Such traits, making her beloved in the Dresden circle, had their roots, too, in depths of character, in a capacity for suffering. Her grief at the death of her brother Algernon,¹⁹⁵ in 1821, was intense. She was, moreover, profoundly religious. Destined to become the wife of an English clergyman¹⁹⁶ she reveals throughout the journal an increasing interest in prayer and meditation as the guides to life. Cultivated, witty, sensitive, serious, and sincere, with a taste for writing, books, music, painting, and the theater, at last she is visible to us, this second lady of Irving's, a woman altogether lovable and desirable. One understands his reluctance to let her escape him.

Indeed, he did not wish to part with her. This is evident if, through her journal, we relive the story of their friendship, and if we also trace, after December, 1822, her growing interest in this older man, so different from her downright Bavarian. He had suddenly appeared, this famous writer, in the midst of her memories of Gumpenberg, to stabilize, as it were, the temperamental attentions of Allegri and Airey. "At the play tonight," she observed, "Mr Irving the author of the Sketch book was introduced to us."¹⁹⁷ She liked him at once. He talked to her quietly but well

with his stories about his handsome Indians painting & pluming themselves, & strutting up & down before their cabin doors — & the tremendous gusts tearing up whole tracks of gigantic forest, the whirlwind literally leaving a path — & the storm footsteps — he is neither tall nor slight, but most interesting, dark, hair of a man of genius waving, silky, & black, grey eyes full of varying feeling, & an amiable smile.¹⁹⁸

He could gossip, too, agreeably, of London drawing-rooms and of Lady Holland;¹⁹⁹ and in the "Christmas gambols" he immediately became her enthusiastic ally.²⁰⁰

So, during the winter and spring of 1823, the friendship progressed. She was eighteen years old; he was thirty-nine. Soon he was almost a member of the household, and always, said Emily, "entertaining & interesting";²⁰¹ soon he was a regular guest at the balls, dancing repeatedly with Emily. The journal offers a precious

glimpse of him in Dresden society and also of the lady's innocent guile :

I was vexed [she complained] at this ball — Airey came & said he had not forgot my forsaking him to dance with *W-ms*²⁰² but begged me to believe he was only vexed at my having *pretended* to have forgot it, I vowed I only said the truth — He shook his head & asked me for the 3^d Waltz, I actually forgot him again, & danced with Irving — at the end of the night he just came up, & bowed “thank you Miss Foster” — I was annoyed — He must think I feel secure of *his* good graces & want to gain Mr Irving's he never *can* believe this second an involuntary mistake. He has refused an invitation to dinner, well, I'll scold him, & he'll think himself in the wrong.²⁰³

Poor Airey ! Having presented Mrs. Foster with a copy of *Lalla Rookh*, he left Dresden. On April 3, Irving's fortieth birthday, Emily was busy with the tableaux in honor of the author of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.²⁰⁴

From now until the time of Irving's departure for Prague (May 20) Emily's narrative hints at an attachment not dissimilar to that so flatly defined by her observant younger sister. A relationship exists which, at least on Irving's side, is more than friendship. Emily sees him almost daily ; she is troubled by her own contradictory feelings ; she exhorts herself to refrain in her conversations with him from “capricious coldness fits.”²⁰⁵ He comes to dinner, and she writes a passage, cloaked in Italian, about sensitive men to whom the world can never do justice !²⁰⁶ Or he reads her “a sweet little poem on spring” till she is “quite triste and in tears.”²⁰⁷ And on May 4 she is happy : “My Birthday, that good dear nice Mr Irving sent me delightful verses the first almost he ever wrote I hope it is not vain to transcribe them I do it more for his sake than for the partial *compliments* (are a cold word) to me.”²⁰⁸ There has been laughter, too, and gossip in Dresden society about the new intimacy. Emily, who blushed easily, notes with chagrin : “Party at Friesen's — the report that I am to marry ‘certo signor autore’ — begins to annoy me — Kleise joking about it — got up when — appeared to leave me a tete a tete with him I was quite angry.”²⁰⁹

Yet concerning the outpouring, at about this time, of Irving's melancholy and passion, she says nothing, though perhaps we may detect an echo of this upheaval in her entry of May 19 : “Our last evening,” she recorded, “with Irving — before his journey — Mama suspects he meant not to return, he said he had thought of it — but that he would he could not help it — We stood in the balcony by

moonlight & talked of heaven." ²¹⁰ Such was the parting, with talk on a subject which had never deeply interested Irving. He fled to Prague to write the sorrowful correspondence, already described, to Mrs. Foster. If he felt despair, Emily did not share it. She wrote casually that the family was receiving "delightful letters" ²¹¹ from him, and in these very days she saw before her the face of her absent Bavarian. Irving returned, and she was glad, but from her pleasure it is difficult to deduce more than from her quick joy at the sight of Airey, Allegri, or of her other beaux. ²¹² Rather we speculate on Irving's state of mind as he made his eager, dramatic entry into the familiar room :

I had [she wrote] just returned from a grey twilight walk, & was sitting in the dusk when some one rushed in, I was delighted before I quite recognised Irving's voice it was him, a pair of handsome moustachios had puzzled me I was so pleased & startled I could not speak only gasp. ²¹³

Near her he remained, until the separation at Rotterdam.

To the narrative of the journey to this place from Dresden to the coast, to the tale already told by Flora and by Irving, Emily adds little, though each familiar incident takes on a new tint. On July 23 she remarked in the journal, without undue emotion : "I suppose Irving goes tomorrow. He read us his M-S-S-" ²¹⁴ ; and on the next day she added mildly : "Good Irving has given up the Rhine to go with us to Rotterdam." ²¹⁵ This is indeed hardly more than what she called "honorable mention" ²¹⁶ in her journal, but despite her restraint, there had been recurrences of the old sympathy between them, and, very possibly, renewed pleadings from Irving. For, somewhat earlier, she had written: "I am annoyed at myself & displeased with others I ought to feel more gratitude for I—g's esteem & regard." ²¹⁷ What had he said ? He had at any rate been persuasive enough to make her wish to see him again soon in England, and, at the last moment of farewell, to arouse in her real sadness. Her final reflections on the devoted Irving are incomplete and puzzling, but they betray, it seems almost certain, the truth of which we are in search :

30 — Wednesday [she set down] After bathing we were hurried pêle mêle into the steam packet — Mr Irving accompanied us down the river quite into the sea, when he was put down into the boat, as he looked up to us, so pale & melancholy I thought I never felt a more painful moment, such starts of regret, a little self-reproach & feelings too quick to analyse. ²¹⁸

Such passages, tallying so exactly in spirit with Flora's version of the love story, cannot be brushed aside. Beholding Irving on this day through the eyes of both the sisters, it is difficult to challenge Flora's earlier assertion: "He has written. He has confessed to my mother, as to a true and dear friend, his love for E — ." ²¹⁹

The questions arising from Irving's associations with the Fosters are three. Of these, the first two concern the truth of Flora's statement. Did Irving, at the age of forty, offer his hand to a girl some twenty years his junior? Whether so or not, was this experience so deep as to make a lasting impression upon his life and work? Finally, is a third interpretation, involving both these questions, natural and consistent with Irving's age and temperament?

In reply to the first question, it must be admitted that a measure of doubt yet lingers concerning an actual proposal. On this point the conclusive, clinching word is still unspoken. If we think that Irving did not intend marriage, we may find evidence for this belief. We observe, namely, that in his "confession" he seemed to dismiss it as an impossibility; and that he appeared to lack the courage in his own future to justify this course of action. ²²⁰ We conceive, also, that Flora may have misunderstood, since she was very young; ²²¹ that she may have exaggerated, since her love of the sentimental is obvious—in her journal, in the circumstances of its publication, and in her later, reminiscent book, *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women*. ²²² Finally, we reflect that we have now available vast collections of Irvingiana; that scores of Emily Foster's papers have recently come to light. Had he asked Emily's hand in marriage, would not some allusion, comparable at least to those which escaped the reticent Irving concerning Matilda Hoffman, ²²³ decide the issue?

Possibly—but the likelihood of a proposal outweighs such doubts. The "confession," for example, though it dismisses marriage, also considers it as a possible procedure. Less persuasive, among these minor arguments, is Irving's inclination, occasionally expressed in these years, to marry. ²²⁴ He was not plutocratic, but he was at the height of his career; financial obstacles were not prohibitive. His letters from Prague keep referring to "one plan" dear to his heart. As for the lack of allusions in later correspondence, we know that there was an agreement ²²⁵ on this point. Consideration for Emily would have counseled a rigorous silence because she, unlike Matilda Hoffman, still lived; and self-esteem, too, if he had been refused, might have made him unwilling to have been generally known as the rejected suitor of any woman. The scrupulous observance of

the agreement is clear in Mrs. Fuller's response to Pierre M. Irving's request for letters, and it is suggested also in the mysterious coincidence of the missing pages of the fragment and similar missing pages in the Foster papers. In Emily Foster's second journal she has carefully copied Irving's long personal letter to her,²²⁶ already quoted in this biography. The adjacent pages, containing presumably her share of the correspondence, have been carefully cut away. In brief, though this is speculative — there may have been no proposal to record — it would appear that here was a secret well kept.²²⁷ The tradition still persists in the family of Emily Foster's granddaughter that she received a proposal of marriage from Washington Irving.²²⁸

The real evidence, however, for a proposal, or at least for passion on Irving's part, rests in the two journals, that of Flora and that of Emily. Since Flora's record of Dresden corroborates in all minor ways the two newly exhumed journals, those of Emily and Irving, it seems unlikely that she would have falsified the essential declaration in her narrative. Thus an examination of Emily's journal lends validity to Flora's, and so to her assertion that Irving offered marriage. We also realize, since in important matters Emily was cautious, that we can attach weight to what she says of Irving. We can accept without reserve her statements that he expressed to her his "esteem and regard"; that she was troubled by her inability to return in kind his feelings; that the parting had a painful significance in her mind. All that she says suggests that between them lay an emotional barrier which could have had its origin in no other way, presumably, than in her unwillingness to become his wife. In these implications lies the true significance of Emily's journal.

It is dangerous, perhaps, to hazard a word on her reasons for a rejection which may never have occurred. Yet her feelings toward Irving are fairly clear in the journal. There was the memory of the gay young Bavarian, unquestionably; his image followed her to Brickhill. There was, perhaps, the religious strain in her nature, which we find a year later an actual issue between Irving and herself, hindering complete understanding. But, most of all, if we study Emily Foster's journal, analyzing her moods toward other suitors, we feel tacitly the obvious reason. This was the chasm of years. He was not a young lover. Rather he was "interesting"; he said quotable things; he was a famous writer; he was "Good Irving"; he was "good, dear, nice Mr Irving."²²⁹ She did not love him. She could not, though she tried to be grateful for his "esteem & re-

gard " and for, it is most probable, his honoring her by the offer of himself.

Perhaps, the answer to this question, even if affirmative, is less important than the reply to the second. Some suspicion exists that Irving contemplated marriage on other occasions, with, for example, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley or Antoinette Bolviller.²³⁰ Yet these did not shape his life appreciably. Nor did Emily Foster. Such is the categorical "no" to the second question. His separation from Emily Foster may account in part for Irving's depression in Paris, but this was chiefly due to ill health, lack of money, and doubts concerning his career as a writer.²³¹ This the journal of 1823-1824 shows, and little more. Here, at least, Mrs. Dawson erred. Despite his unhappiness at Prague, no evidence exists, except Mrs. Dawson's, that his affection for Emily Foster altered in any particular his ways of living and writing. By contrast, his letters and journal long after Matilda's death reflect his passion for her and mention her by name; he paid no such homage, even privately, to Emily Foster. Years afterwards he veiled his grief and love for Matilda in abstract passages on these themes; none exists which may be traced to Emily. Between 1824 and 1832 he visited the Fosters, presumably in London, and, in fact, only a year after the parting at Rotterdam he passed more than a week with them at Bedford. His journal shows him there, good-humored, and, in the end, rather bored.²³²

Of course, he was older. It seems idle to compare this affair with his transforming love for Matilda. In the "confession" itself he had admitted to Mrs. Foster that his heart would not again "hold on."²³³ But Mrs. Dawson's hyperbole makes necessary a definition of Emily's dominion over his writing. This, it would seem, was slight indeed. Not once in *Tales of a Traveller*, parts of whose beginnings he read aloud to her, is there a trace of her influence, in contrast to the presence of Matilda Hoffman in *The Sketch Book*.²³⁴ We may, moreover, believe in the strength of Matilda Hoffman's influence upon Irving without subscribing to the conspiracy of linking his name only with hers. Nor need we think, as did Mrs. Dawson, that because of Emily Foster, Irving "passed in cold, bachelor serenity through the years of his prime."²³⁵ He did not, regardless of his affection for either Matilda Hoffman or Emily Foster. He was a man, and he experienced the varying feelings of a man toward women, from the youthful worship of Matilda to, probably, the occasional free living in certain periods of his life. Irving's silence concerning Emily Foster in his books and manuscripts would seem to indicate that she did not become for long an essential part of him.²³⁶ Even his

secrecy,²⁸⁷ his respect for Emily Foster (later Mrs. Henry Fuller with five children), and his nephew's protection could not have deleted so completely her influence, had it existed as a vital force. Indeed, after the second question is answered, the first, concerning his proposal and rejection, bears relatively an air of inconsequence.

In reply to the third question, it may seem unwise to conjecture further concerning Irving as a lover at forty. Yet one very tentative interpretation of his affection for the Fosters appears permissible. If we forget momentarily the assumption that Irving loved the daughter, Emily, we may observe without prejudice and with some surprise the unusual regard in which he held the mother. Amelia Morgan Foster, the third wife of John Foster, a woman of very nearly his own age, was a person of gracious manners and of cultivation in books and music. Most of all, she was endowed with the gift of sympathy. The growth and the strength of Irving's intimacy with her is beyond question. His journal shows many of his characteristic feelings and thoughts centering not in the daughters but in her. To say that through her he courted Emily, that he devoted himself to Mrs. Foster out of convention or tact — these explanations are not wholly satisfying. His desire for Emily's hand probably accounts for the hours spent with Mrs. Foster in the study of Italian; for her playful scolding of him when he would not stay for dinner; for her anxious solicitations of his company to England.²⁸⁸ Yet, evidently, the friendship of Irving and Mrs. Foster was capable of flourishing without the aid of Emily and Flora.

From Mrs. Foster Irving found a communication awaiting him at Prague. During his four weeks there she wrote him at least seven letters, most of them of great length.²⁸⁹ One of these he read over half a dozen times — for news of Emily? His replies were immediate and intimate in tone. On his return he saw her daily. Alone together, their conversation was personal, though its aim may have been a league to change Emily's resolution. "I have now," wrote Irving, "talked to you on subjects that I recur to with excessive pain, and on which I am apt to be silent."²⁹⁰ She asked, as we have seen, about his "*fancies*"²⁹¹ and the causes of his depression and his reasons for remaining a bachelor. She talked to him of her own griefs; together they visited the grave of her son whom she had lost two years earlier.²⁹² For Mrs. Foster, Irving's reserve broke down in complete admission concerning his own weakness, and to her he continued to write occasionally during the winter of 1824, in Paris, and at intervals throughout the remainder of his stay in Europe.²⁹³

All this was probably for Emily's sake. That Irving was in love

with Amelia Morgan Foster I do not suggest. We know much of Mrs. Foster — her opinions, her tastes, her temperament, her manners, her very dress. Indeed, we know so much that it is difficult to wave aside Irving's friendship with the older woman as a vicarious wooing of the younger. Between these two existed a bond other than Irving's admiration for her two young girls, who might well have viewed his shifting moods with some bewilderment and who might have read his "confession" with less sympathetic eyes. He was not, I repeat, in love with Mrs. Foster. I suggest rather the recurrence, with now an added fervor, of a familiar situation in Irving's life. From a few intimate friendships with married women he derived much happiness. Through Mrs. Hoffman in New York, through Mrs. Storrow in Paris, through Madame d'Oubril in Madrid, he satisfied that imperious need of his for home life and also for that understanding which was essential to his somewhat dependent nature. Mrs. Foster was experienced; she comprehended his ambitions and his fears; she shared his intellectual interests; she was fond of him.

In a word, she sustained him in a critical period of his life. For, in spite of his literary laurels and ease in the court of Frederick Augustus, he still suffered from the old depression — the conflux of his loneliness, bereavements, and uncertain future. Lying on the grass near Heidelberg, before he had ever seen Emily, his oppression was so great that he could write: "A weight rested upon my mind — there was a soreness of heart . . . it was not without some effort that I occasionally threw off this weight and recollected that my only crime had been an unsuccessful attempt to please the world."²⁴⁴ This and other utterances before he knew the Fosters, are in the strain of his "confession." Thus, as already suggested, a reasonable speculation is that Mrs. Foster's sympathy was mature and intelligent. Emily's was not. She counseled evangelical religion,²⁴⁵ screwed to a high emotional pitch, a juvenile medicine for a rather sophisticated man in his forties, who still recalled Deacon Irving's daily prayers with distaste. It is probable that Mrs. Foster spoke to him not a less elevated but a more discriminating language. In her home she offered a woman's wisdom and, in a measure, strength for his own instability, direction for his sincere but fitful purposes.

One might conjecture still further. Perhaps the proposal to Emily was a confused expression of Irving's wish to make enduring the happiness he had known in Mrs. Foster's home. Perhaps the question arose inevitably from intimate talk with Mrs. Foster and from Irving's melancholy, and from his "esteem" for Emily; perhaps Irv-

ing merely laid bare to this friend those tormenting moods which he hid so successfully from the world in books and letters. In any case, it is impossible to think of "Emily Foster . . . young, and fair, and bright, and beautiful" ²⁴⁶ apart from the background of this other Emily Foster. So much is certain. In his troubled dreams in Paris, Irving beheld them together.²⁴⁷ Most of all, in this turmoil of the emotions, when those dearest to him, brother and betrothed, lived again momentarily, we may think of his affection for the two Emilies, mother and daughter, as new blossoms on that old root of tenderness in his youth. Matilda is inseparably a part of this Dresden love story. The gentle face of that being who had loved him as he "never again [was to] be loved" ²⁴⁸ rose before him as he confessed his affection for these new, living friends; and for them he wrote of her. Also, in his journal, in the very pages which record his happiness with them, is his beautiful memory of the dead. Scrawled in the margin in 1824 are the telltale words:

She died in the flower of her youth & of mine but she has lived for me ever since in all woman kind. I see her in their eyes — and it is the remembrance of her that has given a tender interest in my eyes to every thing that bears the name of woman.²⁴⁹

CHAPTER XI

HACK WRITER AND DRAMATIST · *TALES OF A TRAVELLER*

1823-1824

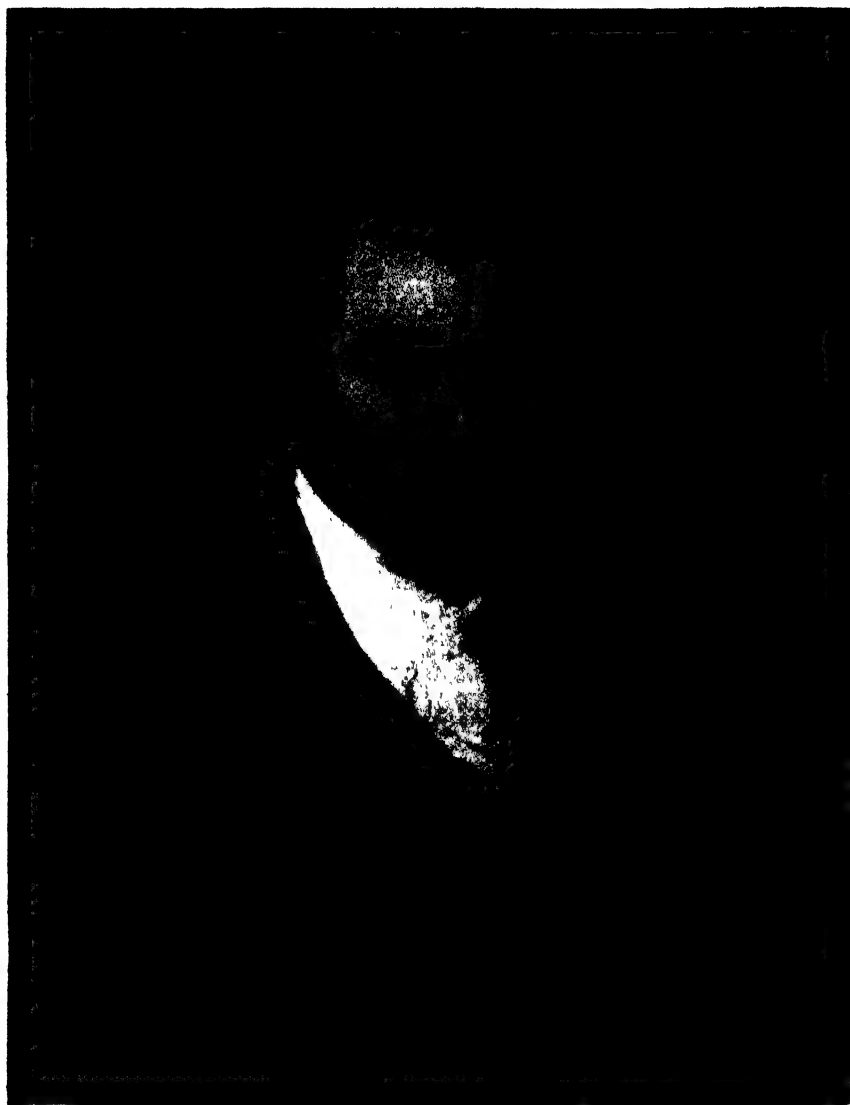
LOOKING back from civilized Paris on the thirteen months in Germany, these seemed to Irving in retrospect an odd texture of travel, gayety, and melancholy. It would not do to brood over their frustration; here was Paris, with its libraries and theaters. In particular, here were the Storrows, offering a home more stable than the Fosters' — and less hazardous. Irving's mercurial mind formed, therefore, the customary good resolutions. He would write.¹ He was, he told Peter complacently, "tolerably well supplied with German localities, manners, characters."² Besides, he was still coddling the overgrown "Buckthorne," now clad in German garments; he was still hopeful of completing his "work on Germany." Yet this scrap bag of writings was prophetic of the diffuse year before him, a year in which he was to turn off plays, essays, stories, verses, and editions of the poets; a year in which he was to finish, under the bludgeon of Gifford, *Tales of a Traveller*, and so blur his English reputation as the author of *The Sketch Book*.

In August, 1823, then, Irving began a period of uncorrelated living and shallow writing, which was not to terminate until two and a half years later in his reborn ambitions, in Spain. We may, however, in this chapter, first survey the external events in his life until the appearance of *Tales of a Traveller* (August 25, 1824), and then return to his fitful, but intense, passions for editing, for the stage, and for the miscellaneous essay or story, concluding with the epitaphs written by the critics for *Tales of a Traveller*.

Moore was no longer in Paris, but Payne was; and until the spring of 1824 Irving's life was joined with that of this persuasive, exasperating dramatist — and with those of the Storrows. Almost at once Payne haled him from his lodgings in the Hôtel Yorck, Montmartre, to his own at 89 Rue Richelieu.³ Here, in this quiet top-floor room,

Irving determined to immure himself ; it was but five minutes walk from the great library.⁴ Unluckily, it was still closer to the boulevards and the theaters. Nor could it shelter him from the importunities of Payne and the Galignanis, from the letters of Murray, from a battery of social devoirs, or even from the chatter of Payne's servant — "that bloodsucker Marianne."⁵ It is the familiar story of Irving's suggestibility. Again he fell under the sway of emphatic trifles ; more and more he yielded to the urgencies of the moment, his time shattered into useless little fragments. The dream of the "work on Germany" gradually faded, as did, indeed, those occasional moods which had been productive of a "Westminster Abbey" or a "Stratford-on-Avon." Never before had he become so unashamed a literary navvy, a drudge to whom booksellers' commendations or favorable reviews were grateful. His talk was no longer of fame, but of advance royalties.⁶

More may be said of this presently. Though endowed with an artistic conscience, Irving was not born for true literary greatness, and even if it was a spendthrift year, he was not wholly unhappy under the wastage. He was at home among the Americans and English in Paris, and at the Storrows' he obtained readily the sympathy indispensable to his affectionate nature. Thomas Wentworth Storrow, only four years his senior, an Englishman who had lived long in America, was a prosperous merchant, with a house in the Rue Thévenot and a cottage at Auteuil. An intimate of Lafayette and of Van Traet, the Royal Librarian ; a fair linguist and a sound student of history and philosophy ; he was capable of appreciating his literary guest.⁷ Storrow counseled him on writing, while Irving burrowed in his host's small but excellent library, and, unfortunately, on financial investments. In the Rue Thévenot and at Auteuil there was much talk of books ; at one time the entire family was studying Spanish. With the Storrows, Irving later apprenticed himself in this, the only language which he was to master. The Storrows' family life was delightful. Around Irving's "presidential chair," or about a sofa wheeled to the fireside, gathered in the evenings, when he had fled from the Rue Richelieu, the little girls, Susan and Minny (addicted to "thunder and lightning stockings"), and the "brave homme," Charles,⁸ and also Thomas, destined to marry Irving's niece Sarah Paris.⁹ It was a blessed haven. Here, also, came Van Wart's two boys, now at school in the city under Irving's supervision,¹⁰ and here lingered, coming in from Havre,¹¹ kindly, self-centered Peter. About this group, Irving's interests widened, as the close-packed journal shows, into concentric circles of friendship,



THOMAS WENTWORTH STORROW
From the painting (c. 1806) by Gilbert Stuart.

until we comprehend how, during his third stay in Europe, he could hardly enter an obscure town in France without discovering persons eager to renew acquaintance.¹²

How easily he drifted along with the tide of distinguished Americans in Paris! He knew Sheldon, now *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Legation; Bradish, the New York politician;¹³ and the Coldens. How graciously he received the attentions of fellow countrymen who were better patriots but worse writers than he! He discussed American literature with Hillhouse¹⁴ and Samuel Griswold Goodrich.¹⁵ The latter, only thirty, and not yet "Peter Parley," saw him clearly:

Strikingly mild and amiable; dress — claret coat, rather more pigeon-tailed than the fashion at New York; light waistcoat; tights; ribbed, flesh-colored silk stockings; shoes, polished very bright. This is a fashionable dress here. He spoke of many things, all in a quiet manner, evidently with a fund of feeling beneath.¹⁶

Yes, in spite of occasional fits of despondency, Irving thought this an agreeable life; and he was aware of his secure niche in this transient society. Literary Paris, unlike compact little Dresden, viewed his prestige calmly, but three French editions of *The Sketch Book* and one of *Bracebridge Hall*¹⁷ were current — and Foy was painting his portrait.¹⁸

Rising late, writing as the breakfast things were cleared away, walking on sunny days in the Tuileries with the young Van Warts, sailing to the barrier of Passy in cabriolet or cuckoo, enjoying Storrow's garden at Auteuil — it was fortunate that the industrious brothers in New York or his enemies on the Democratic newspapers did not see the journal of 1823-1824. He took riding lessons; he chatted with a girl from the Théâtre Français, who perturbed him by being a "moral miss" and "ordinary in conversation";¹⁹ he was introduced to a rich lady's "nice fresh daughter," "one that a man would feel no compunction in begetting children upon."²⁰ To still another adoring girl he refused a lock of his hair.²¹ Or he was pointed out to strangers at Galignani's reading rooms,²² where he spent hours devouring English newspapers and, incidentally, cementing a friendship with the famous brothers and with Didot, the publisher. Thus by both French and English acquaintances he varied his constant association with Payne and other Americans. Kenney, his pale face transformed by southern sunburn, was again at his heels; fine old Daniel Guestier,²³ of Bordeaux, made him one of his family; and Villamil, the good-humored Spaniard, offered him his cottage in the

suburbs. Irving now conceived his lasting dislike of Thomas Grattan, that "arrant literary trades man,"²⁴ and he lingered long after supper parties with the Earl of Granard,²⁵ Lord Lansdowne²⁶ (Moore's patron), and with Lady Harvey,²⁷ who was forever picking him up in the Rue de la Paix as an escort for her blooming daughters. He was shuffled about in ballroom and theater box with Henry Luttrell,²⁸ with William Etty, the painter,²⁹ with Captain Thomas Medwin,³⁰ Shelley's cousin and Byron's friend, with Horace Smith, that "cold witty man,"³¹ and with English and French nobility now forgotten, including the lady who had been to see, quoted Irving, "Mary the Magic" and "St. John's Latter end," where "the Priests prostitute (prostrate) themselves."³² There is an amusing glimpse of him with Frances Trollope, not yet scornful of Washington Congressmen or the hogs of Cincinnati. Irving was not charmed with her; she was merely a "tall thin talking woman."³³ Yet her book was to be his companion on his journey west in 1832.³⁴

Let no one wonder that he could not slave at his "work on Germany." As usual, he rationalized his self-indulgence, pretending to himself that at Lord John Russell's,³⁵ the Moriers',³⁶ the Thomonds',³⁷ or at Sir George Airey's³⁸ he was foraging for fresh material. Thus in the showy apartment of that elegant Irishwoman Lady Thomond, in her blue silk salon, he noted at the piano the lady with the delicate fingers, and the unconscious grace of the group of guests about the harp. There was another circle at the round table in the center of the room,

looking at caricatures & choosing from among collections of costumes, dresses for the Ambassadors fancy ball—groups of ecarté players in another corner Gent in blue ribband Group by Fire place on Sophas & arm Chairs—conversing—group in another corner round a table where Russian Prince is reading fortunes in pack of cards to a beautiful English Countess (Lady Adelaide Forbes) her sister Caroline³⁹ leaning over her shoulder—Others round the table & one pretty pale female in black with black velvet hat & feather (Lady Julia) leaning across the table listening—

Here, possibly, was the nub of a story? "Scene & Subject," he exclaimed to himself, "for a Travellers tale—*The fortune told*!"⁴⁰

It was not told—at least in Irving's books, but so the weeks passed, except when, at the most eccentric times of day or night, he was scribbling in his apartment or at the Storrows'. The inevitable vexation followed his idleness. Repose and some practical talk with Murray he must have, for the publisher had advertised *Tales of a Trav-*

eller as "shortly to appear."⁴¹ So, after a regrettable bonfire of manuscripts and letters, he was on his way with Kenney to England, to polish up at any cost this ramshackle volume, *Tales of a Traveller*. On May 28, the Brighton coach put him down at the White Horse Cellars, and two hours later he was at Covent Garden, watching with some misgivings the first performance of *Charles II*, one of the plays in which he had been aiding Payne in Paris.⁴² Beside him sat on this evening, presumably, Payne and Payne's friend Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley,⁴³ a lady who nearly caused, in the next year, another rift in this ancient friendship.

Meanwhile, *Tales of a Traveller* was doomed again to hours snatched from society. To flee Paris for London meant apparently merely another set of these thieves of time. Here he was at once surrounded by Egerton Brydges, by Newton, and by Leslie, who regarded him "with a sort of affectionate idolatry."⁴⁴ Here he found the excited Moore, crowing over the success of his Captain Rock;⁴⁵ and Murray's outstretched hand led him once more into the familiar drawing-room. He would give Irving "1500 Guineas for [his] next work without seeing it."⁴⁶ So again Irving deferred drudgery, and enjoyed breakfasts with the poet Bryan Waller Procter⁴⁷ and with the immemorial Samuel Rogers.

That is, he was back in London society on the old footing of the season immediately following the success of *Bracebridge Hall*. Deploying from 4 Mount Street, where he shared the lodgings of that wit and modish poet William Spencer,⁴⁸ he was carried off in a "whirl of engagements."⁴⁹ Rogers, with him daily, was garrulous; filled him with gossip concerning Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb. "When man & woman fall out," the poet had told Rogers, "the one that keeps the ground longest wins. Lady Caroline gave in ten minutes before me."⁵⁰ Of these anecdotes of Byron, Irving never tired. It is probable that he was already planning his essays on him and on Scott. Rogers, with so receptive a listener, talked on, describing Lady Caroline's funeral pyre of his Lordship's letters, surmounted by his miniature.⁵¹

It was all so unbelievable that this fiery spirit should be no more, should have perished miserably on April 19 at Missolonghi. Now his Titanic deeds were on every London tongue. Rumor doubted that his remains would be permitted by the Bishop to profane Westminster Abbey. "The Bishop's only chance for immortality is to refuse,"⁵² remarked the devoted Irving. So the Englishman and the American gossiped in the spring of 1824, of this disastrous event, of the secret conferences between Murray and Hobhouse, Byron's

executor, of Murray's iron chest full of Byron's letters, and of the mysterious and scandalous memoirs. Moore had these and would not show a line of them to Rogers. "I suspect," the latter admitted to Irving, "I was handled harshly in that volume."⁵⁸ Yet the American was to see the manuscript, to sit up till the small hours at Moore's, reading Byron's memories of his wife.⁵⁴ Moore trusted Irving. He would not, presumably, in any case have shown the memoirs to Rogers. "I have often thought," he declared impatiently to Irving, "when I have had a little too much of Rogers and been where I could not get rid of him: 'Who shall deliver me from this death?'"⁵⁶ But Irving felt no such irritation at Rogers. Up and down the fashionable streets he walked with him while Rogers bowed to "the Duke this and Sir Harry that"⁵⁶ and poured out to the smiling Irving the canards of English dinner tables.

What a creature of this idle society he was! He reproached himself no end, but he could not forswear it, in spite of the weight upon his conscience and in his portfolio. Never had he been so weak about an unfinished book. He must hear Pasta sing just once more; he must pay his respects to Rush;⁵⁷ he must make a tactful call on Sotheby;⁵⁸ he must be polite to that "little bald roundheaded amiable man" Lord Derby, and to Lady Derby (*née* Miss Farren, the actress), tall, thin, and redolent of a dim, past elegance.⁵⁹ In all this, flattery had its part. His writings, said Lord and Lady Derby, were so extraordinary! He *must* come to Knowsley. Lady Morpeth, Lord Spencer, Sir John and Lady Maria Stanley — such was the leisure for which he had sacrificed Storror's library! It was Moore, understanding and loving him better than these casuals, who finally cut the cord. Even John Neal, the Maine Yankee and novelist, who estimated Irving shrewdly at about this time in *Blackwood's*,⁶⁰ did not comprehend him so well as the little singer. Moore loved to have Irving at his side at Lady Donegal's, sweetly melancholy, like the other guests, as the Irish poet, with upturned eyes and eloquent features, sang his exquisite songs.⁶¹ Yet he knew of Irving's new manuscript and was eager that his friend should complete it. He and Frank Mills, a companionable pseudo-dramatist, arranged a defensive tour. Irving was to make a brief stay at the countryseat of Mills's brother-in-law, a Mr. Compton, to visit Bath, and to retire to Sloper-ton Cottage, where, at last, with Moore and the faithful Bessy, he could be quiet.

Of all Irving's excursions into the English countryside, none was lovelier than this holiday in Hampshire and Wiltshire. Compton's chariot, its postilion in black jacket, white breeches, and white-

topped boots, met him and Mills in the "Telegraph Southampton coach";⁶² bore them through the New Forest to the Manor House, Lyndhurst, with its view over the crests of the forest toward the spires of Southampton. The fleeing author was still beset at dinners by notabilities, but the June days were idyls. One of these is typical :

Wednesday June 9. Early in the mornng ex[amine]d Mss : of Wolfert⁶³ &c. — beautiful mornng — at 12 we set out on fishing party Mr. Compton Mr. Mills on horseback one of the Boys on pony & I drove Mrs Compton, two of the children & the tutor in a low car drawn by black horse — called Dusky Sludge ride thro beautiful forest scenery — glades, heather, groves of birch — &c saw herds of deer — groups of light horse, as to morrow is review day — Huge trumpeter — groups of horsemen riding at distance thro forest toward stoney cross — helmets gleaming —

repast under tree by brook.

the gents drag a forest brook for trout catch very few. Horses get away from peasant & gallop about the heath — we are attended by one of the forest Keepers. Return home thro woods by a track across turf — beautiful forest with green carpet of grass under it — get home at 6. Dress for dinner Sir Geo Ross a great Bavard.⁶⁴

To sketch the huntsmen or the gamekeeper ; on rainy days to read lazily Congreve's *Love for Love*, Glanvill on witches, Gilpin on forest scenery, or Rabelais, to take these volumes down from the old bookcases, with their gilt wire ; to glance up at intervals toward the antique portraits of knights in armor or out through the great bow window of this noble room — well, let Murray fume !

Tales of a Traveller, meanwhile, was getting on slowly ; at Lyndhurst Irving sometimes revised for two hours each day. But on June 14 he parted from both Compton and Mills, and after a glimpse of Salisbury, arrived at Bath in time for the music festival. He immediately called upon Catalani,⁶⁵ and then attended a concert with the Moores, who were here to be amused. Next, Catalani being inaccessible, Irving and Moore explored Bath, seeing little except a "vast number of ugly old women"; Bath, as Irving remarked was "a perch for these old birds."⁶⁶ They gossiped incessantly of everyone in London, of Sheridan, of Joseph Jekyll, the politician, of the horror (so Moore thought) of Rogers' endless palaver, and of the death of Byron. Moore was in high spirits ; Irving had never heard from him such a bewildering flow of quip and anecdote. Irving recalled in a letter that he himself had ventured cautiously : "As a *virtuous* woman I cannot say that Lady B's"⁶⁷ reputation stood very high." But Moore was franker. "She and her sister," he related, "who had

both been belles in Ireland when left young, beautiful and destitute . . . were at a loss to know what to do, or what was to become of them — ‘*It would not do to be wicked?*’ said one to the other, with a shy, dubious, enquiring look.” Moore’s amusement did not leave the sister’s answer in doubt.⁶⁸ “You remember,” Moore hurried on, “the Frenchman who discovered his wife in a delicate situation with a friend. ‘Comment,’” he quoted the husband, “‘*Vous — qui n’êtes pas obligé!*’” “She could not have been very attractive,”⁶⁹ was Irving’s mild response.

Even fears for the manuscript could not mar such companionship. Moore cascaded on, in the post chaise to Sloperton Cottage,⁷⁰ in the rambles about the Bowood fields. By now they were discussing the book and its need of new ghost stories. Moore passed on to the gleaner one snatched from Horace Smith, a sweetly tragic tale of a woman in a black collar, with her head dropping off. This jewel Irving hid away for his book;⁷¹ such was his literary labor on this day. Meanwhile, Moore exhibited his quiet establishment and took him to call on his benefactor, Lord Lansdowne. The poet was proud of both his host and his guest, but one of Irving’s moods of silence annoyed him. It was, Moore thought, his only fault: “Took Irving,” he observed in his diary, “after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elywn’s [*sic*] dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal.”⁷²

Poor Moore, however, was to suffer other moments of embarrassment. He had been an auditor for *Bracebridge Hall*, and he must now listen to this fresh manuscript from the lips of the self-distrustful author. “Moore,” recorded Irving, “read the whole suite of Strange Stories and expressed a most favorable opinion of them.”⁷³ But the good-natured Irishman, knowing authors and loving Irving, had lied agreeably. His own diary, though conjecturing that Irving might have had from Murray two thousand pounds instead of a paltry fifteen hundred, observed: “Read me some parts of his new work ‘*Tales of a Traveller.*’ Rather tremble for its fate.”⁷⁴ As for Irving, he took leave of Moore as affectionately as if forever, though they were soon to meet again in London. He was heartened by Moore’s encouragement; he was thrilled by his own perusal of the manuscript memoirs of Byron — he could never forget that description of Byron’s wedding night;⁷⁵ and most of all, he was quickened by Moore’s wit and friendliness. “That charming fellow Moore,” he reflected as the coach rumbled along toward Bath, “a brilliant in head and heart”!⁷⁶

He took stock. Since leaving Paris he had recast a number of pages. Yet Lyndhurst Manor and Sloperton Cottage, like Paris and London, had, all in all, proved perfidious. One resource was left — "Castle Van Tromp"; on June 19 he was in his sister's living room in Birmingham. Foul weather came to his aid; late in the month he shipped a packet of manuscript to Murray. He was working hard now, in spite of Rann Kennedy's⁷⁷ visits, with his talk of a long-projected poem, and by the first of the month he had virtually completed his revision. Arriving in London on June 30, he found that the printers were engaged on the early sections of the manuscript; and on July 5 he commenced reading proof. About this chrysalis stage of his book was a finality, inspiring at once terror and relief. He could now play with Newton, Leslie, Powell, Rogers, and the rest, with at least the semblance of a light heart.

Thus from now until August 25, the date of the appearance of *Tales of a Traveller*, Irving's thoughts were freer from anxiety about his book, though we must except the last few humiliating days when Gifford lacerated two or three stories. These Irving rewrote feverishly, spoiling, he was sure, his original aims.⁷⁸ This was an illusion; this second-hand miscellany was already ruined. But he had had his first chagrin — not his last — at the hands of Murray's famous "elbow critics."⁷⁹ So, grumbling, but certain of some kind of consummation of the intermittent labors of the past two years, he listened in amused silence to Rogers' reciprocal abuse of Moore; he resumed his acquaintance with Mrs. Shelley; he reminisced of Germany with Thomas Brandram and Captain Trotter; he dined with Campbell; he inspected another of the eminent Morier brothers and Captain Basil Hall;⁸⁰ and he planned a brief excursion to Yorkshire — and to Bedford, the home of the Fosters.⁸¹ After a final glance at Irving in the midst of this English family, we may turn to the underlying meaning of this year in France and England.

Sentiment will be all eyes to perceive, if possible, some significance in his reunion with Emily Foster. It was now a full year since the parting at Rotterdam; records of every day in Irving's life since that moment are available, and only once does he mention writing to Emily, though he sent occasional letters to her mother.⁸² As the Fosters' gig brought him, in Bedford, along the Cemetery Road from St. Peter's Green to the summit of the rise where Brickhill⁸³ stood, his thoughts may have been those of the suitor eager to test his fate once more.⁸⁴ Yet if he was a thwarted lover he was outwardly a singularly cheerful and indifferent one throughout his stay of ten days. Whatever his emotions, he now resumed with

pleasure his friendship with them all, including the wife of John Foster, a woman endowed with understanding and with three amiable daughters. As the gig rolled to the door, he "was welcomed by the family in the kindest manner."⁸⁵

The journal shows him whimsically bored. He walked over Brickhill's grounds and to Bedford with Mrs. Foster and Emily.⁸⁶ Mr. Foster, a magistrate of the county, descanted on macadam roads, and there were jaunts through the countryside. This was an intensely religious household, a mecca for ministers; Irving permitted himself some sardonic notes on these in his journal. From his boyhood days under Deacon Irving, hymns and family prayers had always set him awry, and in the midst of this sanctity, he was, he admitted, aloof.⁸⁷ On one summer day, as he sat in the library, deep in Ben Jonson, he was suddenly surrounded by a train of visitors under the leadership of Charles Simeon, who exclaimed without warning, "Let us pray!" ; and Irving with an impatient gesture fell, with the others, to his knees.⁸⁸ Of this aspect of Brickhill he gave a memorable, self-revealing account in a letter to Emily: "You were all," he wrote, "wound up to so high a key. I was a little jarred too by the well meant but unskillful and unseasonable handling of some of the professional persons I met there."⁸⁹ It is evident, also, from the same letter that Emily had hopes of converting him, and that he had no great liking for such regeneration, even at her fair hands. He could speak of "the beautiful story of the origin of our faith,"⁹⁰ but he was not, he conceded, a devout person. Altogether it is difficult to think of Irving at Brickhill as a disappointed suitor renewing his pleadings. After a tour to Scarborough and York and more London life of the kind already summarized, he sailed again for France. On August 15, ten days before Murray released the two octavo volumes of *Tales of a Traveller*, he was once more at 89 Rue Richelieu.

Such was the seesaw of Irving's daily living between the two Augusts, those of 1823 and 1824. Yet his apparent aimlessness was not wholly due to indolence. In his intellectual life, if this it may be called, three impulses now contended. The first and third were, respectively, the familiar weakness for hack work and the perpetual hope of writing a good miscellany, better than *The Sketch Book*. But between these two, appeared in this year a second desire, not less fervent because short-lived. No doubt exists that in this winter of 1823-1824 Irving hoped to distinguish himself as a dramatist. These three currents, mutually destructive, whirled him about. His hack work was unprofitable; his plays were merely extended *tableaux*; and his book was a failure. The reader will agree that, after Irving's

exploration of legend, the real tragedy lay in the collapse of his "work on Germany." But we should resurvey the year, seeing him, while his outer self was at Lady Thomond's or at Holland House, hastening hither and thither at the beck of these three conflicting ambitions.

He flirted, first of all, after his arrival in Paris in 1823, with catch-penny schemes, because his capital had shrunk,⁹¹ but also because he was afraid to publish his material on Germany — a silly apprehension, could he have redemonstrated his power, as shown in "Rip Van Winkle." Yet he could not overcome the dread of not matching his earlier achievements. In 1819 he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose; now, so he thought, the reverse was true. He reminded himself that at this moment he could not afford to fail. He would step warily. In brief, he lacked the courage to draw bravely from that wonderful stock of German legend in his notebooks and in his mind. As we turn to trifles, unconsciously avoiding the real task of the day, so Irving listened to the Galignanis and to Payne and undertook their petty jobs, unsuited to his talents. Instead of bottling that rare vintage of the German mountains, he brewed a half-dozen raw wines.

So he reverted to his knack for ephemeral prose; he lapsed again into the literary jack-of-all-trades. Thus, at Payne's desire, he meditated writing of Napoleon;⁹² he put together from books on Normandy a sketch of William the Conqueror;⁹³ he scratched off a lame essay on an old Frenchman, met in the Tuileries;⁹⁴ hearing that Tegg, the London publisher, intended republication of *Salmagundi*, he sent to America for a copy, reviving his notion of preparing a European edition⁹⁵ of his works. He fiddled with a collection of "American Tales."⁹⁶ He entangled himself with Galignani in a scheme to edit the British classics, with critical introductions, but completed the first volume only, that on Goldsmith.⁹⁷ He fenced with Murray for a collection of Arabian stories.⁹⁸ Such were his mirages. There is a pathos in these children of Queen Mab, and in his appearance at breakfast one morning, his face alight. He would, he told Peter jubilantly, issue two more volumes of *The Sketch Book*.⁹⁹ And while he thus squandered his energies, in his kit lay the German legends. That he could have made something of them seems certain from his subsequent Spanish experiences and from *The Alhambra*.

But the most deceptive friar's lantern, leading him into worse bogs, was now the drama. This was his egregious folly of the year, this obsession in Paris with writing for the stage. To recapitulate Irving's connections with the theater is informative. From the days

when he shared in the old Park Theater in New York the hurricanes of mature apples, he had never been content with the normal rôle of spectator. Jonathan Oldstyle was interested in both sides of the foot-lights; and Irving's papers on the theater in *Salmagundi* disclose him as already a wise critic of stage technique. As a schoolboy he had acted even before he had composed a tale, had finished a juvenile drama, and by 1826 he had hidden away in his notes rough drafts of several plays.¹⁰⁰ Had he emulated Dunlap, his intimate friend, he could have written a tolerable record of the American stage prior to 1815. As his culture widened, his reading in the drama expanded. By 1820 his acquaintance, to cite only one type, with plays of the Elizabethan era, as shown in his correspondence with Leslie or in his journal, was exceptional; their influence may be traced in *The Sketch Book* and in *Bracebridge Hall*. Moreover, his passion for the English drama was intensified by his fame, which gained him access to stage doors and the society of actors and playwrights. In 1824 he included among his friends the following theatrical people: Kenney, Price, Payne, Henry Phillips, Edmund Kean, Elliston, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Mathews, the Kembles, Betterton, Talma, Catalani, Pasta, and many others. His knowledge of German, French, and Italian plays was already extensive, and we shall see his interest in Continental drama increasing throughout his two stays in Spain. In 1850, he could talk familiarly of all the great plays and great actors of the half-century, and even now, in 1824, his stage lore surpassed, it is safe to say, that of any other American layman.¹⁰¹

To explain, then, Irving's shift in 1823-1824 from the position of onlooker in the theater to participant by the agency of any one person or any one cause is unreasonable. The motive lay in his own incurable taste for the dramatic. Inevitably he became creative in that form of literature which, objectively, he understood so well. His sudden lust for play-writing was the culmination of a deep-rooted inquisitiveness concerning this form, not unlike his curiosity in regard to the novel and poetry. During this last period of literary wild oats he attempted all these three mediums, and, after his failures, never, save in a few belated revisions of plays for Payne, experimented with them again. His turning dramatist was, then, logical; and its climax in these years was due to a variety of reasons: fear of his German material, his poverty, his desire for fame in a new province, his tentative play-writing in Dresden, his conversance with the French theater of Talma¹⁰² and Mademoiselle Mars, and his friendship with Payne.

Payne's part in Irving's temporary apostasy from the essay must

not be exaggerated. True, by introducing Irving to Talma and to the French and English theatrical circles of Paris, he had set his friend thinking. Why could not, reflected Irving, he himself write a play? Free from Payne's coaching, he had worked alone at three separate dramas during the spring and autumn of 1823; on the two German plays the influence of another friend, that finished boulevardier Barham Livius, was not inconsiderable. He, too, was now living in Paris, with a brand-new mistress and some unsold operas. Irving still tried out his dramatic songs on Livius, with that gay fellow at the piano.¹⁰³ The difference between Payne and Livius was that the former had the ear of managers; Livius was a closet dramatist, Payne was a practical playwright. Irving, then, hoped to make his way as a dramatist on Payne's back; if he were to submit plays to the English theater, it might be tactful to offer his apprentice work under Payne's name. Thus the latter was hardly the inspirer of Irving's desire to write plays or of the plays themselves; he was rather a useful colleague and critic. For by temperament and natural interest Irving was predestined to turn to the drama.

Even while he was farming out his precious time to Payne, he was simultaneously occupied with a curiously impracticable play, based on the life of Shakespeare. One more amateurish skit on Stratford-on-Avon could do the bard no harm; neither could it do Irving any good; but, as he sketched its outline, his hopes were high. On October 23, he rose at half past six, unable to sleep, carried away by his subject: "Shakespeare as young man. Seen with Ann Hathaway."¹⁰⁴ Eagerly he mapped out an episode under the full moon, depicting Shakespeare and his roistering companions, and later he wrote a second act, at Sir Thomas Lucy's. Next he would create, he thought, a "Beautiful Scene — Adieu to Stratford — bells at distance chime midnight — Dream — scenes of his plays pass before his mind — His own figure in temple of fame."¹⁰⁵ In the next act Shakespeare woke hastily from his dream, and so did Irving; the theme was too difficult. His own description of Talma, whom he now saw often, applied too accurately to himself: "distract — full of projects — wants nerve."¹⁰⁶ Yet, a few days afterwards, he whipped his drama into three acts, and on November 13 he could think of nothing else. "Felt," he wrote, "greatly excited about Shakespearean aim — My Idea is to make him a varied character beloved by his wild associates for his joyous social character — by Ann however unlike any of her acquaintances."¹⁰⁷ He sought distraction in the Louvre; he walked in the Tuileries; but his fever continued. He still returned to write on this impossible play; on Shakespeare's "aspirings after something

better — When in presence of nature his feelings expand — he longs for he knows not what feels as if he could embrace the landscape — The stars the moon delight him — chime of bells by midnight.”¹⁰⁸ His ambitious plan, and the manuscript, which is lost, hardly lasted longer than the mood of these autumn mornings, but it had stolen several weeks of time from *Tales of a Traveller*. The incident indicates his preoccupation, aside from Payne, with dramatic writing.

In fact, Irving collaborated with Payne not without a certain air, however unjustified, of condescension. Payne made him see the art of play-writing concretely, but Irving still felt himself superior. In their long friendship he, through literary and social success, had always been the upper dog; he bore his erratic friend a real but a somewhat patronizing affection. In 1809, when Irving had been a leader in the New York literary circle, Payne had borrowed his regard as well as his money, and, though continuously irritated by his friend's shiftless ways, Irving still believed in him: “I want to see you,” he said in the summer of 1822, “*swimming without corks* — throwing by translations and reconstructions and writing something from your own brain.”¹⁰⁹ It was the author of *The Sketch Book* speaking to the less famous author of *Brutus* (1819); *Clari*, with its immortal “Home! Sweet Home!”¹¹⁰ was still a year distant. Yet Irving himself was to serve, not “*without corks*,” the London passion for translations of French and German plays.¹¹¹ In this summer, he had been, as we have seen, in the London greenrooms, arguing with actor and manager in Payne's behalf. He was now again working with Payne, not as a protégé or ally, but as an inspirer. Payne's own account of Irving's influence upon him defines their professional relationship:

An hours conversation [said the dramatist] has given an entirely new direction to the ideas of both, and done more service than a month's meditation or than either could have rendered the other apart — He often begins by not agreeing with me but always ends by thinking much better of my plans than I myself do. . . . Since chance threw me among pens, ink and paper, he and his elder brother are the only persons who have ever boldly and unhesitatingly encouraged me with the hopes of ultimate success and prosperity . . . it is a very agreeable thing to be impelled by the enthusiasm of such a mind. . . . It places Irving high in my estimation.¹¹²

Moreover, between the two periods of theatrical coöperation with Payne, Irving had been an ardent playgoer in Munich, Vienna, Prague, and Dresden. The journal at the Saxon court testifies to his

acquaintance with dozens of German pieces and to his eagerness, in connection with German legend, to translate *The Wild Huntsman*. In Dresden, acting and play-writing had been the fashion. In his adaptation of Arthur Murphy's play for Mrs. Foster's amateur theatricals, and even in his own acting, Irving had attained an unmistakable complacency; had even spoken of writing plays as a profession, should his other literary hopes disappoint. It is probable that when he reached Paris in 1823 *The Wild Huntsman* and *Abu Hassan* were nearly ready for the stage. Besides finishing his book, he would compose drama, and Payne would help him, even as he would help Payne. Soon after his arrival, the dramatist came to him, his arms laden with plays.¹¹⁸ For one of these, not much later, Irving was composing lyrics. Yet he meant not merely to bolster up Payne's work, but to become himself a dramatist. So, until Christmas, despite potboilers and half-hearted struggles to finish *Tales of a Traveller*, for him the play was the thing.

Although, at intervals, Irving fussed with the drama until 1826, these few months were, then, the most intensive period of his play-writing. Knowing him, we shall not expect him to follow his own advice to Payne; "*swimming without corks*" was not his way. Possibly Payne discouraged him about *The Wild Huntsman* and *Abu Hassan*. In any case, Irving began by reworking plays upon which Payne was then engaged, *Azendai*, *The Waggoner*, *Married and Single*, *Charles II*, and *Richelieu*. The last two became chiefly Irving's handiwork. Yet he was absurdly cautious. He forbade the use of his own name, and until Payne's fulsome dedication to him in *Richelieu*,¹¹⁴ the public was ignorant of his new occupation. The financial terms of this collaboration are unknown, but the informal contract evidently included from Irving not only editorial services but new material, especially in the addition of lyrics. In the autumn, Payne was to go to England as salesman; Irving was to direct from the rear, forwarding plays as he completed them. Throughout all this scheming is evident that same timidity which crippled *Tales of a Traveller*. Irving was determined not to risk the reputation of Geoffrey Crayon in a footlight gamble.

So he worked secretly at *Married and Single*, Payne's adaptation of Poole's version from the French,¹¹⁵ but this he could not improve, thinking it already "better than three fourths of the pieces that are accepted and succeed."¹¹⁶ He touched up a song or two, and turned to Duval's play *Richelieu*,¹¹⁷ and then to Payne's clumsy, literal translation of *Azendai*,¹¹⁸ which he rewrote. In November he revised *Charles II*¹¹⁹ and another play, *The Waggoner*,¹²⁰ and, during the

same weeks, composed songs for Payne's version of *Der Freischütz*.¹²¹ It was back-breaking work,¹²² with Payne across the Channel clamoring for haste; Irving endured it only as an avenue toward more lofty dramatic ends. Under his disguise he was gaining practical experience and risking little. Managerial whims could not brand Geoffrey Crayon as an unsuccessful playwright; "'a plague o' both these houses,'" he declared of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, "they shant make 'worms meat' of me I promise you."¹²³ The surprising aspect of this escapade is that Irving believed, though Payne could not sell *Abu Hassan* in London, in his own talents as a writer of plays. "I feel," he wrote Payne, "more and more that I have dramatic stuff within me."¹²⁴ He was wrong, and, for once, his anonymity served him admirably. It was quite as well that he should not have been generally known as a dramatist until long after his death.

For the recent resurrection of his plays proves that Payne, Kemble, and Irving himself misjudged his powers as a workaday dramatist. Out of all Irving's song-writing, revisions, emendations, and his exhortations to Payne to be wise and wicked with the London magnates, and even from his own lame dramas, *Abu Hassan* and *The Wild Huntsman*, little has been salvaged. All this scribbling was a misdirected effort and an expensive subtraction from *Tales of a Traveller*. *Charles II* had a transitory day: ¹²⁵ Captain Copp's song kept ringing in Charles Lamb's head,¹²⁶ the polite hiatus at the end keeping him, he said, awake at night:

In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the channel;
And his crew of Big Breeches
Those Dutch sons of —

"Let it be stopped short," said Irving anxiously, "at the critical word, by the daughter's putting her hand upon his mouth."¹²⁷ *Richelieu*, with its political implications, survived apparently only six nights.¹²⁸ But *Azendai*, *Married and Single*, and *The Waggoner* died at birth. This entire episode of Irving's connection with the drama spells futility. The manuscripts¹²⁹ of some of these indiscretions are now examinable, and one can trace his verbal alterations, study his lyrics — proper sequels to his youthful verse — and test his rewriting of *Azendai*. The results of such investigations are intrinsically empty. Irving's retouchings are workmanlike, and poetic feeling dignifies portions of the plays. Yet all the dramatic works of

Washington Irving suggest daguerreotypes retinted, and, unfortunately, daguerreotypes that interest few.

The value, then, of the Dresden plays, *Abu Hassan* and *The Wild Huntsman*, is chiefly bibliographical.¹³⁰ One must strain Hamlet's category to classify them; as drama their importance is slight; they are, perhaps, light operas. Judged by any criterion save novelty — Geoffrey Crayon writing plays — they belong to the realm of forgotten drama. For Payne could not sell them, and Irving, regretting that Charles Kemble knew him to be the author of *Azendai*,¹³¹ suppressed and seldom mentioned them after 1824. Why Payne could not dispose of any of them is evident from the reading. The stage business is tolerable; Irving's fancy and humor are here in good measure; there are some gay verses; and in *The Wild Huntsman* is effective use of the supernatural. Yet here, also, is what Emerson refers to as Irving's nerveless quality.¹³² That languor, sometimes winning in his essays, is in his plays like the sound of a distant voice. Save, perhaps, Captain Copp, all the characters in Irving's dramas are unreal. In the Dresden operas they are shadows, speaking not to an audience but to readers. Every scene bears the imprint of the essayist ill at ease and of an amateur playwright who could never please the listeners in Covent Garden. The plays are, in fact, delightful sketches in dialogue, somewhat embarrassed, apparently, at finding themselves in a dramatic setting. How strange it is that, in the midst of all this pother, in spite of hints from his Dresden friends and from the critics, Irving did not see the drama inherent in his best tales! He left for a later generation the task of writing the play "Rip Van Winkle," which was to enthrall actors and theater-goers for half a century!¹³³

Yet, if the dramatic writings themselves were unimportant, the experience for Irving was not. The extant plays rank with the recently discovered fragments of novel¹³⁴ and poem;¹³⁵ taken together they enlarge our conception of Irving. It is customary to speak of him as committed throughout his life to the form of the essay, but this is inexact. The novels, "Rosalie" and "Buckthorne," unfinished or condensed; the scattered poems; the plays on Shakespeare and on German subjects — with all such he experimented during his major creative period (1817-1824). During this year (1823-1824) he was evidently hopeful of fame, not as essayist or story-teller, but as novelist, lyricist, and dramatist. Vain dreams, of course! Yet he dreamed them until facts proved them ridiculous. Convinced of his mistake, he at once abandoned these vagaries.

For one source of Irving's strength, as already noted, was his per-

ception, born of painful lessons, of his own weaknesses. Thus, in this very year, recalling the *Analectic*, he declined to be connected with the *European Review*.¹⁸⁶ By January, 1824, he was also convinced about play-writing; his good sense warned him that his medium should be the essay or short story. So he reduced "Buckthorne" to a series of sketches; he forswore verse, even in his journal; and though he amused himself with such a *jeu de théâtre* as the Spanish *El embozado*, he thought it wise to publish this as a short story.¹⁸⁷ Perhaps the cold verdict of the London managers turned the scale in his mind; probably the imperious need of finishing *Tales of a Traveller* was a factor. Whatever the causes, he became increasingly insistent about concealing his freak of play-writing; and on January 31, 1824, he sent Payne a final word: "I am sorry to say I cannot afford to write any more for the theatres. The experiment has satisfied me that I never should in any wise be compensated for my time and trouble."¹⁸⁸ He was now planning to pad his book with tales from Foy's journey in Italy.

What, then, of this third underlying impulse of the year, that book begun at Mainz in August, 1822? He was nearly humpbacked from carrying it about Europe; and he was still reading Grimm¹⁸⁹ and other writers on folklore. The increase in his materials has been described, as well as his fears of being trite. Fond as he was of Scott, he dreaded the taunt of imitation; and he was not comforted by news of the "quantities of these legendary and romantic tales now littering from the press both in England and Germany."¹⁴⁰ "I must," he wrote Peter, "strike out some way of my own, suited to my own way of thinking and writing."¹⁴¹ Probably his inability to find the magic "way" favored still more his unlucky scattering of energies in wind-raising and writing plays. The history of the composition of *Tales of a Traveller* includes this period of vacillation. For on days when he could see no future for any of his plans he was wont to turn to tough old "Buckthorne." On December 8, as his discouragement in writing plays deepened, he conceived the structure of the ill-fated miscellany as we know it today:

After breakfast [he wrote] read in literary gazette—then tried to commence work on Germany but could not do any thing—towards twelve o'clock an idea of a plan dawned on me—made it out a little & minuted down heads of it—Felt more encouraged—Felt as if I should make something of it.¹⁴²

So he commenced the first section of *Tales of a Traveller*; he called it "Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman."

The book now developed, from hand to mouth, in the interims of society, travel, and other writing; the detailed story of its composition, like that of *The Sketch Book*, is fatal to the myth about the leisurely Irving who wrote with elegance and ease. He started with a sketch of Heidelberg Castle, which he never published. He composed other papers, which, one by one, he laid aside until he dragged them out for the pages of the *Knickerbocker* some fifteen years later, or for *Wolfert's Roost* in 1855. During December, he took in hand the Dutch story "Wolfert Webber," destined to be in the fourth and last section of the book. Then followed a long period of depression and inactivity. On February 12 he wrote in his journal: "Feel intolerably triste — cannot bring myself to write on my work — tho near 6 weeks have elapsed without writing."¹⁴³ The idea of a purely German book now seemed impossible. He even envisaged a volume of German, French, and American tales, a prolongation of *The Sketch Book*, in which was to be, apparently, a short history of William the Conqueror!

By March he had written, in the midst of social engagements, sketches representative of three of the four sections ("Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman," "Buckthorne and His Friends," and "The Money-Diggers"). Only one part, the third, still remained intangible. The origin of this was characteristic. One day Captain Medwin, always a stimulant to him, read aloud to Irving from the journal of a painter who had been made prisoner by robbers near Rome. That night Irving awoke, full of excited thoughts; and at breakfast he resolved to use this story, under a general heading of "The Italian Banditti." This called for more tales of the same species, and he hurried to Foy, the painter, who had just returned from Italy. To his delight, Foy outdid Medwin, relating anecdotes which drove Irving home to write unremittingly, even during a visit from Medwin, all morning and afternoon.¹⁴⁴ At last he knew that he would finish this accursed manuscript.

The accomplishment of this was now dependent upon his finding additional tales to fit into his quartet of subdivisions. This he achieved. On another day, between breakfast and dinner, he finished "The Bold Dragoon" and added eight pages to another Italian story. On the next day (February 19) he reattacked furiously "The Adventure of the Mysterious Picture," and, while Medwin looked on, wrote in six hours some twenty-three pages. The following twenty-four hours witnessed the revision of "The Bold Dragoon" and "The Adventure of My Aunt"; and he could labor again over the eternal "Buckthorne."¹⁴⁵ The six weeks of idleness

he now balanced by six weeks of work, apart from interruptions, and on March 25 he had his potpourri ready for a bargain. On this date he wrote to Murray offering him the book, when completed, for fifteen hundred guineas. There was still much to revise, and he was to insert other tales. Yet this is in substance the story of the composition of *Tales of a Traveller*.

It was, on the whole, a dish typical of this inchoate year and characteristic of this timid caterer to public taste — a dish with the sauce of many nations, a dish unlikely to please the conservative friends of *The Sketch Book*. Irving had really prepared it in odd moments, and was still to thrust into it at the last moment other tidbits from Moore, Leslie, Frank Mills, Colonel Aspinwall,¹⁴⁶ and the Russian Count Orloff,¹⁴⁷ or indeed from anyone else who would glance at his new salmagundi. Meanwhile, in his notebooks, let us repeat, still reposed the legends of Salzburg and the Rubezahl. These the author of "Rip Van Winkle" found unnegotiable, preferring the counterfeited anecdotes of Medwin and Foy. *Tales of a Traveller* failed. In Irving's pocket were the fifteen hundred guineas, but the sarcastic reviews were to persecute him until he had, in 1828, written *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, a book founded upon the very qualities of character so absent in his life since 1822 — those of patience, decision, and concentrated effort.

For, next to his miscellaneous writings, *Tales of a Traveller*¹⁴⁸ is perhaps the most slovenly of all Irving's books. Each of the four parts has faults unpardonable to-day. Both the ghost stories and the robber tales, designed for a public in love with German romantics and Gothic prestidigitators, are obsolete, as dead as the fashions which begot them. In Parts I and III we yawn over the machinery of haunted *châteaux*, sinister storms, mysterious footsteps, and hidden panels. Spirits sigh in the darkness; portraits wink; furniture dances; and brooding, sensitive heroes woo melancholy maidens — in vain.

Indeed, the strength and weakness in Irving's treatment of the supernatural is that he is partly satiric; he loves to end a wild tale with a good-humored chuckle. But *Tales of a Traveller* lacks the deft touch of "Rip Van Winkle." Thus we can never read these stories as we pore over the serious narratives of Charles Brockden Brown, with possibly a smile at their absurdity but with respect for Brown's sincere rendering of the Gothic tradition; nor are they effective as satire. Irving's success has depended rather, as in "The Spectre Bridegroom" or "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," upon the naturalness of his laughter at the end. In these two tales, when his good

sense normalizes his supernatural fancies, his mirth is convincing. But in *Tales of a Traveller* it is hollow. Moreover, his hasty composition affected the quality of these historiettes. The Van Tassels and even the Katzenellenbogens are persons; but the Marquis and Gottfried Wolfgang, the German student, are less than moonshine. The pranks of Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust and Brom Bones still amuse; but the sleepless night of the Bold Dragoon is merely dull. The tales are too brief, too wanting in substance to provoke either an honest shudder or an honest smile.¹⁴⁹ "The Story of the Young Italian," the longest, most solemn, most frequently translated of all the stories, is a tedious study in exaggerated sensibility. Most of all, in both these groups of tales, is lacking that indefinable something, that mood of repose, which remains with us after reading "Rip Van Winkle." These are bagatelles.

"Buckthorne and His Friends," too, and "The Money-Diggers" have been doomed by new fashions. In the former, under the influence of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Irving identified himself with its hero, and attempted in vain a novelette in the manner of the famous book. The gossip of London publishers, the peeks behind the scenes of the English provincial stage had the same lure for the London and, especially, the New York of 1824 which is exercised by present memoirs of Grub Street and greenroom. But the satire on the coteries of Longman and Murray has lost its sparkle; the moralizings of Buckthorne are vapid; and the tales of Captain Kidd's cutlasses and pieces of eight have been more eloquently retold. The Popkinses, the Polish counts, and the cabbage-growing Dutchmen are as extinct as "Jonathan Oldstyle." A hundred modern story-tellers can recount a better tale. Only in "The Devil and Tom Walker" are there glimmers of the humor and pathos which immortalized "Rip Van Winkle."

But Irving was not, at the moment, concerned about his posthumous fame. As the book went to press, he realized its vagueness but honestly believed it included some of his best writing. What disturbed him was its unpopularity in 1824. For, at first, the buzzards of criticism would not admit even the minor virtues of *Tales of a Traveller*, although these finally emerged by the time of Irving's publication of his collected writings in 1848. All that he had dreaded since 1802, when, to escape his critics, he had first put on anonymity, had now come upon him. His particular fear of surfeiting the public had a miserable fulfillment, and he was accused of the very sins which he had shunned. He had told Peter that he shrank before the charge of echoing the German romantics, and lo! this was the bur-

den of the yelping reviewers. They had all heard these stories many times before ; the characters were old corpses in clumsy, new clothing ; the plots were dull and unrealistic.¹⁵⁰ Such was Irving's reward for his weak avoidance of honest German themes. As for Buckthorne, "the descriptions of London life," said the *Universal Review*, "are decidedly unfortunate ; for the double reason that as the picture of the past they are not original, and, as of the present, they are not true."¹⁵¹ This aping of the Germans proved, the critics added, what they had always suspected, that Irving had "no inventive faculties at all, taking that phrase in its proper and more elevated sense. He has never invented an incident."¹⁵² "Invention," added the *Edinburgh Magazine* (*Scots Magazine*), "seems to be the quality in which he is most deficient."¹⁵³

Indeed, never was a book of Irving's so damned as was *Tales of a Traveller*. No tithe or hair of its slapdash went free. The reviewers attacked his plagiarism, his style, his politics, and his character.¹⁵⁴ They even leveled that old charge, so amusing to our ears, of the "droll indecencies"¹⁵⁵ of the tales. The *European Magazine* condemned the "vein of equivocating ribaldry pervading the whole of these two last volumes";¹⁵⁶ and the *London Magazine* found "The Bold Dragoon" offensive to the chastity of the Georgian home.¹⁵⁷ Finally, as a drop of vitriol in his cup, the severest reprimand came from home, from the *United States Literary Gazette*. After expressing his horror at discovering obscenity in a writer who would owe his future place in literature "to his refinement rather than to his strength," the critic substantiated his accusations :

If the truth of the charge be denied, we refer for proof of it to the description of the comic shape of the Strolling Manager's Clown ; to the indecency drowned in the crack ! crack ! of the postillion's whip at Terracina ; the innuendoes in the "Bold Dragoon" ; the indelicacy with which that is slyly smothered in the description of Dolph Heyliger's mistress, which might have been said openly without any breach of propriety ; and finally, the shocking story of the "Young Robber," where a scene the most revolting to humanity is twice unnecessarily forced on the reader's imagination . . . why is it that this fault has grown so much upon Mr. Irving since the publication of the "Sketch Book," which contains, as far as we remember, no traces of it ?¹⁵⁸

No, it was not in *The Sketch Book*, but it was in the first edition of *A History of New York*, which, apparently, the critic had not read, and it is in the journal — this healthy strain of vulgarity. Irving was

not ashamed of it ; but it was another matter to have it pilloried in New York newspapers.

Most racking to a sensitive author, the failure of *Tales of a Traveller* crystallized also all the latent hostility toward Irving. Much of this had a political origin, for his celebration of aristocratic virtues had long irritated English Whigs and American Democrats. These reviews now took pleasure in surveying his entire sycophantic career and accused him of planning each book with greedy calculation. Thus the *Gazette* announced that he had issued propaganda concerning his stay in Germany to whet anticipation and the sales of the book,¹⁸⁹ and the *Westminster Review* attributed his previous success to two causes only, novelty and tufthunting :

Geoffrey's fame was occasioned by the fact of his being a *prodigy* ; a prodigy for show — such as La Belle Sauvage, or the learned pig : up to the time of Geoffrey, there were no Belles Lettres in America, no native *litterateurs*, and he shot up at once with true American growth, a triumphant proof of what had so long been doubted and denied, namely, that the sentimental plant may flourish even on that republican soil. . . . The surprise that a Chinese should express himself in pure English, could not have been greater than that such a production should come from such a quarter.¹⁹⁰

This, continued the reviewer, marked the inception of Irving's success. Next, Irving, a born conservative, flattered the nobility,¹⁹¹ carefully avoiding controversial issues and creating the type of literature essential to the complacency of some Englishmen :

Nothing [the review said] that can excite controversy, nothing that can occasion dissatisfaction ; all, pensive, *gentlemanly*, and subdued ; all, trifling and acquiescent as a drawing-room conversation : prevailing errors in morals and legislation carefully upheld, or, at best, left unnoticed, prevailing follies alone, in dress or address, lightly reprehended : a little pathos, a little sentiment, to excite tears as a pleasurable emotion for those who see them on no other occasion : a little point and a little antithesis to tickle the ear and divert the attention from the lamentable deficiency of solid matter.¹⁹²

There was some truth in this. And, as the critic wrote, his ire increased :

He can weep at a tale of disappointed love, and sigh over a dying leaf, but the slaughter of thousands at the nod of the successful conqueror, the pain and privation inflicted on millions to support the conquerors' career will not cost him a regret, or a single exertion of thought as to

the means by which the world may be ridden of such detestable vermin. . . . Geoffrey is indisputably feeble, unoriginal and timorous ; a mere adjective of a man, who has neither the vigour nor courage to stand alone, though it were but for a moment ; from the beginning he has looked up for support, not of the strongest and most durable, but of the most conspicuous and prominent kind.¹⁶³

And the reviewer became incoherent in fire and smoke ! What a drubbing !¹⁶⁴

Irving was not the man to bear this pummeling of *Tales of a Traveller* equably. He brooded over the reviews, and occasionally he spent himself in those brief but intense fits of anger of which his nature was capable. As one reviewer echoed the libels of another, he suspected a league against him, aiming to administer a final check to his literary career. He knew his own foibles, and he had already experienced the indifference of the world, but never before had he read such savage attacks upon his writing. Never before had there been such sour emphasis upon weaknesses whose existence in himself he denied : effeminacy, sycophancy, indecency. From boyhood he had feared the critic's thong, and during the composition of *Tales of a Traveller* he had dreaded just such a flogging. Yet his imagination had been inadequate ; he had not foreseen this scourging from both enemies and friends. Under it, during the autumn of 1824, he was sleepless, anguished, beaten. In letters to his relatives and to Brevoort he kept his head up :

My last work has a good run in England, and has been extremely well spoken of by some of the worthies of literature, though it has met with some handling from the press. The fact is I have kept myself so aloof from all clan ship in literature that I have no allies among the scribblers for the periodical press ; and some of them have taken a pique against me for having treated them a little cavalierly in my writings. However, as I do not read criticisms good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack.¹⁶⁵

Not read the reviews ? The journal tells another tale. It shows him scanning every available newspaper ; shrinking before the chance remarks of acquaintances ; writing bitter rejoinders (in the journal) ; suffering, in short, all the chagrin of the sensitive author when, at last, there is really cause for disappointment. Confiding in Lady Harvey, he received the stock advice of the robust-minded ; she ordered him to forget, and to do something else. Could he not write a novel ? " Why," said she, " the Duke of Wellington reads the papers which attack him and laughs to himself." ¹⁶⁶ Let Geoffrey

Crayon become an Iron Duke! The two met in the Rue de la Paix, Wellington "strolling along in blue frock and white trousers, umbrella under his arm . . . with an air of nonchalance."¹⁸⁷ Impossible! the insouciance which readers of *The Sketch Book* ascribed to its author was not in him. He could only damn these pestilent critics.

CHAPTER XII

PARIS AND BORDEAUX

1825

A THREE YEARS' sojourn in Spain was to mend Irving's fortunes. Yet, until he crossed the border in 1826, the failure of *Tales of a Traveller*, coupled with financial anxieties, clouded his spirits. His distress was disproportionate to its causes, but to him it was real. We should dwell on it because it challenges the legends concerning his repose, and because it was typical of the ebb and flow of his temperament. Thus the ill news from England depressed him unwarrantably. Moore continued to lie agreeably to him, and Irving listened gratefully to Mrs. Storrow's praise of his book. Yet he knew, through the bulletins of Frank Mills in London, the truth; and he magnified it: he was a failure; he had no literary prospects. In spite of appeals to contribute to English magazines, of requests for his portrait, of new French editions of his writings, of an excursion to the South,¹ he still awoke each morning to face the specter of regret. "Dubious," he wrote, "of myself and public."² So his illusion of defeat dogged him at home and abroad. He fled to Galignani's, but, he wrote, "met my evil genius there who told me the critics were attack[ing] me like the d[evil] in Eng[land] — ret[urne]d home for a short time but could not remain — downhearted."³

The early morning hours were the most difficult. Four months after the first blow he still awoke "very much depressed — that continual want of confidence either in myself or the public."⁴ Or, walking out, he would fall in with someone like Greville, for whom at best he bore no great love, who would blurt out a brutal judgment on his book.⁵ There is meaning in his now beginning an essay called "Literary Reputation." Extremely nervous, he felt again that sense of panic, unfamiliar since the slump of the Liverpool business. His journal reflects the moods of a sick man, morbidly curious about his own symptoms. For these he exhausted adjec-

tives; he was, he said, heavy, inert, torpid, opaque, swol'n; ⁶ he even distrusted his moments of forgetfulness in society. Mails added to his burden; they brought only malicious tidings from America. A "friend" in New York forwarded a letter "containing a scurrilous newspaper tirade."⁷ These American knives cut most deeply. He had long known that his protracted absence from home was an offense to patriots. It was, indeed, already a sore point with him, and when he read, in April at Dominick Lynch's, ⁸ a particularly ill-natured fling at his book, he lapsed again into exasperation: "*It is hard,*" he cried, "*to be stabb'd in the back by one's own kin when attacked in front by strangers.*" This explosion was good for him. He added, more calmly: "No matter — my country men may regret some day or other that they turn'd from me with such caprice, the moment foes abroad assailed me."⁹

The sensitive mind suffers because feeling triumphs over common sense. Irving had known such heartburnings before, and realized that his self-conceit would eventually reassert itself. He admitted the futility of his doldrums. Yet his adjustment was slow; he had long been the victim of aggravated moods. Actually, despite the mishap of *Tales of a Traveller*, his reputation was growing, and was far more solid than at the time of the completion of *Bracebridge Hall*. Indeed, it was his eminence which made the inferior *Tales of a Traveller* so glittering a bull's-eye for the critics. In the world of letters, in England and on the Continent, he was a person marked out for observation. One rumor of these years proclaimed that Washington Irving was dead; ¹⁰ another that he was affianced to the Empress Maria Louisa.¹¹ Portraits of him and biographical sketches continued to adorn both American and English periodicals.¹² Indeed, as the *Port Folio* declared, he had inspired in "the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his [would] be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner."¹³ His presence in Dresden or Paris was noticed in newspaper squibs, anticipating curiously what Geoffrey Crayon might be about now: ¹⁴ "When a writer," said the *New-York Mirror*, "has acquired great renown by his productions, and has established his reputation as a man of genius, we naturally feel a curiosity to become acquainted not only with his personal but his intellectual history."¹⁵ Disregarding the strictures on *Tales of a Traveller*, the prevailing attitude was that of recognition. "He has certainly," said the *United States Literary Gazette*, "done more than any other to make us respectable abroad as a literary people."¹⁶

Thus, if Irving could have viewed his reputation in perspective,

he might have thrown off his discouragement. He was now standard, and, in America, a touchstone for the success of other writers. "I have no doubt," Harry Sedgwick wrote Miss Sedgwick in 1824, "that your fourth work will go off as well as any of Cooper's or Irving's."¹⁷ This apposition of names, so distasteful to the author of *The Spy* and *The Pilot*, had begun; it now extended to England and France. Translations of both writers redoubled in Germany and even in Sweden.¹⁸ In France *La Revue des Deux Mondes* declared that most of the writings of Cooper and Irving were translated into French within a twelvemonth after their appearance in English.¹⁹ About the third decade of the century French interest in American literature suddenly increased, to Irving's profit. He had already observed in 1822 the beginnings of his currency in France, and his present vogue, three years later, was flattering. Now, in 1825, besides editions of *The Sketch Book*, appeared *Historiettes d'un voyageur* and another version, called *Contes d'un voyageur*, besides translations of *Bracebridge Hall*. In the same year *Le Globe* reviewed all of Irving's preceding work, observing that *The Sketch Book* contained essays more piquant and original than any in English since the day of Laurence Sterne.²⁰ At almost the same time Diedrich Knickerbocker appeared in French.²¹

Irving was, to be sure, never to exert in France²² an influence comparable to that which he enjoyed in Germany. Yet he was now well-known to the Parisians as an author, the Duchess of Duras begging him to linger in her *château* of Ussy, hoping that he would memorialize it in the manner of *Bracebridge Hall*.²³ In fact, the hostility to *Tales of a Traveller* was really, as the *Quarterly Review* said, a "momentary caprice of the public."²⁴ Though Hazlitt scoffed at Irving's portrait as a frontispiece to Galignani's edition of Goldsmith,²⁵ in England, too, his earlier fame absorbed easily the sneers at *Tales of a Traveller*.²⁶ In the face of such appreciation Irving's tears over the graves of "Buckthorne" and "The Italian Banditti" appear childish. His uncritical lady friends, Mrs. Storrow and Lady Harvey, advised him better than they knew.

His depression was, then, really a matter of nerves. He sought relief partly in society, but chiefly in a resolution to blot out by new writings an imaginary disgrace — a troubled state of mind intensified, perhaps, by his painful experience in Dresden of the previous year. Yet he still found peace at the Storrows',²⁷ and, since Aspinwall had taken Payne's cottage at Auteuil, he fled to this suburb

for quiet and for refuge against Payne's creditors, who now infested the Rue Richelieu.²⁸ "Tenacious about money matters," he liked less and less this vice of Payne's.²⁹ Livius was again at Auteuil, and Irving dabbled with this old friend's operas,³⁰ even read aloud to him once more the wretched *Azendai*. He was now weary of Paris, but he forgot himself in the never-ending panoramas of English and American visitors. He narrowly missed seeing Carlyle,³¹ who had come over for the coronation of Charles X³² and was curious to meet Irving. He passed many hours with transients in the capital, David Wilkie, Charles Mathews, Joseph Planche, and Prince Frederick of Saxony, with whom he reviewed the dear days in Dresden.³³ Hillhouse appeared again, looking "like a person escaped from hospital or madhouse,"³⁴ and Irving, in turn, escaped from him, to loiter about the city with other American and English friends—Bradish, Everett, Shaler, Verplanck, West, Newton, and Payne.³⁵ Yet this holiday lacked the zest of his stay in Paris in 1820. He kept closely to the old circles, seeing much of Lady Harvey and of that bore Grattan,³⁶ but adding few new names to his now wide acquaintance in English and French society, save the Duchess of Duras³⁷ and old Madame Bartolozzi. The latter's cool cynicism fascinated him. He loved to hear her complain of Paris; say that she could not bear the licentiousness of its women. "This," he commented, "from an old bawd who had been pander to her own daughters. . . . the old pimp!"³⁸

But his real interests were now in those persons who might show him new literary worlds and thus aid in restoring his self-confidence. He could not go on, after his resolution in 1824, carpentering Payne's feeble plays,³⁹ and he could not, would not finish his drama "Shakespeare in Avon."⁴⁰ Lady Harvey had proposed a novel; Murray wrote him concerning a biography of Cervantes;⁴¹ and Charles Kemble, for the second time, insisted that he write a play of his own.⁴² Gloomily he probed the future in conversations with prosy Sir Egerton Brydges.⁴³ Should he commence, as Galignani urged, a life of Byron?⁴⁴ Or should he follow the hint of that engaging fellow Captain Thomas Medwin and make something of the Spanish tale of *El embozado*?⁴⁵ He talked—a significant meeting—with Jouy,⁴⁶ perhaps about the vogue of the essay. Yet by these possibilities he was hardly tempted. He certainly would not yield to the solicitations of magazines and gift books.⁴⁷ Nor would he yet sink himself in the project proposed by Constable:⁴⁸ he had already declined to write a life of Washington; he now

repeated his refusal, though not with conviction, for he continued to read slowly in Marshall's biography of his boyhood hero.⁴⁹

No, he would now do none of these things. These were stakes in the sand, and his apprehensive mind needed firmer soil. He recollected an anodyne which he had tested seven years before in Birmingham — the study of a language. What language? He might have elected that which he now heard daily, in which he was far from adept. He described afterwards how, on his first visit to Paris, he had plunged at once into speech, postponing French grammar to an indefinite future.⁵⁰ That future never arrived. Then, too, in his portfolio was his German grammar. He was still reading Schiller, copying excerpts into his notebooks. And at this very moment he was receiving casual instruction in Italian. Perhaps his inability to write effectively of French scenes and characters frightened him from self-discipline in this language; and it is conceivable that the thought of renewed study of German or Italian reminded him too sharply of *Tales of a Traveller*. He must try something new — and comparatively few European languages were left!

Ah, there was one, he remembered, of which he knew little, which might lift him out of this nightmare into new romantic regions — Spanish. He had talked with Everett, who was here, *en route* to Spain; probably Irving's journey thither had its origins in such conversations. It is unlikely that this assiduous study of Spanish, commenced seriously in 1824, was merely a lucky guess about the future; it served a present need and satisfied an old wish. The books of his childhood, his talks with Campuzano in Dresden, Böttiger's⁵¹ library of Spanish volumes, "The Student of Salamanca" — all were probably linked with this itch to visit the Peninsula. Perhaps he had already from Everett a hint that he would some day be welcome at the Legation in Madrid.

So Irving bought twelve tickets for forty francs, and on December 10 took his first formal lesson in the Castilian. He inveigled Minny and Susan Storrow into studying with him; their society and the hard labor brought him relief from his harassed thoughts. Spanish was the one foreign language which he was to speak fluently. In two months he had gone far in Lope de Vega and Calderón. In fact, the latter became his literary passion during the year 1825; scene after scene he transcribed into his notebooks.⁵² Soon he was racing through histories of Spain and of the Moors; presumably, from later clues, these were Conde, Pérez de Hita, and Mariana. His excitement concerning Spanish themes now led him again to Med-

win's *El embozado*, the play of mystery. Episodes for a new version flashed through his mind; he intended to comb all Spain for the original. In brief, though he did not yet see the ways and means, he knew that this enthusiasm was a preparation for something. It was—for three years' immersion in the history and literature of Spain.

Meanwhile a certain important friendship was contributing to his anxieties. Professionally, he had broken with John Howard Payne,⁵³ but the unstable dramatist, who remained in England until August, 1825, was writing him frequently, and wherever Irving moved in Paris he was assailed by Payne's creditors. This old annoyance never alienated Irving's affection, but it was now trying him sorely. Letter after letter he had written in the past, all ending with the familiar exhortations to thrift.⁵⁴ Now Payne had entangled himself with Aspinwall, who had rented the dramatist's cottage at Auteuil.⁵⁵ "Think a little," wrote the nettled Irving, "& consider how many of your embarrassments arrive in the same way; how few from the real exigencies of living."⁵⁶

Irving's own exigencies in this lean period led him to still more fervent pleas, and to an illuminating summary of his resources. After an account of various debtors,

I wish [he wrote] you would send money to pay off these petty scores, as they continually threaten to seize the furniture; and make my residence in the apartment very uncomfortable. I never have been placed in such a situation before—I am tenacious in money matters. I pay down for every thing, and cannot bear to have an account standing against me: much less to be dunned for one. I am sensitive in this respect. Since I have lived in this apartment, however, I have been so beset and persecuted [?] with a degree of impertinence, that I actually begin to feel as if I were grossly in debt & bilking my creditors.⁵⁷

Then, having suggested the futility of advancing more money to his friend, he added:

My own resources are very limited. . . . In the course of a little while I shall be in the receipt of an income of between eight hundred and a thousand dollars; but my current expenses are about *two thousand*; and I must work in some way or other to make up the difference—The chance jobs upon which I have depended have produced me nothing—and at the moment I am doing nothing with my pen. I make you this frank statement to shew you that I am not flush; and that I have need of management to keep up to that exactness in money matters about which I am particular.⁵⁸

On August 5 Payne appeared. At a restaurant the two friends analyzed anew the dramatist's helter-skelter affairs.⁵⁹ He had arranged to write no less than fifteen pieces for Price, and the latter, a few days afterwards, advanced Payne fifty pounds.⁶⁰ But Payne had other cares, in which Irving was also concerned. In his pocket was a packet of letters, and an entry in Irving's journal on August 16 brings us to a more interesting episode in this friendship than Payne's insolvency. On this day Irving, without comment, set down: "Read Mrs. Shelley's correspondence before going to bed." On this very evening, apparently, Payne had forwarded the letters to Irving's lodgings, with the following solemn preface:

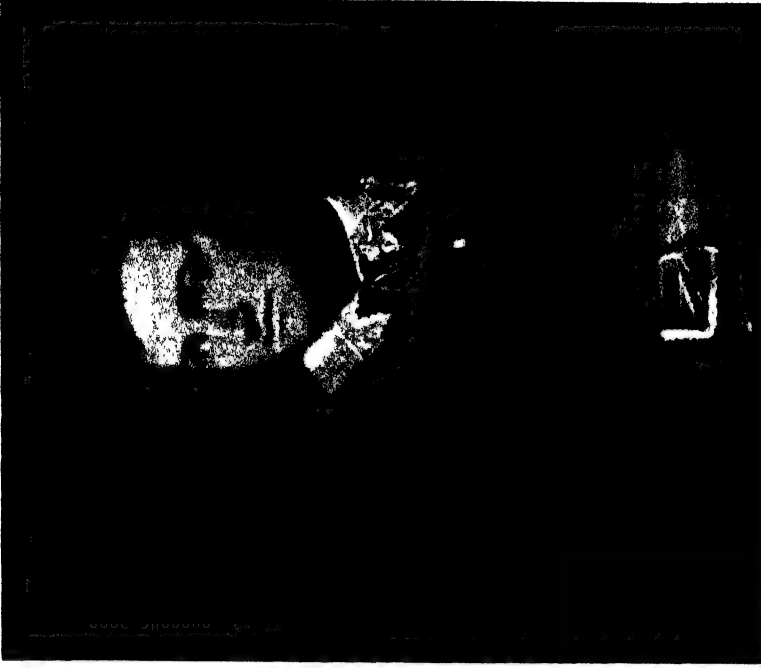
My dear Irving, I have reflected a long time before I determined to show you this correspondence, because from its nature it might appear indelicate to expose the letters, especially to you—as you are more involved in it than you even appear to be. It was some time before I discovered that I was only sought as a source of an introduction to you—and I think you will, on reading the papers, feel that I might have mistaken the nature of my acquaintance with the writer, without any gratuitous vanity—But at the same time you will admit that she is a woman of the highest & most amiable qualities & one whose wish for friendship it would be doing yourself injustice not to meet—Of course, it must be a perfect secret between ourselves that I have shown the letters—They are at present not known to any one—You must not look upon the affair in a ridiculous light, as, if you should, I shall never forgive myself for having exposed so fine a mind to so injurious a construction—⁶¹

Payne probably first met Mrs. Shelley, as already said, in Paris⁶² as she was returning in 1823 from Genoa to England. During the latter part of the next year and during the first months of 1825 they carried on a lively correspondence on matters theatrical, literary, and personal;⁶³ and by May, Payne was in love. Such feelings this intellectual woman, the widow of Shelley and the friend of Trelawny and Byron, never returned; she displayed only sympathy, and acquiescence in Payne's efforts to draw her from her retirement with Mrs. Williams into the London theatrical circles.⁶⁴ That Payne could—on August 31 Irving lent him the usual five napoleons⁶⁵—have married Mrs. Shelley is unlikely. That Mrs. Shelley would have accepted Payne is still more doubtful. Yet Payne's hopes were evidently mounting high until, one day, walking home from Godwin's, he learned the truth, that

she felt herself so placed with the world that she could never expect its distinctions; and that the high feeling she entertained for the



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY
After the painting by S. J. Stamp.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
From the portrait of Payne as Hamlet, by C. R. Leslie.
(Courtesy of Yale University Press.)

memory of her husband forbade the hope of any future connection, which should make the world indifferent to her — or rather the *English* world. Therefore she was desirous of getting to Italy, and there passing the rest of her life. She added, "Having once tasted Nepenthe, what is there left for me to hope for?"⁶⁶

Then suddenly the conversation turned upon Irving. He had, Mrs. Shelley declared to Payne, interested her more than anyone she had seen since she left Italy; he was gentle and cordial; she longed for friendship with him. "You speak," cried Payne, "as if you were in love!" She fired at this, in some resentment, whereupon Payne exclaimed: "What! would you make a plaything of Mr. Irving?"⁶⁷ Marriage or not, Payne had few doubts upon the question; she was deeply attracted to Irving. His renunciation in favor of his friend, if melodramatic, was sincere:

To return [he wrote her] to the point at which our conversations began and have ended — Washington Irving — be assured I will act the hero in this business; and shall feel quite reconciled to the penalty to which my folly has condemned me, and which, I hope, I have firmness enough to make a light one, if my friendship should prove a stepping-stone to one in every way so much more gratifying and desirable.⁶⁸

So, through Payne's candor, untouched by even a shade of pique, Irving read on this August evening in Paris of the lady's unmistakable interest in him. "I do not ask you," went on Payne, "to fall in love — but I should even feel a little proud of myself if you thought the lady worthy of that distinction."⁶⁹ This favor Irving was unlikely to confer, but he must have read with some curiosity the account of his part in Payne's wooing. In May, Mrs. Shelley was finishing a book of his which Payne had sent her, presumably *Tales of a Traveller*, and the correspondence alludes regularly to his writings.⁷⁰ In June, she confesses her regard for Irving; she has begged from Payne a letter of Irving's to him which shall prove to her, as he has so often declared, how much Irving's influence has meant to him.⁷¹ She studies it, delighted, and again desires Irving's friendship: "It cannot be — though every thing I hear & know renders it more desirable — How can Irvine⁷² surrounded by fashion rank & splendid friendships pilot his pleasure bark from the gay press into this sober, sad, enshadowed nook?"⁷³ She even jests lightly on the chance of a marriage with Irving,⁷⁴ and as Payne hurries off to Paris, begs him to keep her secret⁷⁵ — a command most completely disobeyed.

However considerate Irving's attitude toward Payne at their next meeting, I conjecture that, as he finished reading this correspondence, he smiled — this seasoned bachelor of forty-two. In the letters Payne's usefulness as a purveyor of theater tickets was no less evident than his own as a subject for sentimental conversation. She liked him. Well, most women did; and some sent locks of hair. But he was disinclined, for a multitude of prudent reasons, to hurry to England to realize what Payne evidently thought a momentous opportunity. About all things, money or love, this Payne was too impulsive. Irving may have seen Mrs. Shelley a half-dozen times, though we know actually of only two meetings.⁷⁶ One was in London on July 17, 1824, when he was propped up before Newton that the latter might alter his portrait — when in came Moore, Kenney, Miss Holcroft, and Mrs. Shelley.⁷⁷ There was much to discuss: Byron, of whom on this very day she had been talking to Moore, or the Gothic romance, in which she and Irving both had an interest. She was, Moore remarked, "very gentle and feminine."⁷⁸

But Irving had not been impressed, if we may judge by the absence of the adjectives with which he usually characterized his meetings with women. Nor was he more eloquent on August 10, when he shared a private box with Mrs. Shelley and Miss Holcroft at the Haymarket.⁷⁹ She was a woman with a romantic past, indeed, a woman of talent, but why should he, or even erratic Payne, fall in love with her? If we may judge by his silence concerning Mrs. Shelley, now and forever afterwards,⁸⁰ his renunciation, reciprocal to Payne's, required no particular heroism. The whole affair, so typical of Payne, he may have thought, as he returned the correspondence, was unimportant to a hard-pressed author, planning to recoup his fortunes by a journey to Spain.

In June, 1825, Irving had turned toward Havre in search of Peter. Him he found with Beasley, both still fuddling helplessly over the business of the steamboats. This silly venture had flattened out in losses and deferred hopes.⁸¹ Irving had long since written off his share of this folly, but since the cost of construction had now been reduced three-fourths, Peter and Beasley still schemed, and founded new companies on paper.⁸² The elder brother felt very poor. So did the younger. No comment could have been more inaccurate than Kenney's, that Irving was "becoming independent of literature by the profits . . . from the Rouen steamboats."⁸³ He kept aloof from further aquatic speculations, but even at this moment he was sowing the seeds of more financial worry. "Jones,"

so runs an ominous entry in the journal for June 1, 1825, "promised me fifty shares of copper mines at twenty-three pounds a share." These Bolivar mines were under the direction of a Mr. Myers, with whom Peter lived in Havre, a business man trusted by Storrow, who continued to be the Irvings' financial adviser.⁸⁴ The golden harvest of these few thousand dollars was expected to enrich both brothers far beyond the reach of pens or steamboats. Instead, the mines were to help in the ruin of Storrow, to exhaust the residue of Irving's capital, and thus cause indirectly *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*.

During this visit to Havre, Irving talked of Spain with the reluctant Peter. They finally compromised upon a stay at Bordeaux, to visit the Guestiers, to watch the famous wine-making, and to permit Washington to work at a literary project, still inexactly defined. Together they set out from Paris on September 22 toward Moulins, and, during sunny days and moonlit nights, they rode on through the volcanic hills of Auvergne and the chestnut forests of Périgord, and, eight days later, put up at the Hôtel de France in Bordeaux.⁸⁵ Irving looked about him, astonished. The city had changed since 1804. Its population now numbered ninety-three thousand souls,⁸⁶ and recently, under the leadership of four or five families, of whom his friends the Guestiers were one, had enjoyed a brisk commercial revival. To their zeal the city owed the new bridge over the Garonne, the "télégraphe aérien de Paris à Bayonne," and the renaissance of the wine industry.⁸⁷ They, too, were personages in Bordeaux's social and literary life, and patrons of the beautiful theater, which the Irvings visited on the first evening. *Le Mémorial Bordelais*,⁸⁸ with its chronicle of music, theaters, and the "Société des Amis des Arts," depicts the city's cultivated life, far more gracious than when the stripling Irving shared it twenty-one years before.

Yet this formal society Irving shunned. He could still remember, page by page, those withering reviews of *Tales of a Traveller*, and he was suffering from a mood of apathy. "The young Liszt," says *Le Mémorial Bordelais* of December 26 and 27, 1825, "who has won the homage of the capital, where he was called *the New Mozart*, has just arrived at Bordeaux." A month later Irving heard Liszt, but such was an unusual emergence from the Guestiers' family circle. No clubs, such as those of earlier and later days in Dresden or Seville, no theaters, no concerts, no balls lured him from retirement. By his study of Spanish or by the restful life in the *châteaux* or by writing he strove to efface memories of a dis-

grace that never had existed. Thus his arrival in Bordeaux and his departure for Spain were unnoticed, whereas his fellow countryman, an Iroquois chief, Joseph Teorakaron Anowaren was bidden a cordial farewell, when he set out for Paris, by the Bordeaux newspapers.⁸⁹ Irving's isolation was due partly to low spirits and partly to his seclusion in these Bordeaux families, whom he had first known in Paris.

They were devoted to him, the interrelated Guestiers, Bartons, and Johnstons.⁹⁰ His lodgings at 24 Rue Roland⁹¹ were nominal, for almost at once the elder Guestier carried him off to his *château*. In his first letter from Bordeaux to Storow, Irving dwelt on his new, strange background:

We . . . embarked yesterday morning in the steamboat with Mr. Gestier for his estate in Medoc, where we arrived in about five hours. We made a great mistake about the vintage, or rather, it took place this year much earlier than usual and has been over, in Medoc for a fortnight. Still we find ample food for curiosity in this region of celebrated Vineyards, and the very establishment which we are visiting is full of interest & amusement. Beycheville is an old French chateau in the midst of an estate of the same name, one of the third growth of wines. . . . all remain in the state in which their former proprietor left them; and possess so much the more character. I am delighted with the wide lofty halls & saloons, with tarnished ragged furniture & crazy doors & windows. The great stone terraces & formal gardens, peopled with mutilated statues some of marble some plaster of paris & some earthen ware, and the desolate outhouses enough to garrison an army. The servants are full of stories, not of ghosts but of serpents — There is one master serpent that haunts a meadow in front of the chateau, which is the talk and terror of the neighborhood which several of the servants profess to have seen; and which for size & length equals the Boa constrictor or the Sea serpent. We have resolved to summon all the chivalry of the chateau, male & female & have made a crusade after this monster of the meadow; so tell Susan & Minny. . . .⁹²

Invincible romancer! He was now in better spirits, as he always was, temporarily, in new scenes. Yet, in this very *château* and in the Guestiers' city house, he was to suffer hours of black anxiety. For a time he gave himself up to the friendly country life of the Guestiers and their troops of relatives, the Bartons and Johnstons. In the hall of Château Margaux he laughed at the peasants dancing, or in hunting parties he followed the deep-mouthed dogs and their quarries across the heaths of the Landes. At Battalia, the elder Guestier's headquarters for wine-making, and in the *caves* of the monas-



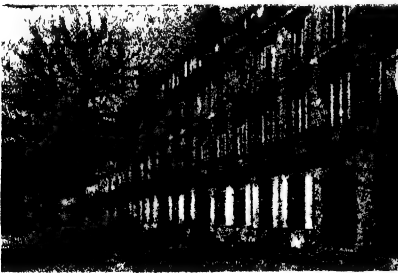
HOUSE OF REUBEN BEASLEY, HAVRE



CHÂTEAU MARGAUX



M. DANIEL GUESTIER, 1755-1847



BORDEAUX HOME OF THE GUESTIER FAMILY,
37 RUE PAVÉ DES CHARTREUX



CUVIER DU CHÂTEAU DE BEYCHEVILLE, EN 1826

tery converted by Guestier into commercial wine cellars, which to this day stretch far under the Cours du Pavé des Chartrons, he tested "the first and second qualities."⁹³ He learned how the wine was "thrown into [a vat] and trodden by men, who dance to the sound of a fiddle."⁹⁴ With that habitual passion of his for any special field of knowledge, absorbing him until it passed into more difficult stages, he now studied wine-making. With the same enthusiasm and with the same pointlessness he had previously apprenticed himself to botany, river navigation, and road-making. So now he accumulated technical notes on "La Rose," "Grave," and "Lafitte." Guestier had assigned him an entire wing of the quiet *château*, and when he pleased, he could wander forth alone, or with Peter, over the soft, undulating countryside. It seemed a way of life designed to tranquilize his troubled spirit.

Yet, once at home here, his cares assailed him afresh. In the heavy Médoc air, he, even as the invalid Peter, felt ill. What they really needed was a smile from fickle fortune; but for this they watched in vain, either through booksellers or through their recent investments. On the contrary, the Bolivar mine stocks sank lower and lower, though with the swift profits of these Irving had planned to meet his daily expenses. Steamboats and Mexican mines, he realized too late, might be even less lucrative than a quill in a garret. "It seems," he told Storrow despairingly, "as if all my attempts to strike a little ahead are defeated."⁹⁵ Writing, and apparently unsuccessful writing, was to be his lot in life. "There is nothing," he again confided to Storrow, "to be gained by looking beyond the pen."⁹⁶

Yet these moments, had he but known it, were relatively happy. In the midst of such negative fears he was suddenly shocked into an agony of real anxiety. On October 31, he received a letter from Beasley informing him of the failure of the London banker Samuel Williams, to whose firm he had recently extended, in Peter's behalf, a guarantee of two thousand pounds.⁹⁷ This was bad enough, but he shuddered for Van Wart, in Birmingham, whose business investments had been largely under the control of Williams. It seemed inevitable that all Irvings on this side of the Atlantic would be borne down to ruin. After "three or four days of cruel suspense,"⁹⁸ he learned that Van Wart was unscathed and would not lose a farthing by Williams' failure. He was easier in mind, but he himself was impoverished. Once more he cursed the fates which direct commerce: "One might," he declared, "as well be interested in the fate of Gamblers as Merchants, ones comfort is always at the mercy of chance."⁹⁹

The "uneasy thoughts"—his favorite phrase in 1825—now thronged in upon him like so many demons. It was again a crisis of nerves, not unlike that in Liverpool in 1818. He dared not dally now with this or that nostrum, or with hunting and wine-making. He must give up his idle hours in the magnificent collection of Italian literature in Guestier's library. Write he must, and at once and at anything, if only to preserve his self-control. At first, his struggles to compose were dismal; the woes of his entire past life enveloped him in a single black cloud. He could not forget that he was nearly penniless. Yet he persisted, and in a few weeks a heap of sheets lay on his desk. If he could sell these, he could again face the world. His destiny, so he now believed once more, was to earn his living painfully by writing. "When," he wrote Storror, "I once see a little capital of manuscripts growing under my hand I shall feel like another being and shall be relieved from a thousand cares and anxieties that have haunted my mind for a long time past."¹⁰⁰ This crumb of comfort was, indeed, to be his only reward from his labor.

For this manuscript, in which Irving buried himself in 1825, was his volume of essays on America, begun two years before in Dresden, completed in Bordeaux, and probably destroyed by his own hand a few months later in Madrid.¹⁰¹ Not one of these essays survives. This is regrettable, not because of their innate worth, but because the book reflected the culmination of a long train of thought concerning America. Irving was thrifty in manuscripts, as in money. If he destroyed these, they were probably not in his best vein. But, as in the case of Cooper and other Americans who lived long abroad, there had been fermenting in his mind criticism of the society, the provincial thought, and also the magazines, which had expressed themselves so glibly on his exile. The journal of 1825 shows his bitterness at American unfriendliness; and the incipient book of essays, as the captions of its chapters indicate, recorded his attitude toward his native land, an attitude now to be revealed only in discreet, private letters.¹⁰² It would have been interesting to contrast its contents with his polite, patriotic speech to his fellow countrymen at the public dinner in 1832. One cannot help conjecturing that this same tact, as his resentment cooled, prompted the burning of his book.

A virtue of the lost manuscript was its return to simple American themes. In it Irving criticized America, but he also heeded the persistent demands of critics, both English and American, in using the material which he knew best. Thus this book was the forerunner

of *The Crayon Miscellany* and *Astoria* in yielding to the judgment of these advisers. Irving was certainly influenced by such statements as the following, in *Blackwood's*:

We wish from our hearts *he* would turn, or rather return, to the portraiture of Transatlantic manners—His Sketchbook was admirable; but how infinitely superior the American part of it to the English! His Bracebridge hall was admirable too; but what did it contain that could bear a moments comparison with Rip van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? . . . We have plenty of people who can describe English manor-houses more from the life than he and there is no want of people, who can describe German Schlosses; but who, except Washington Irving, can portray the manners of America, in a style fitted for the comprehension of European readers? . . . Who would not have preferred a Pennsylvanian farm house, to an English hall from him?¹⁰⁸

Such were his reasons for his reconsideration, in February, 1825, of his plan for "an Am[erican] Work."¹⁰⁴ Vacillating, he turned for a time to his Spanish studies, but on May 17 he began to write earnestly on "American Character." Finally, in November, "in the midst of trouble—[he] thought of writing a work on the manners and morals as connected with manners—suited to America—the thoughts of it animated and cheered" him.¹⁰⁵ His fierce labor during these months, to forget Samuel Williams and all other bankers, was concentrated upon this manuscript.¹⁰⁶ The first essay he named "Suavity of Manners" or "Essay on Manners"; this was an analysis of the experiences of Americans traveling in Europe, with a discussion of the influence of the navy on such itinerants. Another he christened "National Prejudices," in which he dwelt, conversely, on the treatment of foreigners in the United States. Others were: "American Scenery," "The Union," "Public Prosperity," "Duelling," "The Navy," "Education," "The Theatre," and "American Rural Life." Of the sources of these ten essays nothing is known, since Irving's early drafts have also perished, with the exception of some fragments in the notebook of 1825.¹⁰⁷ The book was probably not a masterpiece. Yet, more important than the manuscript itself are deductions concerning Irving to be made from its content and its fate. We remark again his use of American themes¹⁰⁸ and his return to the form in which he had first been successful. Short stories he has abjured; if he should write others, he has resolved to interweave them with such essays.

Through his writing of the American essays Irving's anxiety lessened, but his notebooks and his journal still registered his de-

pression and his fearful scanning of the future. He was more hopeful about literary success, yet he was still downcast; for a cause, one returns in the end, as always, to his temperament. The weeks in Bordeaux merely supplement an impression gained during these two years; his was a mind peculiarly sensitive to adversity. For, as real misfortunes, an unsuccessful book or a disastrous investment, punished him more keenly than men of stouter nerves, so, also, the ordinary penalties of living wore him down more readily. Minor illnesses, separation from friends, passage of the years, the flight of romance he bore hard; and at times these ineluctabilities wrought in him despair. For these a shrug of the shoulders and acceptance were inadequate; in his too abundant leisure he brooded over them. It is vague to speak again of the quality which he deplored in himself, his "sensibility," but this weakness must be kept in mind. One suspects that his descriptions of sensitive men of letters were adumbrations of himself.

Thus the beating from his critics as well as his financial insecurity disturbed him deeply. These were old acknowledged weaknesses — his dread of others' verdicts, his helplessness in the affairs of money. Yet, had there been no *Tales of a Traveller*, Bolivar mines, or Samuel Williams, we might still expect to see Irving despondent in his forty-third year. For he counted the years of his age like a woman. He was only too aware that the feelings on which, deep within him, he depended for the meaning of life, drew strength from youth. And he was no longer young. "The romance of life is past."¹⁰⁹ He had said this in 1817. He had repeated it, in Germany, in 1822. Yet he had never abandoned his search for new romantic experiences. His wistfulness, less attractive now, is evident in the extracts from Byron and Calderón in his notebook of 1825. Now, in Bordeaux, the unescapable fact that the years were vanishing came over him with a kind of terror. To meet it, he had little philosophy and, as his letter to Emily Foster showed, less religion.¹¹⁰

So, at the close of the year 1825, Irving was well-nigh deflected from his purpose of writing by moods incidental to his temperament. Despite their exaggeration, despite their hopeful allusions to "genius," which he never possessed, these meditations suggest the kind of mind behind his equable writing and the serene portraits of him. On November 16, after one of his fits of intense work, he looked within and wrote:

Who can account for the ebbs and flowings of the mind? Is the soul capable of compression and dilation? Is it confined to the body while

on earth ; or can it exhale itself and escape from its fleshly prison ? What becomes of it at those times when joy and hope and desire and fancy die away ; when we become apathetic and benumbed ; incapable of intellectual excitement and insensible to every thing around us.¹¹¹

Sometimes, like Burton, he collected and compared descriptions of the nature of melancholy ; or he quoted passages on the sensitive mind, "the soul of sensibility";¹¹² or he reflected upon the consequences of unusual faculties mismanaged or thwarted.

Genius blighted [he repeated from his friend Brydges] is not merely a gift turned to cypher ; it is a disease ; its vigorous faculties driven inward and without a vent, breed all maladies ; discontent, gloom, and low spirits are sure to follow ; and the talents which might have enlightened the world are lost to society and a misery to the possessor.¹¹³

Irving's sense of humor was too nimble to apply this passage to himself unreservedly. Yet he was conscious of owning, relatively, a special gift. Belonging to a family which, on the whole, like the society of America, in which it was bred, valued this type of mind far less than those equipped for the everyday world, Irving had always been apologetic for its existence in himself. Now in 1825, as in 1815, it was a vexation. Why could he not have been like his father or practical Ebenezer ? To his sister he now denounced the imaginative mind ;¹¹⁴ to his nephews he damned its tendency to bring its owner to such a position as his¹¹⁵ — wanderer, hack writer, dilettante. Such was his depression toward the end of this year. He himself, a man of imagination, was out of health, poor, and in middle age. His was the time, he said grandiloquently, but sincerely,

when the feelings are blunted, the freshness of thoughts pass by, when the dew of morning no longer rests on the thoughts nor the morning blush on the imagination. . . . Oh heart weighed down by the pressure of a thousand cares and humbled by the remembrance of a thousand errors and saddened by a thousand griefs and losses and disappointments, why dost thou still presume to hope. Behold the sweetness and freshness and fragrance of life is over ; what remains is seared and withered, and colourless. If the morning could not yield thee full delight what must thou expect from the arid and sultry noon or the chill of gloomy evening.¹¹⁶

Such dishwater can be found in the sentimental literature of the period, whose manner it echoes. Underneath it all, however, was a real sadness. To cut this sentiment Irving needed the satirist's

acid — or some rare bit of good luck. Self-satire he never achieved, but on January 30, 1826, he set down the following entry in his journal : “ Rec^d letter from M^r Everett, attaching me to Embassy at Madrid. Inclosing passport and proposing my translating voyage of Columbus.”¹¹⁷ The next trivial incidents suggest his temper : he attended a ball ; he called on Moratín, the Spanish dramatist,¹¹⁸ then exiled at Bordeaux ; and he sent the joyful news to Payne. “ I am on the wing for Madrid ! ”¹¹⁹ He closed his trunks and in them he shut that notebook of hypochondria. He had recently stood by the tomb of Rousseau, at Ermenonville ;¹²⁰ the gospel of new feelings, new experiences was right ! One passage in his notebook had been prophetic :

Bellísima Granada

Ciudad de tantos rayos coronada. . . .¹²¹

CHAPTER XIII

MADRID · THE HISTORIAN OF COLUMBUS

1826-1828

THE SUMMONS to Spain, Irving confessed to Storrow, was a godsend. At the age of forty-three, still trusting to chance, he enjoyed again one of those turns of fortune and friendship which were so characteristic of his destiny. He had a happy capacity for surprise at quite natural events which were traceable usually to his own desultory planning. He had long dreamed of Spain ; he had studied her language and her literature ;¹ and he had probably discussed with Everett, whom he had seen in The Hague and in Paris, his appointment to the Legation. He was, in fact, at the very doorway of Spain, waiting. It is unlikely that he would have returned to Paris or London without entering the Peninsula. Yet he professed a happy astonishment :

How little did I dream [he wrote Storrow] a week since that Spain, the country I have been so long wishing to see, but into which I feared I should never get a peep, should be the very port into which the first whiff of good luck should blow me.²

In his long life it was, indeed, a turning point. He was to spend, in all, seven years in Spain, and to write four books about her history and legends. Yet he was not unprepared. Glancing back over his last eleven years in Europe, he was aware of his recurrent enthusiasm for these very themes. His early years in Italy had not been fruitful,³ and, after all, his books owed relatively little to Germany and France. He was tired of England, and America — well, he would return there, some day. But Spain remained unknown, mysterious as when he had escaped from Deacon Irving's family prayers to read of her :

From earliest boyhood, when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the pages of old Gines Perez de Hytas's apocryphal but chivalresque history of the civil wars of Granada, and the feuds of its

gallant cavaliers, the Zegries and Abencerrages, that city has ever been a subject of my waking dreams; and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra.⁴

Cervantes had been an influence in *A History of New York*, and it is probable that Irving had read Conde before his composition of *Bracebridge Hall*. In this book were descriptions of the Alhambra which rivaled those born of his actual observation.⁵ The journal of 1824 shows him peering into Spanish drama, and throughout 1825 he had studied the language faithfully. The elaborate notebook of this year devoted itself almost entirely to the literature of Spain, in excerpts and careful criticisms.⁶ He could quote widely from Calderón, and he had discussed the modern drama with Moratín.⁷ He had worked at a version of *El embozado*.⁸ He was ready for his new experience.

In telling Storrow the news, Irving dwelt on practical possibilities. He renounced the aimless year of 1825; he promised to work tooth and nail; he rhapsodized on successful books and round prices in the spring market. The break, he felt, was an obliteration of the past. Certainly, to strike across the Pyrenees (with beloved Peter), to plunge with a purpose into a country that he already loved, to be rid of these pointless American Essays—such action, even if he were to be brought home upon his Spanish shield, was better than Bordeaux, better than returning shamefaced to Paris, London, or New York. The Guadarramas would be a stout bulwark against the reviewers; it would be more difficult to read in *Blackwood's* of an American writer, Washington Irving, so “cruelly, wickedly abused.”⁹ He could perhaps forget the Bolivar mines and Samuel Williams, and he might even write cheerful letters to Storrow. Anything might happen, to Geoffrey Crayon, and, in any case, he would see the Alhambra. He had written in his notebook of Granada:

Ciudad de tantos rayos coronada
 Quantos tus torres bellas
 Saben participar de las Estrellas. . . .¹⁰

He did not know that he would not behold Granada until twenty-five months had flown.

By starlight, at six o'clock in the morning, on Friday, February 10, 1826, the Irvings mounted the diligence for Bayonne.¹¹ The brothers were seasoned travelers; it was an easy journey in spite of mountains, rivers, and hard-driven mules. Thinking, perhaps, of their original plan to approach Spain from the south, Irving de-

clared this straight road of the Spanish couriers "as joyless a track as [he] ever travelled."¹² Yet even at St.-Jean-de-Luz were Moorish buildings, and everywhere, as in his youth, the inevitable pretty girls. The pilgrims rolled on through Irún and Vergara (later to be linked with Irving's hero Espartero), and then the grim ranges shut them in. Traveling night and day, with only five hours' sleep in Vitoria, at one o'clock on Monday they stood before Philip Vigarni's carvings in the cathedral of Burgos. With this ornate wonder Irving would have fallen in love, as later with the mightier, more austere cathedral in Seville, his daily refuge for many months, but the impatient drivers forbade delay. They were soon whirling their Americans through the great Castilian plain, pausing occasionally at the dismal dirt holes which the Spaniards called villages, halting for longer periods at inns, where horses, mules, and guests mingled indiscriminately, and where our party slept the sleep of exhaustion, four in a room.¹³

Yet, throughout the journey, these tough campaigners, in good spirits, found it better than the adjective they used so often—better than "tolerable." For there were scowling fellows in sashes; mules with bells; a woman in scarlet at the grate of a window; a guide in sheepskin trousers and fur cap; and swarthy soldiers. Through Lerma and Aranda de Duero and Somosierra they pushed on, and on Wednesday at ten o'clock in the morning put up at the Fonda del Ángel in Madrid.¹⁴ All the way Irving had jotted down his vivid notes on scenery and peasants, illustrating his impressions by hasty drawings of this strange land. In fact, he had really beheld Spanish eccentricities through the eyes of his two friends, the painters, Leslie and Newton. He scribbled to the former:

The Spaniards seem to surpass even the Italians in picturesqueness; every mother's son of them is a subject for the pencil. It is a continual wish of my brother and myself that we could have you and Newton with us; you might lay up ample materials for your Spanish pictures.¹⁵

This was true, also, of Madrid. Not yet the brilliant, emulous capital of to-day, the city was, in 1826, still partly Oriental. The white-crowned Guadarramas looked down, as now, upon the proud Calle de Alcalá, from the Prado to the Puerta del Sol. Near the former were the stately gardens of the Retiro, often a sanctuary for Irving now and later, when Minister at the court of Isabella II. From here he could traverse Alcalá to Buenavista, afterwards Espartero's palace and the stage for lively military drama, recounted in Irving's Spanish letters.¹⁶ The sharp-eyed antiquarian

Mesonero Romanos recreates this old Madrid. Let us glance only at those settings which must have impressed Irving indelibly in 1826.¹⁷ The ugly Puerta de Toledo was in process of construction, and on it, a year after his arrival, Irving read the hypocritical inscription :

To Ferdinand VII, the Desired, Father of His Country, Restored to His Cities. . . .

Compared with thrifty Bordeaux, Madrid seemed a world of opulence and dirt. Jostling beggars and grandees, he would walk from the gate of the Recoletos, past palaces and monasteries, to the angle of the Prado and Alcalá, where he surveyed, as we do to-day, the statue of Cybele, magnificent among her lions. Continuing to the fountain of Neptune, avoiding the street of San Gerónimo, he could loiter about the museum of statuary and painting, within a few rods of the botanical gardens. Or, passing the gardens, he watched the military reviews before the Convent of Atocha. Still undreamed of were the gorgeous banks, the new Ministry of Marine, or the grandiose Post Office. The *Correo*, Irving's only link with that other, different, Europe and America, was now in the Puerta del Sol.

With plains and mountains and ocean between him and home, he prized this link. He might, then, have been seen, in quest of letters, tracing the path which he was to know as a diplomat of sixty, up Alcalá, past the convent of Las Calatravas, past the Customhouse, into the Puerta del Sol. Occasionally, after securing his mail, he passed through the Calle Mayor to the Palacio Real, but more often he lingered in this "Gateway of the Sun," with its central fountain.¹⁸ Into the famous circle debouched from the eight flowing streets streams of humanity as colorful as those of Tangier's Socco Barro. These avenues, Irving wrote Susan Storrow, "swarm with groups, lounging about in the sunshine."¹⁹ Or, if sound and scent proved obnoxious, he could escape by one of the short streets into the Plaza de la Constitución,²⁰ with its high, even galleries and beautiful dim façades. During past years it had been the scene of *autos-da-fé*, bull-fights, and savage political triumphs. Yet, in this first month in Spain, Irving, if stirred by the flash of a single red coat on the Castilian plain, must have lingered before the kaleidoscopic spectacle in the Puerta del Sol.

His friend, that agreeable adventurer, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, was here in 1826, and, less preoccupied with his livelihood than Irving and Everett, set down his impressions. Up Alcalá to-

ward the Puerta del Sol hurried a long-legged vender, enveloping Mackenzie in a drove of turkeys. "Vea Ud. qué pavo," the fellow cried, and added persistently: "Para su señora! Para su queridita!" In the crowded thoroughfares Mackenzie noted that embarrassing trick of the *madrileños* on promenade, that "a person cannot choose his own gait, but must move at the pace of the multitude." In most ways Mackenzie saw an old, barbaric Madrid. Like Irving, he watched the *calesines*, or gigs, painted variously with pictures of the church of Buen Suceso, of the fountain of Cybele, or of the Virgin Mary herself. He laughed at the merry Andalusian drivers with tasseled, beaded hats and velvet breeches; the noisy traders; the whispering politicians; the Parisian fops; the dingy thieves; the red-capped Catalans; the blanketed Valencians; the hob-nailed Gallegos; the old Castilians with leather cuirasses. Instead of shrill motor horns and screeching street cars, he heard weird, monotonous cries: "Paja! paja! carbón! cabrito!" or, from the *aguadores*: "Quién quiere agua?" And on this morning he halted suddenly, as did the entire polyglot population, at the sound of drum and trumpet and of a coach and six. "Los Reyes!" shouted the Spaniards. "Su Majestad!"²¹

Mackenzie was a sensible naval officer; his taste for the romance of Spain was not unqualified. Like other travelers,²² he was aware of Madrid's odors, filth, and evil. This city, about eight miles in circumference, sheltering one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, most of whom were dressed in black; this medieval, Oriental, Catholic province, with its sixty-two convents, was then, as now, a scene of amazing contrasts of wealth and poverty. One wandered off eventually, away from the Puerta del Sol, up the Calle Mayor²³ to that height overlooking the Manzanares River where stood the symbol of Spain's confusion, the Palace. Here, where, in their Alcázar, Moorish princes had quarreled, the incapable Ferdinand VII held his court. This palace Irving was to know intimately, but until 1842 he was happily free of its intrigues.²⁴ In the wake of these, at the American Legation, Everett bobbed up and down, but his new *attaché* was diverted to other duties. In his leisure he was inquisitive about the intricate plots and counterplots, but this first pilgrimage had fallen upon relatively quiet days. Since his accession in 1814, the King had succeeded in abolishing the constitution and reëstablishing for a time the Inquisition. Meanwhile, his harassed people had bidden farewell forever to Chile, Peru, Colombia, Mexico, and Florida, and between 1820 and 1823 had endured a new revolution, a new constitution, and a new civil war.

With clenched fists they had watched the French, not beloved since May 2, 1808, overrun the Peninsula ; and in 1823 they had taken back this father of his country, King Ferdinand. Momentarily there was calm. Certainly the years from 1826 to 1829 could not have reminded Irving of his boyhood Sabbaths. Yet, if there ever was tranquillity in Spain during the nineteenth century, it was during these years in which Irving was to write *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* and *The Conquest of Granada*.²⁵

Without the purpose which had called him to Madrid, he would probably have been more alive to its seductions. In Dresden, gossip concerning politics and royalty had been his delight, and here, besides Everett's circle, he might turn for news to the small quarto sheet the *Diario* or to the *Gaceta*. He might lounge about the squares, visit the colleges, academies, and the four public libraries, inspect the gates and the fountains, or muse over the sword of the Cid at the Armory. All these were the boast of the few contemporary guidebooks.²⁶ Two public theaters, where seats might be had for twelve reals, called to him, as well as the museum of the Prado. Madrid, after four months in the countryside of Bordeaux !²⁷

Where was he who had been "a *young man* and in *Paris*,"²⁸ and a courtier at the throne of Frederick Augustus ? He was, in spite of the thrill of his journey, still a poor writer, hopeful of cementing his reputation. He partook of these pleasures sparingly ; the spirit of his first two years in Madrid is suggested by his first morning in the city. On the day of his arrival (February 15) he made one urgent, unsuccessful call ; then passed the balance of the day shivering before a brazier of coals, in low spirits. Until he saw more clearly into the future, this old wine of Spain was tasteless. Later his mind was to recover its tone, and he was to embrace this Spanish life with his old gusto. Yet now he must arrange his affairs. What he did not foresee in the red coals of the fireplace in the Fonda del Ángel may now appear as his story unfolds from day to day.

His call was upon Mr. Alexander Hill Everett, who was responsible for his presence in Spain. The elder brother of the orator, Edward Everett, was now thirty-six years old ; he had ruled the American Legation at Madrid for only a year. The old files of the Embassy hint at his capable management of his office, but Irving's intimation about the true nature of his talents was probably just :

It is with great regret [he later wrote his benefactor] that I perceive your name among the number of those who have fallen beneath the

edge of the old general's²⁹ sword ; which certainly spares not. As you seemed to be in some measure prepared for the event, and are so independent of official honors by your varied talent and resources, I presume it has not much shaken your philosophy.³⁰

Everett was, in fact, closely within the tradition of our early amateur diplomatic service ; he was, first of all, a man of affairs and writer,³¹ and second, a statesman. To Everett's passion for literature Irving owed his deliverance from Bordeaux.

Everett,³² magazinist, author, and student of history, had been excited, like many thoughtful Spaniards, by the publication in Madrid in 1825 of the book which Irving afterwards described as "the most complete body of facts hitherto laid before the world, relative to the voyages of Columbus."³³ This book was the *Colección de los viages y descubrimientos, que hicieron por mar los españoles desde fines del siglo XV*, by Don Martín Fernández de Navarrete.³⁴ Everett had known that this work was in preparation. Having obtained advance issues, he wrote in 1825 in a dispatch to Washington :

I have lately purchased for the National Library two copies of an important work that has just been published here upon the voyages of Christopher Columbus. It consists of an account of these voyages abstracted from the journals of Columbus himself by the celebrated Bishop de las Casas, and of a number of authentic documents connected with the same subject, many of which have never before been printed.³⁵

In America the interest in the discoverer was perennial ; just now it was intensified by an increasing enthusiasm for all things Spanish.³⁶ Who better than Washington Irving could make Navarrete's volumes available to Americans ? Everett recalled his conversations with the writer in Paris, and his letter in January, besides including an appointment to the Legation³⁷ and a passport, had boldly proposed that Irving translate the new book into English. He had also intimated that such a translator might reasonably expect for his pains the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. So here, on the morning of February 16, again at Everett's house, was the author of *The Sketch Book*, accompanied, of course, by Peter, who, in spite of meager Spanish, was to be a partner in the project. Everett received them affably, and for a time all three chatted of the enterprise. This translation, they thought, would be no great labor. The Irvings were to find quiet lodgings and begin their task.

By this conversation and by an ensuing incident Irving's fate in

Madrid was sealed for two years. For on this morning of his second call upon Everett, the latter led him to the house of Obadiah Rich, the American consul, or, more accurately, to the library of Rich, book collector and bibliographer. Everett's motives for this introduction were personal, but he thus commenced between his two friends, the author and the book lover, a long friendship and a long servitude. Within a few walls reposed literally the treasures of the Indies; and these now became accessible to Washington Irving. He was to evade, for a time, Spanish hostility to the foreign student. For Rich owned probably the finest private collection of Hispano-Americana in Europe. Here, obviously, was the place in which to translate Navarrete. Moreover, Rich, Everett's colleague, was generous, enthusiastic, eager to have Irving set to work. Finally, as a human being Rich was a genial curiosity, full of good humor and improvidence, consecrated to his books and to long and wandering service for his country. Irving liked him, now and always. "Honest Rich," he was fond of calling him, "a most obliging and good-hearted man"; a most excellent and amiable man!⁸⁸ Poor Rich! he was appointed to all the sufferings of the bibliophile. His noble assembly of rare books, congregated by love and thrift when he was, as Irving declared, "one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe,"⁸⁹ he was doomed to sell, and, what was worse, to sell in lots to the casual buyer. His library was dispersed. The catalogues of this tragedy show clearly what Irving beheld on Rich's shelves on this morning in February, 1826.⁴⁰

Everett stood by and listened to the exclamations of his *protégé*. Here, by stretching out one's hand, one might take down those indispensables, Las Casas, Andrés Bernaldez (Cura de Los Palacios), and Zurita, besides unique documents and books, and still more books, upon Spanish colonial history. What might not Geoffrey Crayon achieve among such records of the past? He was perched on a mount of vision. In an instant he and Rich were old friends. The bibliographer spread out on the table a manuscript play by Lope de Vega. "Never published," Irving wrote excitedly in his journal that night, "— in his own hand writing — Letter of Cortez, etc."⁴¹ The morning was too short. He could only glance at the other collections, books, manuscripts, prints, but he was ultimately to handle them all. Two months later, when Rich went over to London to call upon one of his clients, Irving wrote to the critical Leslie:

You will find him very interesting. He has a number of cases of very rare and curious works with him, and having lately been turning his

attention to paintings and engravings, has a few paintings with him . . . and a great number of studies, sketches, and drawings of celebrated masters which he has picked up here, among which are many of Murillo's. He has also a valuable stock of engravings. . . . Should you want anything from Spain in the way of costumes, &c., he would be able to procure and send it to you, for he is one of the most obliging men I ever met with.⁴²

Everett's plan at first moved quickly. Two days after Irving's meeting with Rich he was installed at his new friend's home as a lodger at five dollars a week, a comical price for Rich's devoted friendship, for a home in which Rich's wife and two young daughters spoke only Spanish, and for the very manuscripts used by Navarrete. "The Books," Irving said jubilantly, "which Robertson was years in collecting are all within my reach."⁴³

The reasons for Irving's comparative indifference to the diorama of life in Madrid now become clear. His purpose here was stated. His mind was enkindled by this program of reading; and even on the first morning he must have foreseen that a translation of Navarrete would not suffice. He would suck dry this superb library. Idler in foreign lands he had been, and this he would be again, but not now. A fact hardly comprehended in superficial surveys of Irving's Spanish sojourns is his labor during the gestation of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. Some of the causes of his settled purpose are familiar. The need of money, a rankling sense of a declining reputation, a fear of melancholy — all these urged him on. One may add, too, his feeling of futility in still recording, at the age of forty-three, in journal and notebook, mere oddities of costume and character. Before him now was a combat worthy of anyone's steel. Most of all, there was the challenge of Rich's still-unplumbed library. Compared with a weighty book on Columbus, what were the prodigies of the Puerta del Sol?

Such were his convictions as he commenced the translation of Navarrete's work, and, as he mined deeper and deeper into Rich's collection, another motive, equally strong, added its spur. This was his craving for rewards, in money and fame, commensurate with his toil. Day by day, as his book expanded, so increased his investment of time and effort. Instead of weeks, the task soon meant months, and then years. Such expenditures of energy and time demanded compensation, but until the book was actually in a publisher's hands, there could be no returns. As the manuscript grew under his hand, he was elated, but fearful, for there was no escape, no turning back, no use of a part without the completion

of the whole. This was no sheaf of essays, but the labor of the historian. And meanwhile his funds flowed away. He still had in New York some solid property, a relic of the comfortable stipend from *The Sketch Book*, but his ready cash was inconsiderable. His was, perhaps, as he considered it, an "artificial poverty,"⁴⁴ but a frugal turn of mind made him unhappy when drawing upon principal. We shall see him during the two years harassed by this anxiety. The hope of Granada and Seville dimmed. He was poor, as in Bordeaux, and very tired. There is a grim note in his reiteration, day after day, in the journal, of the words: "Columb"; "Columb all day"; "All day Columb."⁴⁵

Irving's uncertainty began in the first month, as he studied his Spanish original. Without doubt concerning the value of his subject, he suffered misgivings in respect to Everett's plan. Was a literal translation desirable? He could not say. It was a puzzling business. Before him were Navarrete's splendid volumes, the culmination of that scholar's career. Altogether they made a book blessed by almost every favorable auspice of learning. Originating, apparently, as early as 1789, the study of Columbus had taken form through Charles IV's permission to Navarrete to ransack all the libraries of Spain.⁴⁶ In 1818, Ticknor thought that the scholar was dying of a broken heart.⁴⁷ His great subject, however, had revived him. With loving hands and keen eyes he had investigated innumerable manuscripts in the collections of Madrid and Seville; he had rummaged in the private archives of Villafranca, Santa Cruz, Medina Sidonia, and Infantado; he had gained access to the treasures of the Escorial; and he had opened the doors, firmly closed to Robertson, of Simancas. And on every page these solid tomes bore witness to Navarrete's pertinacity and passion for fact. It was such a book as only he and only Spain could have produced, a book which no outsider could have created, and, very possibly, in its learning, a book which Washington Irving would not have wished, under any circumstances, to have written.⁴⁸

This erudite compilation he had promised to translate. He could do this; for the work his intelligence and his Spanish were adequate. By fulfilling Everett's wish, he might render scholarship in America a notable service, and he himself would be known as the translator of Navarrete. But was this expedient, at least for Geoffrey Crayon? He thought this, after all, a dubious, borrowed glory. It is easy to decipher his motives for diverging from Everett's scheme. He examined once more the stalwart volumes. In them he found no consecutive narrative, no rhetoric, no persuasive anecdote.

dote, and none of that sentiment so dear to him and to his readers. He turned rather wearily the pages of the various voyages arranged in chronological order ; systematic "Documentos diplomáticos"; and appendices, maps, and notes. Even should he repeat Navarrete's accuracy in elegant English, would such a translation buoy up his reputation, reap fifteen hundred pounds from John Murray, and utilize fully the resources of Rich's library?

Meanwhile, he had already sent out to publishers a trial raven, which returned to croak ominously on his desk. On March 15, he was discouraged :

The Booksellers [he said] will not offer for the voyage of Columbus, they fear it may be *dry*, and as unluckily it is so in a superlative degree, I fear there is nothing to be done with it. I have the five volumes at present in my possession. They would make two stout Quartos, and are almost entirely made up of Documents which none but an historiographer would have appetite to devour or stomach to digest. I must turn my attention therefore to something else.⁴⁹

Yet he wavered. Fifteen days later he played with new hopes : "Something . . . may probably be done with it ; and I am turning and turning it over and considering it."⁵⁰ At last, by March 30, he had made his decision. He had resolved to compose not a translation of Navarrete but a biography of Columbus. He again wrote Storrow :

I intimated in my last that I had not altogether given up Columbus ; since then I have been reading & thinking & writing on the subject, and have brought matters into such a shape as to make up my plan and my mind. . . . It is my intention to write "the life and voyages of Columbus." I have sketched out some of the most difficult parts ; have collected all the most important works, and have ascertained what I shall require & where to look for it.⁵¹

Such indecision accounts for Irving's silence in his journal, prior to April, concerning the exact nature of his work. On February 21, he called upon Navarrete ; it would be enlightening to know whether or not he confessed his fears to the venerable scholar. The outcome of his speculations he recorded later, very blandly, in the preface to his book. He had found, he said, the Spanish original

to contain many documents, hitherto unknown, which threw additional lights on the discovery of the New World ; and which reflected the greatest credit on the industry and activity of the learned editor. Still the whole presented rather a mass of rich materials for

history, than a history itself. And invaluable as such stores may be to the laborious inquirer, the sight of disconnected papers and official documents is apt to be repulsive to the general reader, who seeks for clear and continued narrative. . . . It appeared to me that a history, faithfully digested from these various materials, was a desideratum in literature, and would be a more satisfactory occupation to myself, and a more acceptable work to my country, than the translation I had contemplated.⁵²

It was a shrewd assessment of his public and of himself. His blunt words to Leslie, freed from editorial courtesies, summed up his motive: "The work which I had intended to translate is a voluminous mass of mere documents. . . . I am in hopes of making a work that will be acceptable to the public."⁵³ From this politic moment until a final transaction which angered James Fenimore Cooper,⁵⁴ the composition and publication of the life of Columbus illustrates that prudential strain in Irving which had won him the enmity of more downright men. His hand, said they, was ever upon the reader's pulse. It is probable that Navarrete knew nothing of his new intentions, since Irving took pains to let stand the original advertisements of a "translation." He counseled Leslie to secrecy.⁵⁵ Everett, too, was either sworn in or deceived, for he wrote Sparks that Irving was occupied with "some new sketches, which will probably be forthcoming next winter."⁵⁶

There was nothing dishonorable in Irving's bid for popular reputation, nor in his excessive reticence. He had never professed himself a scholar; and he was right in thinking that the announcement of a biography of Columbus would arouse too many curious expectations. Moreover, he meant to write an honest book. Reluctant to attempt for English and American students a translation of Spanish history, he nevertheless assumed manfully the obligations of his ambitious subject. As later, in writing his life of Washington, he was in earnest. He would endeavor, he told Storrow,

to make it the most complete and authentic account of Columbus & his voyages extant and, by diligent investigation of the materials around me, to settle various points in dispute. It will require great attention hard study & hard work, but I feel stimulated to it, and encouraged by the singular facilities which are thrown in my way. I want to do something that I must "take off my coat to." . . . My brother will be of much assistance to me in my researches, and in the examination and collation of facts & dates, about which I mean to be scrupulously attentive & accurate, as I know I shall be expected to be careless in such particulars & to be apt to indulge in the imagination.

I mean to look into every thing myself, to make myself master of my subject and to endeavour to produce a work which shall bear examination as to candour & authenticity.⁵⁷

To this resolution Irving clung during the succeeding months of toil. For the remainder of the year 1826 nearly every entry in the journal contains a reference to his history. Early in May he stole a brief holiday in Aranjuez, and in August, another at La Granja, but at other times he was at work, though not always in the midst of Rich's collection. In the library of the Jesuits his reading was more relaxed, and, occasionally, fatigue drove him into the Retiro or into society, but his normal *régime* included labor each day until darkness. The book claimed his birthday, his Sundays, and often his evenings until midnight. During the week of April 24, he wrote almost without a pause. The task was arduous, baffling, exhausting. Sometimes he merely took notes; again, he wrote tentative chapters; and on Sunday, May 14, he was "all day hammering at Roldans negotiations with Columb." On the following Saturday he rose at half past four, and, save for an interval in the evening, he was at it until bedtime — "29 p[ages]," ⁵⁸ he boasted. This hardly seems to be the proverbial dilettante Irving, this Irving who seizes the pen at dawn, with tired head and ragged nerves, at noon sinking into a sleep of utter fatigue, and waking to pound away until evening, that he may cry triumphantly: "Twenty pages!" No one knew how intense was his effort, save Storror, for whose fireside he longed throughout this fever of writing. On June 12 he had accomplished his immediate purpose, and in a letter to his friend he dwelt on his achievement:

I am absolutely fagged and exhausted with hard work. For nearly three months I have been occupied incessantly with my work; sometimes all day & a great part of the night in defiance of all the rules I had set myself and at the risk of my health. I never worked so hard, nor so constantly for such a length of time; but I was determined not to stop until I had made a rough draft of the whole work. I have succeeded in so doing. To finish it up and make all the necessary additions, amendments & illustrations will be a work of time & labor.⁵⁹

He now slackened, revising slowly until, about two months afterwards, there occurred an instance of what he himself was wont to call his "*uncertain*" literary impulses. Of this, later.

This period of rest was essential, but he rather dreaded it, for the book was unfinished, and more time meant more introspection. During the three months he had peace of mind, in spite of his

weariness, and in his let-down, after the completion of the outline, he recognized again the benefits of his engrossing occupation. "I hope soon," he declared, "to get hard at work again, for I find there is nothing keeps up my spirits more than hard work."⁶⁰ Yet, during the spring his brief spaces of leisure had had a delicious novelty. On free evenings Everett, who delighted in his conversation,⁶¹ had escorted him about the diplomatic circle and had presented him to the King.⁶² He had chatted with the Duchess of Benavente in her boudoir, and, for more intimate friendships, had enjoyed the Ryans, the O'Sheas, the Riches, and the Everetts themselves.⁶³

Indeed, for Irving, Madrid might have been merely a corner of Paris. His real association with Spaniards began two years later;⁶⁴ not until then was he to respond to the influence of contemporary romantic writers of the Peninsula. Now he escaped from the book by reading, talking to Peter, or dining with the good-natured Irish priest Don Thomas in the smoky dungeon of the Fonda San Luis. Such leisure was still further cramped by his continued study of Spanish. He read Bouterwek's new history of the literature, Schlegel on Spanish poetry, or Sarmiento; and he buttressed his notebooks with criticisms from these worthies. Mindful of the wishes of Leslie, Newton, and Wilkie, he made sporadic efforts to spend parts of these periods of rest before the masterpieces of painting or in recording the spectacles of Madrid. Yet for these he had little zest. He was uninspired by the gorgeous Holy Week, the Washing of Feet, or the bells of Madrid as the Spaniards celebrated in their incoherent fashion the Resurrection or a *besamanos*. For relaxation, he preferred the company of Everett or of Peter in the Retiro.⁶⁵

For the most part, his new friends seem to have understood his isolation and to have protected him. Spanish *tertulias* he rarely attended, and he seldom dined out except, every fortnight, at the Everetts'. He was fond of walking in the tiny garden just outside his own windows,⁶⁶ though these hours he sometimes sacrificed to write letters to Ebenezer, to the Johnstons in Bordeaux, or to the Storrows. Yet there were evenings when he could not prod himself into writing even those crisscross letters to Susan and Minny,⁶⁷ and it is, after all, to the gardens of the Retiro that we always return to see him clearly in hours of freedom from the manuscripts. Here he calmed his mind for the labor of the next day. Here he dreamed of home. Here he talked with Peter of Calderón, *El Conde Lucanor*, of his own story of the three Arabian sisters,⁶⁸ and also of a strange new book to be called *The Conquest of Granada*. Here, after he had finished the first draft of the story of Columbus,

he lingered for hours. In March he sat on the grass under the warm sun, looking off toward the white beauty of the Guadarramas. The almond trees were in blossom. He lay in their shade while over his head hummed the bees. He read the plays of Tirso de Molina, and in the twilight listened to the bells of the city or to the military music in the Prado.

Yet these scenes should not dim the essential image of Irving at his desk; such pleasures were thinly spread out over the long two years. It is suggestive of the character of the man that his prolonged seclusion did not unfit him for the society of human beings. Never, apparently, did he crawl out from his fifteenth-century manuscripts dusty or preoccupied. Whenever he emerged from his dungeon, his friendliness was unimpaired, his conversation, as usual, persuasive. "The people here," said Everett, "are greatly pleased with him."⁶⁹ In his vacant evenings he commenced his peculiar literary friendship with George Washington ("Don Jorge") Montgomery and his intimacy with the D'Oubriles.⁷⁰ He was appreciative as Narcissa, the daughter of the Marchioness of Yrugo,⁷¹ danced the bolero; he attended High Mass in the Royal Chapel; in the Armory he stood absorbed before the costume of his future hero, Boabdil of Granada;⁷² and he let himself be taken to the theater, particularly to the curious old Teatro de la Cruz.⁷³ He also formed that interest which he later deplored, but never abandoned, in bullfights; and he attended a public execution.⁷⁴ Possibly through all these moments of escape, he was thinking of the fate of his book, but of this there is no evidence save the lack of enthusiasm in his journal for these amusements—even when he participated in a street fight!⁷⁵ His friends found him, despite his days of work, at ease and nonchalant. In this time of strain he continued to be the amiable citizen of the world.

Amiable he remained, but he adhered to his purpose. This is evident, not only in his swift excursion to Aranjuez, whose forest scenery he thought inferior to that of Compiègne, but in his four-day junket, beginning on August 22, to La Granja and Segovia. During the first holiday, Columbus was with him; on one day the biographer set his notes in order, and on the next he wrote part of a chapter. On the latter journey, Irving begged off from sight-seeing and scribbled away in the gardens of San Ildefonso. Yet he was good company. At the mountain inn he listened agog to tales of robbers; he planned to weave a story out of these for Susan. Breathless, the party saw suspended from a tree the dead body of—lame and impotent conclusion!—a sheep. He inspected at La Granja the

Queen's apartments, and heard the eternal boast that this fountain in the gardens threw the highest jet in Europe. Nay, he excelled other tourists, for he saw it done, with court and populace dutifully assembled beneath the snowy hilltops. And he ended his tour by an evening at the theater, applauding *Don Cómodo, ó el amigo íntimo*. Then, quickly, he hurried through mountain clouds and sunshine, back to Madrid. There was meaning in the next day's minute: "*Sunday, 27th. — Columb all day.*" He was again in his library!

Only a few similar interruptions interfered with his prolonged ascetic life. He worked steadily through the summer, occasionally letting the reader of the journal see that back of his purpose lay recollections of the unfortunate *Tales of a Traveller* and of the enmity in certain American quarters. His remembrance of this antagonism at home was evident when his nephew Pierre Munro Irving, now twenty-three years old, drifted into Madrid and claimed part of a working day. He, the future biographer of his uncle, was an attractive, if rather correct, young man, bent on seeing Europe thoroughly and economically. He went on his way to Paris in June, assured of his uncle's affection, and of his funds, should he need them, but, more important for us, with the memory of a candid talk in the Prado. Straying for a few minutes from the everlasting Columbus, the author had hinted at a secret bitterness: "he adverted with deep feeling to the cloud which had been thrown over him by the persevering malignity with which all sort of disagreeable things had been forwarded to him from America, by some secret enemy."⁷⁶ So, still the same unquiet breast; still the sensitive Geoffrey Crayon!

Soon afterwards, at five o'clock on the morning of August 9, he strolled with Peter in ruminative mood on the banks of the Manzanares, and after breakfast broached to his brother a new literary plan — an instance of that "*uncertain*" impulse which was tormenting him as he was finishing the draft of his biography. Perhaps, in this conversation, he reminded Peter of their dreams of Granada when they had walked together on other banks, those of the Hudson. Perhaps he mentioned his reflections on the armor of Boabdil el Chico. Perhaps he discussed his excitement when he first surveyed the Moorish volumes in Rich's library. At any rate, he proposed to Peter a new book, *The Conquest of Granada*. This was, indeed, the "*uncertain*" literary impulse. For there on the table was the *Columbus*, merely a rough outline. Peter may have protested, but whatever he said, the younger brother had made up his mind. He had conceived his second Spanish book. For two months the history

of Columbus rusted ; from now on in the journal it is ever "Granada," "Granada," "Granada." He indulged, of course, in the usual secrecy, but an odd little sheet of memorabilia, written in 1843, offers an explanation :

While [he says] writing the history of Columbus I was obliged to consult several records relating to the Conquest of Granada, and got so deeply interested in the subject that I wrote out the heads of chapters for the whole work and then laid it one side until I had finished the History of Columbus when I took it up and in less than six months had completed it.⁷⁷

This manuscript relates what happened. Why it happened is plain. He had been seduced by his old doxy, Romance. Read Mariana for evidence of some dull historical controversy, and not turn those leaves which retailed the exploits of the Moors? Check fact in *Cura de Los Palacios*, and not read on of Ferdinand and Isabella? Granada rose up again before his weary eyes. He was worn out by this scholar's task, with its tough problems, which had teased even Navarrete. He would stop this chronicle of dates and voyages, and let romance have its opportunity. What he was thinking he expressed guardedly in his letter to Murray in which he offered him the history of Columbus. "I have also," he wrote, "another work on hand, more in my own way."⁷⁸ More in his own way indeed! So he commenced, in August, 1826, *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*.

By the autumn, then, Irving had in tow two difficult literary children, both clamoring for freedom from Rich's library. He evidently thought of the book on Granada as an aside, for his letters are full of self-exhortations to return to Columbus. Yet he was aghast at the "many petty points to be adjusted and disputed parts to be settled."⁷⁹ He tried to take courage in what he had already done :

I reflected [he said] that this was a trial of skill in an entirely new line, in which I had to satisfy both the public and myself. I determined therefore that it should be a fair one, that I would enter minutely into every research & investigation & in short execute every thing to the best of my abilities. The task has been laborious and I have much work still before me ; but all the heavy & anxious toil is over.⁸⁰

Yet this last statement he knew to be oversanguine. Still at work, in the middle of November, on the other book, he goaded himself toward the *Columbus*. On November 20 he did resume it in a kind of fury, "all day and till one at night," until, on December 22, he

dared to write Murray that it was nearly finished. It was *not* finished, though there had elapsed "a year," he declared, "of the hardest application & toil of the pen I have ever passed."⁸¹ It was eleven months since he had assured Everett that he would make a translation of Navarrete's book, to be ready, perhaps, during the last weeks of 1826!

Now the new year was here, but for Irving there was no freshening of the old thoughts; instead, repetition of his irksome labor. He approached, but, oh, so slowly, that desired and dreaded moment when the author must say, "'Tis done," and leave the fate of his manuscript to the gods. Haggard, conscious of the book's faults, working fiercely, he found these last months of writing the history a purgatory. He realized now the different talents required from him as a serious, instead of a comic, historian. As he fought the thing through to its conclusion, the Spanish landscape, never, during 1826, in the foreground, became a horizon of little meaning. Peter was heartily sick of the entire scene, but not so disillusioned with it as this writer who beheld it through mists of anxiety. Madrid, so old, so picturesque, so Oriental, was a single room strewn with dull books and crumpled papers. The beautiful library wore the face of a shrew (a favorite conception of Irving's), nagging him on to work. During the first months of the year, one thought obsessed him—to finish and flee. But escape was possible only through more footnotes, more revisions, and perpetual dragging of his pen across paper.

In the evenings he kept up his friendships. The D'Oubrils and the young Russian prince Dolgorouki, his new acquaintance, were refuges indeed.⁸² With them he watched the Spaniards, so beguiled by their *fiestas*, their "blessed cakes of St. Antonio," and their firing of squibs to celebrate the Resurrection.⁸³ He smiled, as always, and he chatted in his pleasant, throaty voice of the plays he occasionally beheld. Yet, again, his journal, as well as his letters to the sympathetic Storrow, uncloaks his brave pretense. When not writing, he was calling upon Navarrete, upon librarians, and upon amanuenses⁸⁴ who might deliver him of his enormous manuscript. What were the imbecilities of Madrid to a man struggling with such a book, a book, he wrote, "on which all my future prospects depend"?⁸⁵ His confessional, the journal, records faintly the hum of the outer world, but distinctly the depression of a tired man. On successive days in January, he "could not work," was "incapable of work." Two days later, after setting down a few notes, he was "terribly nervous and low-spirited." Then, for a time, he made an

effort ; he rose at four, three, or even at two, and wrote till daylight. But, again, in the middle of February, he "could not write without great difficulty." So runs the tale: "Excessively wearied"; "incapable of working — extremely depressed."⁸⁸ And to Storror he kept pouring out his despondency: "drudging with the pen at my daily task until wearied and almost blind, and have felt it impossible to conjure up ideas to fill a page."⁸⁷

In this darkness Irving saw unsteadily. Little worries deepened into cares. He was homesick, not for home, since, as he often said, he had none, but for those who loved him. "How often I wish," he wrote Mrs. Storror, "for your little family circle after a days hard work."⁸⁸ And here was Peter, always at his side, a well-meaning but, for this book, an ineffectual critic,⁸⁹ the innocent cause of many a canceled page. Peter, battered by the Madrid winter, was always complaining of his headaches, and Peter's illnesses were his own, so close was the bond of sympathy between them. He felt guilty that he was keeping him from the promised tour to the South, for Peter had come to this evil Madrid at his request, to assist in a translation which was to delay only a few months a journey to the gardens of the Alhambra. Indeed, Peter seemed likely to lose his rôle of grave, eccentric humorist.⁹⁰ In addition, in his harassed state, old memories now tormented Irving. In New York, his brothers were talking, perhaps with a doubtful smile, of the prospective book ; and others, less kindly, were repeating the question: "What is Washington Irving doing so long in Europe?"⁹¹ He had discussed this with his nephew Pierre. Now there reached him, on February 12, a letter from Brevoort, a searing New Year's letter! This, though full of kindness, stung him with such sentences as:

The paragraph in your letter to Ebenezer [Irving]⁹² relating to me, has given me more pain than I am willing to express ; not, as you will presently perceive, that I am in the least degree amenable to your reproaches, or have ever given you cause to utter them in terms so harsh, and I must say, unfriendly. . . . Never did I permit any unkind construction of your seeming neglect to cross my mind. Nor was it possible that any neglect of the kind could weaken the deep foundation of my attachment to you — an attachment which as I hope for mercy, I have never felt towards any other man.⁹³

Such a letter, after the long silence between himself and Brevoort, would at any time have roused him. Its consequence now, in his nervous condition, was a reply so introspective, so indicative of his state of mind as he was finishing the life of Columbus, that it

will be quoted almost entire. On the same day he had written Murray that his task was still unfinished, and all his unhappinesses now seemed to converge in this letter to Brevoort :

I must confess that for a time I gave too much consequence to the attacks I had seen upon myself in the press and to anonymous letters which I received from some malevolent person seeking to persuade me that I was in a manner cast off by my countrymen. I am conscious that my long absence from home has subjected me to unfavorable representations, and has been used to my disadvantage. A man, however, must have firmness enough to pursue his plans when justified by his own conscience, without being diverted from them by the idle surmises and misconceptions of others. If my character and conduct are worth inquiring into they will ultimately be understood and appreciated according to their merits nor can any thing I could say or do in contradiction place them an iota above or below their real standard.⁹⁴

These are characteristic fears and resolutions. Then follows, in the letter, the mood, less deep-seated than he fancied, which distressed him as he thought of America :

With the world, therefore, let these matters take their course ; I shall not court it nor rail at it ; but with cherished friends like yourself my dear Brevoort the present feeling is all important to me. Do not let yourself be persuaded therefore that time or distance has estranged me in thought or feeling from my native country, my native places, or the friends of my youth. The fact is that the longer I remain from home the greater charm it has in my eyes, and all the colouring that the imagination once gave to distant Europe now gathers about the scenes of my native country. I look forward to my return as to the only event of any desirable kind that may yet be in store for me. I do not know whether it is the case with other wanderers, but with me, the various shifting scenes through which I have passed in Europe, have pushed each other out of place successively and alternately faded away from my mind, while the scenes & friends of my Youth alone remain fixed in my memory and my affections with their original strength and freshness.⁹⁵

The sequel of this fervor was, voluntarily, five more years in Europe. So ever feels the romantic soul, analyzing imperfectly the causes of its longing for the remote. In the freedom of Seville or Granada, Irving needed no such flights of the spirit to dear America. The reason for his present love of her was his disgust with Rich's library, evident in the next paragraph of his emotional letter. Fatigue was the cause of his affection for American scenes, which

at other times he longed to give up permanently.⁹⁶ It is likely that the keen-minded Brevoort understood well enough the psychology of his old friend. Let us, at any rate, not be deceived :

I have [he continued] been disappointed, and delayed and disheartened. I have suffered my pen for a time to lie idle, distrusting both myself and the world. . . . Since my arrival in Spain (about fifteen months since⁹⁷) I have principally been employed on my life of Columbus, in executing which I have studied and laboured with a patience and assiduity for which I shall never get the credit. I am now advancing towards the conclusion of my work. How it will please the public I cannot anticipate. I have lost confidence in the favorable disposition of my countrymen and look forward to cold scrutiny & stern criticism.

Finally, he indulged in another illusion :

Could I afford it, I should like to write and to lay my writings aside when finished. There is an independent delight in study and the creative exercise of the pen ; we live in a world of dreams, but publication lets in the noisy rabble of the world, and there is an end to our dreaming.⁹⁸

This is from Washington Irving, most miserable when he could aim at no definite and visible goal ; altogether a rather pitiful letter, revealing the weaknesses with which we are familiar.

Yet, in spite of his excitability, he was not, as has been observed, without fiber. Save to Brevoort, Peter, and Pierre, he had been, concerning all this discouragement, silent. His friends in Madrid thought him tired, but did not suspect his regrets over the past or his fears for the future. His equanimity in their company was remarkable. "Irving," wrote Everett, just a month before the letter to Brevoort, "has finished his 'Biography of Columbus,' and it is now being copied for the press."⁹⁹ His outer serenity fooled Everett, and, most of all, it fooled another, a young worshiper of Irving now passing through Madrid. He left a memorial of Irving the author composing with tranquil mind and artless ease — a situation unsupported by facts. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, twenty years old, had been out of Bowdoin College nearly two years when he called on Irving in Madrid, presenting a letter of introduction from Ticknor.¹⁰⁰ He came prepared to adore, for he had been nourished on *The Sketch Book*, had just come from a pilgrimage to Sleepy Hollow, and during these years had been forever quoting Irving.¹⁰¹ Yet during the day his idol proved to be difficult of access. "He seemed," remarked Longfellow, "to be always at work."¹⁰²

As a matter of fact, interruptions were not welcome. "Sit down," Irving said, "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."¹⁰⁸ For this very sentence Murray was waiting in London. So Longfellow broke in upon his "zealous and conscientious labour."¹⁰⁴ He found Irving, like Everett, Mackenzie,¹⁰⁵ Rich, and the others, kind, and carried off letters of introduction to the Dresden friends.¹⁰⁶ Now, and during the evenings at Everett's, he studied his hero carefully; thought him "a very fine man in society, all mirth and good humour."¹⁰⁷ He observed Irving's dark complexion, black hair, whiskers already somewhat gray; and he listened to his agreeable sayings in that agreeable, weak, peculiar voice. Longfellow's impression of Irving's urbanity was just. He could, as we have learned, throw off his cares at informal dinner parties. But Longfellow's sentiment does not square with Irving's letters or journal.

One summer morning [the poet wrote], passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said, "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, — so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil, — and have recalled those striking words of Dante: —

"Seggendo in piuma,

In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre,

Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,

Cotal vestigio in terra, di sè lascia

Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma."¹⁰⁸

His thoughts, as a matter of fact, were less upon bright fame than upon negotiations with Murray. Longfellow might have been interested in a letter to Storrow of this time: "Nothing has kept off the blues in their deepest dye, but this hard literary labour by which I hope to build up some little dependence in case of the worst." The whole world, he told Storrow, was "running awry."¹⁰⁹ Yet Longfellow's reverence for the older man of letters of his own country is gracious. For the moment Geoffrey Crayon was his demigod — and was to influence his writing.¹¹⁰

Irving now told Mrs. Storrow frankly that he repented ever having undertaken this mountainous labor.¹¹¹ We read, in the spring of 1827, still a story of frustration. It seemed to him that he could never, never finish his endless narrative. During the preceding December he had written Murray that it was "nearly ready for the press," and had offered to forward specimen chapters.¹¹² Yet it was July 29

before he was able to send to London even the first part of the manuscript, and long afterwards he was still floundering in illustrations and supplementary documents. For this delay he could blame chiefly himself, darting off into the wars of Granada, but also a dread that Navarrete's next volume might discredit some of his own work. Navarrete's renderings of documents, he had discovered, were like decrees. What if the new volume gainsaid certain statements in his own suave narrative? Irving could only attack his own manuscript with redoubled efforts.¹¹³

Actually, this flurry of fear was unimportant, for through it all Irving was grubbing away at details in the manuscript. He had now a corps of advisers and assistants, but his plan of secretaries working at the head of the book while he struggled with its tail had its trials. "This lazy country . . .," he burst out to Storror, "I have been for weeks seeking copyers. I have now two employed who go on with becoming slowness." He added:

You have no idea what a laborious and entangling job it is. There are so many points in dispute, and so many of a scientific nature into which I have been obliged to enter with great study and examination. I have fagged night and day for a great part of the time, and every now and then some further document, throwing a different light on some obscure part of the work has obliged me to rewrite what I had supposed finished.¹¹⁴

He was now, early in April, speculative concerning Murray's attitude, and his letter to the publisher, apologizing for delays, included this time no promises. This was well, for during the next two months he rewrote almost the entire body of the work. This book, apparently, he could not hurry.¹¹⁵ The reader, following this story, has perhaps long since concluded, like the ironical Storror¹¹⁶ in Paris, that Irving never could or would finish *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. Yet he did. On July 29, 1827, the British courier bundled the first volume into the diligence. Numerous threads were left hanging, but this is in effect the date of its completion.¹¹⁷ Of course, it was not, after all, a happy moment. Irving would have been untrue to the traditions of authors had he not remarked, "To do such a work justice, & execute it as I could execute it, I ought to bestow at least, several more months upon it."¹¹⁸

In fact, with the disappearance for London of half the manuscript, a new tide of worries surged through his mind. Would Murray take it? On January 16, the publisher had said "Yes."¹¹⁹ Yet Irving knew the hazards. Murray could bargain, and acceptance

on other terms than Irving's own resembled failure. A substantial price was imperative. Murray had always puzzled him, ever since his rejection of *The Sketch Book*; and he had come to dread the publisher's long silences or his unvarnished, methodical replies to his own courtly letters.¹²⁰ Yet Murray was the man to publish this book.¹²¹ In reputation, in efficiency in the market, he was without an equal. Indeed, Murray's power had not been built up upon sentimental coddling of authors. Many times in Madrid, Irving, as he wrote, had felt the publisher's eyes looking over his shoulder; he knew that the book must stand upon its merits. So he was fearful. "He is," he wrote Storrow, "a capricious man and sometimes neglectful; and has two or three times given me complete checks to my undertakings, either by his silence, or his discouraging replies."¹²² And now the issue was critical. Irving's purse was nearly empty.¹²³

The bartering, therefore, between Madrid and London now took on the strategy of a campaign. On July 29, Irving wrote three letters. Two he sent to the faithful Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, who had already acted as his literary agent. One letter was personal, directing Aspinwall's diplomacy with Murray. The other was a business letter which the factotum might, with a gesture, show Murray; this was really a restatement of Irving's terms as set forth in the third letter, which Irving dispatched direct to Murray.¹²⁴ There is an amusing contrast between the two cool official letters and Irving's ardent plea to Aspinwall to win Murray's consent. On success depends his future; and money he must have! The communication to Murray was not modest. Irving described the "magnitude and the toil" which this work had cost him; he dwelt on its extent and its "many curious particulars not hitherto known concerning Columbus"; and he was complacent about its style. He would, he conceded, part with the copyright for three thousand guineas, or even agree to publish it on shares.¹²⁵ The letter to Aspinwall revealed his hesitation before demanding such terms, but, as expressed to Murray, these had a fine air of generosity. It was a bold cast.

Murray eyed the bait, and eventually took it, but not before subjecting Irving to another of his inscrutable silences. "I am waiting," Irving wrote Aspinwall in August, "with great anxiety to hear of the fate of my manuscript, and until I hear I shall be good for nothing."¹²⁶ He kept busy, but it was a trying September, with no news save that the second volume of manuscript had finally arrived in London.¹²⁷ But the post of October 22 brought relief. It

was settled. Murray agreed to all of Irving's conditions, and Aspinwall had even gained credit with the publisher as "a *sharp bargainer*."¹²⁸ It is rather in the terse, if premature, statement that "We expect to start for Andalusia" than in the body of Irving's letter to Storror that we sense his feeling of liberation :

I have just received a letter from our worthy friend Aspinwall at London, who has concluded an arrangement with Mr. Murray for the copy right of Columbus. He gives me three thousand guineas payable 300 £, down, 450 at the end of six months from the first of January next, and the residue in instalments — every three months, from that payment, the last of them at the end of two years. I am highly gratified with this arrangement, it is the highest price that I named and shorter payments than I contemplated.¹²⁹

Irving never learned, apparently, of the slender margin of approval by which he received Murray's final "Yes." Now, at any rate, he knew nothing of the doubtful comments from the publisher's closet critics. In the light of these, to be described in a moment, his exultant letter to Aspinwall was bliss born of ignorance. First he praised his agent : "You have done wonders ; I never could have made an arrangement [?] in any degree as good had I been on the spot." Next he rehearsed his past fears, not so groundless, indeed, as in this joyous instant they seemed to be :

In fact from the silence . . . I began to fear that my proposals were extravagant [they were] — that my work did not please [it did not] — that it had some gross faults [Murray's lieutenants thought so] &c &c — and I went on, day by day, cheapening it in my estimation, until I began to doubt whether I had not better swear it was not my child, but a bantling laid at my door.

He was now as ecstatic as before he had been despairing, and with as little reason. He continued the letter with an absurd salvo of compliments for the book and for the far-sighted Murray :

It has been a stout demand upon Murray . . . if the work takes, however, and is really as good as he pronounces it, the subject is of a nature to keep it in demand, and to make it a good literary property. It is a link in history that every complete library must have . . . I have been able to furnish a more ample and correct statement of facts relative to Columbus and his voyages than has as yet been presented to the world.

And so on. Irving's self-deception was complete.¹³⁰

For Murray evidently believed that, once a decision had been made, it was wise to encourage a general good humor. He admired

the *Columbus* as effusively as if he had not been on the point of rejecting it. "It is beautiful, beautiful," said he to Aspinwall, "the best thing he has ever written."¹⁸¹ And he jotted down an impressive column of figures showing the rates of payment to Irving.¹⁸² In America, too, it was well known how liberally John Murray had treated Geoffrey Crayon.¹⁸³ Newton wrote Irving that Robert Southey could not contain his unqualified praise of the book.¹⁸⁴ It was perhaps natural that Irving should be convinced that he had written well; that he should not have been more skeptical or have wondered why, with such joy in Albemarle Street, he had not heard this pleasant verdict earlier. He never suspected the truth, that Murray nearly refused the manuscript and, as his later rudeness was to show, heartily repented of the bargain.

In fact, it is difficult to explain Murray's acceptance of the *Columbus* except by the "caprice" to which Irving had alluded or by the recollection of his mistake in respect to *The Sketch Book*.¹⁸⁵ Certainly his advisers were unenthusiastic:

I return [wrote Southey, the bestower of the "unqualified praise"] the MS. of Columbus' Life by this day's coach. It appears to me to have been compiled with great industry and to be well conceived, presenting a most remarkable portion of history in a popular form, and therefore likely to succeed; not for the ability displayed in it, but because the book is interesting and useful. There is neither much power of mind nor much knowledge indicated in it, but a great deal of diligence.¹⁸⁶

Praise indeed! And Sharon Turner, writing the publisher, "Have you finally concluded about the 'Columbus'?" warned Murray that it lacked that unusual talent which might justify the publication of another book on so trite a subject.¹⁸⁷ Perhaps Southey's lukewarm suggestions about its "popular form" turned the scale; possibly there were others who advocated its publication; or else Murray himself, who liked its style, overrode his readers. It was a narrow escape.¹⁸⁸

Whatever the imperfections of Irving's book,¹⁸⁹ it was, at any rate, an achievement; he had woven out of printed narratives, and, in particular, out of Navarrete's volumes, a straightforward story of Columbus. Three-quarters, perhaps, of the book was compilation. Within Rich's library and in the other collections of Madrid he had used the familiar, conflicting accounts of the life and voyages; and always at his elbow had been the volumes of Navarrete. Yet upon his translations of these he had exerted his talent of polished writing, which Don Enrique Gil well described as that of a "skilful

colorer (*colorista*) of the great enterprise of Columbus."¹⁴⁰ This technique shaped the book, making it, after many rewritings, in spite of Irving's borrowings, uniquely his own in tone and manner. He had refined and embroidered the textures of the old historians. Sometimes he had heightened the spare incidents of the originals into dramatic episodes. Again, he had expended upon events and persons in the blunt narratives a profusion of adjectives. Or into the characters he had infused emotions,¹⁴¹ enveloping the whole story in his flowing, reposeful style. Or he had added observations of his own. Some of these concerned history; others were tepid judgments upon the moral principles underlying life; still others attempted to drive home the trite lessons which mortals should derive from such suffering and such grandeur of spirit. Irving's insertion of these philosophical tags approached a formula. Frequently they concluded a chapter; few of the major episodes lacked these appeals to the human heart.¹⁴² Extravagant chroniclers he softened, and drab historians he enlivened; and from all he extracted the humorous, the pathetic, the picturesque, blending their narratives into the mellow mood of respectable romance. Such was the *colorista* at work.

The fusion of so many different writers into evenness of tone is admirable, as is the history's structure. This consisted of eighteen books and one hundred and twenty-three short chapters,¹⁴³ each one of which had that unity which distinguished Irving's best writing. Indeed, it is evident that in this respect Irving followed his method of correlating essays, as in *Bracebridge Hall*. The book is long, and the story, whose limits are, strictly speaking, the birth and death of Columbus, is sometimes tedious because of repetition incident to the later voyages, when the explorers sail back and forth endlessly from one picayune island to another.¹⁴⁴ One notes, too, occasionally the incongruity of the romantic tone and the emphasis upon precise details from the documents. No book of Irving's recounts so minutely hundreds of small facts.¹⁴⁵ These, derived from multifarious sources, he carefully documented; and, as we begin, we seem to be reading the most meticulous of histories. Farther on, however, as we view the highly colored scenes of ancient Spain or of the New World, this ballast is insufficient for Irving's soaring fancy.

In particular, as we live with the personalities in these adventures, with Columbus or with Roldán,¹⁴⁶ a theatrical villain, we soon perceive ourselves to be once more in that realm beloved by Irving's nineteenth-century readers — the world of fifteenth-century mar-

vels, of romance and pageantry. The sea tempests, the wildernesses, the fertile plains form the background of this world. Against it move the treacherous Spaniard and the noble savage; the gracious Isabella and the high-minded Columbus. For Isabella, Irving might, with slight alterations, have used his sentimental picture of Mary, Queen of Scots,¹⁴⁷ or his other favorite queens. She is a "delicate female," this time upon the throne of Spain; and Columbus is a "man of sensibility," devoured often, like this type of hero, by melancholy. In spite of footnotes, Columbus takes on eventually the lineaments of a hero in the novels of Scott.¹⁴⁸ By the time of Columbus' death, Irving's idealization of him is complete. The portrait of the explorer is no more real than those of Boabdil of Granada or of the Irish patriot Emmet.

This idealization of scenes, episodes, and characters whose precise nature can never be known, is, indeed, the vice of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. Irving's sentiment over the sorrows of the navigator or over the duplicity of King Ferdinand is often ridiculous; so are his panoramas of verdant plains and seas white as milk.¹⁴⁹ Yet this suave, sentimental temper remains the chief virtue of the book. Even if, as Brougham said, contrasting it with Robertson's writing, the style is "ornamented and gaudy and meretricious,"¹⁵⁰ it possesses also, as Jeffrey repeated, a singular sweetness.¹⁵¹ As we watch on the bridge with Columbus, and behold the gleam of light that is land,¹⁵² as we share the miseries of the subjugated natives in the Royal Vega — notable chapters,¹⁵³ as we read the exciting short stories inlaid in this epic, such as those of Roldán and Guarionex,¹⁵⁴ or mourn with the navigator in his last, wretched hours,¹⁵⁵ it is easy to feel that, though this is not a narrative of the actual Columbus, it is, nevertheless, a beautiful story, gracefully told, drifting on and on, sometimes too languidly, but always smoothly, always with dignity. The poetic strain in Irving — the author, it must be remembered, of a sheaf of verses¹⁵⁶ — is never more apparent than in his chronicle of these dim and fateful voyages.

*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*¹⁵⁷ was done. The contract was signed, and Irving's twenty-one months' strain was ended. Murray, true to custom, was again enigmatic about his plans;¹⁵⁸ Irving did not know when the book was to appear, but this vagueness left him undisturbed. There could be no doubt that by mere content, the *Life of Columbus*, despite possible cavilings of historians, would enhance his reputation. And cash was assured. He could face the remainder of the year with a quiet spirit.

It was an omen of the happier time ahead that, almost immediately after the news of Murray's capitulation, David Wilkie¹⁵⁹ called upon him. He had arrived in Madrid to study Murillo and Velásquez. With him Irving now turned to the paintings in museums and churches.¹⁶⁰ His friendship with Dolgorouki deepened; with him, with Wilkie, and with his new friends the Stanhopes, he made excursions from the city to the Escorial,¹⁶¹ Toledo, and Aranjuez. The pilgrimage to the South was to take place in March of the next year. At last, he could play truant.¹⁶²

Now that he was free, Rich's library seemed no longer a prison cell. Characteristically, he even played with the idea of remaining and working in desultory fashion at the stories of Granada and of Roderick the Goth¹⁶³ which had diverted him from his history. He told Storror sheepishly :

You will see we are still lingering at Madrid, and you will think that I am spell bound here. In fact I have got plunged into another literary undertaking which grows upon me as I work, and obliges me to remain where I can have access to extensive Spanish libraries. I will tell you some thing about it as it matures, at present it is all in a rough state but I hope to shape it into form in the course of the winter.¹⁶⁴

This was, of course, the history of Granada. Had he been made of sterner stuff, he might have sent this book out to the publishers upon the heels of the *Columbus*, instead of bringing it to a hasty conclusion in the little town of Puerto de Santa María. But he had had enough. The fit of wandering was upon him, and he counted the days until he should see the enameled meadows of Andalusia. He had at least sunk his roots into Spanish history. He would stow these other manuscripts in his kit, and trust to luck that he might return to them in the South.

CHAPTER XIV

SEVILLE · THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA

1828

OF VERDICTS on *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* Irving was, of course, at the commencement of the year 1828, uninformed. He enjoyed a happy sense of accomplishment; his journey to the South was imminent; he planned to set out during the last week of February. Meanwhile, he toyed with his new manuscript, the *Granada*, and nearly every morning he walked to the Jesuits' College of San Isidro,¹ to read quietly in its collections of Spanish legends. For hours at a time he yielded to the spell of this venerable library; he confided his peace to Prince Dolgorouki:

You cannot think what a delight I feel in passing through its galleries filled with old parchment bound books. It is a perfect wilderness of curiosity to me. What a deep felt quiet luxury there is in delving into the rich ore of these old neglected volumes. How these hours of uninterrupted intellectual enjoyment, so tranquil and independent, repay one for the ennui and disappointment too often experienced in the intercourse of society; how they serve to bring back the feelings into a harmonious tone, after being jarred and put all out of tune by the collisions with the world.²

He loved to recapture this inveterate mood of "The Mutability of Literature";³ but "the collisions with the world" were now become tolerable, even pleasant. After each morning in the library, he became the cynosure of a small group of friends, among whom was gracious Madame d'Oubril. For her, Irving bore real affection; she forgave him his shyness and his bad French;⁴ in her home, though he still wrote to the Storrows of his loneliness, his spirits rose. D'Oubril himself, the French Minister, appears in the official dispatches as a finished diplomat;⁵ but in Irving's letters he is a benevolent background for a household of merry governesses, small sons and daughters, a charming niece, Antoinette Bolviller, and for

Dolgorouki, *attaché* to the Russian Legation. Madame d'Oubril rescued Irving ; put him at ease, and gave him, he said, his "happiest hours . . . in Madrid."⁶ As for Prince Dmitry Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, with his hesitant English, his unconquerable interest in painting, and his regard for the American — he now became a devoted comrade. Thirty-one years old, he was midway in a distinguished career, which had already included appointments at Constantinople and Rome and which was to confer upon him honors in his profession in London, The Hague, and Persia. A poet himself, he understood Irving's aims ; and he was to inspire his friend to further writing in both Granada and London.⁷

These two with David Wilkie now formed an inseparable trio. In England, another painter, Thomas Lawrence,⁸ was rejoicing that Wilkie had again fallen in with Irving, who would, Lawrence thought, be a guide for the Englishman, then newly acquainted with Spain. To Irving, Wilkie meant a hallowed revival of his early interest, nurtured by Allston, in painting.⁹ For Wilkie's eager spirit was now aflame from Spanish art, in these years comparatively unfamiliar to English painters. He, too, was intent on a pilgrimage to the South ; he meant to inspect every Murillo in Seville. "I would not," Irving wrote Dolgorouki, "give an hours conversation with Wilkie, about paintings, given in his earnest but precise and logical manner, for all the enthusiastic and rapturous declamations of the common run of amateurs and artists."¹⁰ Now in Madrid, and later in Seville, Wilkie stood amazed before the early Spanish masterpieces,

the many admirable paintings of the Spanish school, which had been executed before the time of Murillo, for there is an idea abroad that prior to his time the arts in Spain were but in an imperfect state. When he contemplated various noble productions, such as that of St. Thomas by Zurbaran¹¹ —, the exclamation would involuntarily escape him — "And this too they had before Murillo !" ¹²

The Irvings planned to make the journey together through Cordova, Granada, and Cádiz ; Wilkie was to join them in Seville. Meanwhile, one or two annoyances, threatening the project, had to be faced. Theodore Irving, an unstable nephew in search of a larger libertinage in Paris, appeared. In the end, Irving wrote Storrow some anxious letters, consigning this amiable wastrel to a quiet *pension*, and urging his friend to forward him, if necessary, to the Birmingham relatives.¹³ This done, another cloud arose, namely, Murray's insulting silence. Accidentally, Irving had seen a news-

paper advertisement of the *Columbus*, but from the publisher had received no word of explanation. "Why," complained Irving, "I know not."¹⁴ Disturbed, he had even written to London that he was "excessively hurt" by his exclusion from Murray's plans.¹⁵ It was vital, for publication meant money, and the news from the copper mines was not heartening. He began again to picture a lifetime of servitude to his pen.¹⁶ Nor could he secure comfort from either Newton or Aspinwall, who also were unaccountably mute.

Yet these worries he threw off. Murray had accepted the book; and its author was going to Granada. But he now suffered a real disappointment in the sudden defection of Peter. Susceptible, with his rheumatism and headaches, to overexcitement, Peter renounced the long journey to Andalusia.¹⁷ Irving's letters are full of regret. Peter was right; he ought not to accompany the younger pilgrims; but what were adventures without the faithful henchman Peter? He set off with Theodore Irving for Paris, and Irving took mournful leave of his other self, with many promises, on both sides, of an early reunion in Paris. As usual, however, Washington did not predict accurately; he was not to see the streets of Paris for eighteen months. On March 1, he left Madrid in the diligence for Cordova,¹⁸ accompanied by Gessler, the Russian consul general, Stoffregen, late Secretary of the Russian Legation, and Bautista Serrano de Écija, ex-bandit and guide.

On February 8, 1828,¹⁹ Murray had published in London the four volumes of the *Columbus*, but Irving neither knew nor cared. Across the plains of La Mancha he fared, thinking of Don Quixote but more of the absent Peter and of the biting cold weather. The diligences usually accomplished this trip to Cordova in three days, but such speed limited intervals of rest to five hours in each twenty-four, from seven in the evening until midnight. Gessler now tempered his fatigue by an inexhaustible sack of food and a colossal leathern bottle; Stoffregen, more fastidious, made matters worse by alternating laments at hardship and rhapsodies over the scenery. This was sublime, and Irving shared Stoffregen's mood, especially during their moonlit night in the Sierra Morena, and on the following dawn when they penetrated the savage pass of Despeñaperros. Not long afterwards, on March 3, Andalusian air bathed their tired nerves, and they rested among the vines and olive trees of Andújar.²⁰

At this town, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, they were separated from Cordova by only a short distance and by their last chance for what they professed to crave, a tussle with robbers.²¹

Concerning Cordova itself, where he lingered for several days, this future historian of the Moors was eloquent. The famous mosque elicited several pages in his notebook; he spoke also of an excursion four and a half miles distant, to the Convent of San Gerónimo, a relic whose fame is to-day sadly lessened. Yet he was near the consummation of his coming to Spain. What was Cordova? From the hills of San Gerónimo he looked off toward the city of his boyhood dreams: "The snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada lies like a brilliant cloud in the distance, marking the situation of Granada, the city of romantic history."²²

Granada was the goal, and toward it he pressed on horseback. It was a stiff road, with long days of tedious traveling. Indeed, Irving's realism in his description of the severe, struggling, eight-day journey from Madrid to Granada makes us tolerant of his apostrophes to the city as he neared it. He had worked hard for this reward; his rhetoric was sincere. Forgive him if he was moved as he crossed the ancient bridge of Pinos, where Moor and Christian fought, where Columbus, despairing, was happily overtaken by the envoy of Queen Isabella. Forgive him if he writes in this fashion:

Granada, *bellissima* Granada! . . . we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the vega. It was like the magic glow which poetry and romance have shed over this enchanting place.²³

Such passages suggest, perhaps, less Irving's innate sentiment than, if we recall his drudgery in Rich's library, relief and peace:

Good heavens! [he cried] after passing two years amidst the sunburnt wastes of Castile, to be let loose to rove at large over this fragrant and lovely land! what a fulness of pure and healthful pleasure gushes into the heart; and how do we look back with distaste upon the pale and artificial life of the city, and wonder how we could have condemned ourselves to its formal and frivolous routine!²⁴

Besides, apart from his very natural oblation to his dream city, his ten days in Granada became practical.²⁵ By diligence, horse, and mule he had dragged that unfinished manuscript from Rich's library to Granada. Here he would correct and rewrite it; here, and in the *posadas* of Málaga and Cádiz, in the fortress of Gibraltar, in the *haciendas* of Puerto de Santa María, and in English lodgings

in Seville. His letters to Mademoiselle Bolviller, composed in the Court of the Lions with ink diluted from its fountains, or his soliloquies in his notebooks on the processions and *fêtes* of Granada²⁶ are pointedly factual; he was again preparing to write.

So he examined carefully the stain near the fountain which memorialized the massacre of the Abencerrages; he studied the portals through which King Boabdil presumably entered; and he suborned a native of the palace to demonstrate how this gate had been walled up by the King.²⁷ "I found," he declared complacently, "this interesting anecdote in an old chronicle."²⁸ He traced patiently the route of Boabdil down the hillside, through the *vega*, to the small chapel of San Sebastián, formerly a mosque. Here he pored over its inscription recording the surrender to Ferdinand and Isabella. His "poor devil" cicerone, named Mateo Ximénez, he drained dry of legends, noting these down precisely—in particular, a Moorish tale of buried gold. He had now a firmer grasp on the locale of his history of the expulsion of the Moors, and this last anecdote he reserved for another manuscript, already begun, *The Alhambra*.²⁹ Not merely recreation and sentimental travel, but this plan for two books were now motivations of his tour. As he left Granada on March 20,³⁰ he looked back from Padul, as had the unfortunate Emperor, toward the vermilion towers. This place was *el Suspiro del Moro*, and Irving bent a credulous eye upon the print in the rock left by Boabdil's charger. Then, facing the naked ranges fringing the sea, he shared, he thought, the sorrows of the vanquished Moor.

The friends now hurried on through the mountains toward Cádiz. For these sterner hardships Irving was repaid as he watched unfold the endless ridges of the Alpujarras, "stern mountains of marble & granite, with here and there a little emerald valley locked in their iron embraces";³¹ as he looked down from some overhanging crag at the Mediterranean surf; or as, near Lanjarón,³² he faced the wild Andalusian rover, with his laced pantaloons, cartridge belt of crimson velvet, and long, Spanish knife in silvery sheath. How thrilling was all this to a true son of Walter Scott—these landscapes of savage, natural beauty, these incidents of peril!³³ This was, he thought, his rightful *milieu*—provided there was a snug inn for the night! He viewed it all through his varied, superficial culture, and, withdrawing from his voluble friends, he wrote of it in letter and notebook.

To such states of mind on this journey we owe the pigment in some of Irving's most effective writing in *The Conquest of Gra-*

nada ; for example, the accounts of the battles near Málaga.⁸⁴ In the abysses of the mountains he thought of Dante, and when the twisting road uncurtained some particularly vast landscape he recalled the canvases of Salvator Rosa. In fact, he beheld all these reaches of sky, mountain, and sea, and the very peasants, through the eyes of his artist friends. Each Andalusian deserved a portrait. He hastened to write his mentor, Wilkie :

I wish you could prevail upon yourself to pass the summer in Spain, and pursue the rich vein you have opened. The more I see of this country the more I see of rich subjects for the pencil. These southern people are much more characteristic and national than the people about Madrid, and I think when you see a little more of them, you will find your imagination teeming with new ideas for pictures. Had you been with us on our hardy and picturesque journey among the mountains you would have been continually delighted with the extraordinary scenes presented by this wild country and its equally wild inhabitants.⁸⁵

On March 28, after nine days' traveling,⁸⁶ he was in Málaga, which, Mackenzie remarked, with the engaging candor that made his books a scandal in Madrid, "now gives shelter to fifty thousand of the vilest people in all Spain."⁸⁷

Of Irving's opinion of the city we know little except that he listened sympathetically to G. G. Barrell, the American consul, who begged him to be delivered, through Irving's influence with Everett, from this infernal seaport.⁸⁸ On April 13 the three passed on toward Gibraltar, following a route preferred by the minority, namely, Irving, through the mountains of Ronda. Gessler, whose *fiancée* was awaiting him in Puerto de Santa María, and Stoffregen, who had growled amiably all the way from Granada, had held out for the more logical coast road, but the author was not to be denied ; his reasons may be deduced by reading Chapter XXX of *The Conquest of Granada*. Unfortunately, no record survives of Stoffregen's language under the drenching of a three days' rain at the end of the tour. To him at least, Gibraltar, five weeks and one day after the departure from Madrid, was grateful — Gibraltar with its British speech, British jollity, and its heaps of accumulated mail for the wanderers. Irving sat down contented, to read letters from Newton, Wilkie, and from Peter of the perpetual headaches.

Yet the fortress, with its five British regiments, was not, in 1828, a perfect retreat for an author with an incomplete manuscript. Its governor, Sir George Don, whom Irving dubbed accurately "a fine compound of the veteran soldier, the keen sportsman, and the

old English country gentleman,"⁴⁰ gave the Spaniards lessons in agriculture, and his subordinates precepts in discipline. The evenings were social. On the third of his five nights in Gibraltar, Irving attended a fancy-dress ball; the second, fourth, and fifth he described in his journal:

Dine at Mr. Spragues⁴⁰ . . . Jovial party. Get away ½ past twelve. . . . Dine with Stoffregen, Gessler & McCall⁴¹ at mess of the 23 Welsh Fusiliers . . . Jovial noisy dinner. Do not break up till near 1. . . . drink gin & water sing songs ec till 2 oclock in morning.⁴²

Even now the tradition lingers among the Spragues, who, like the McCalls, were Americans, that Irving stole away and wrote during this carnival. These compatriots made it clear that at Gibraltar, too, the famous American author Geoffrey Crayon was known; during the dinner they insisted on a speech from their guest. Alas! even in this friendly group he sought in vain for after-dinner wit; he rose, but "became so excited that a silver fork he held in his hand was pressed so forcibly against the table that it was bent and cracked."⁴³ The incident was prophetic of later and more public embarrassments. Irving was not born for the age of American banquets.

From this hearty life there was relief in the two days' journey to Cádiz through the countryside with its tangle of brilliant flowers. Irving passed San Roque and Algeciras; before him now lay the broad carpet of the Campiña de Tarifa. Finally, Cádiz, blue and white, shone in the distance. Dismissing their horses at Medina Sidonia, the travelers mounted a coach with four mules, and by evening were in the ancient city of Spanish liberalism, a characteristic by which the dreamer of the wars of Granada was unexcited until his study of Spanish politics in 1842. Yet he loved this city, beautiful Cádiz, "una taza de plata," on its sandy isthmus, with its white houses and narrow, quiet streets, slighted to-day by the debarking tourist. He rose early to wander through it; noted its famous walls, and thought it, despite his memories of other European cities, very fair. "Every dwelling," says Jacob, a traveler here in 1810, "is a separate castle, and capable of military defence."⁴⁴

Only a few years before Irving's visit, the French had marched through these streets; here, in 1823, the outrageous Ferdinand VII had been released; and now every citizen had memories of exile, of republican patriotism, and of the Cortes.⁴⁵ But Washington Irving was thinking rather of the fifteenth century, of the Duke of Cádiz during the wars of Granada, not of nineteenth-century Spain,

and not even of the seductive *Gaditana*, on whom the lively MacKenzie's eyes fell with interest.⁴⁶ He loitered on the old Alameda, but hardly saw the Plaza de San Antonio, then a combination of Exchange, Mall, and Parade. He witnessed a miserable play in the theater; and he talked long with Alexander Burton, the American consul, who spent his life, if one may judge from his correspondence, in adjusting disputes between irritated sea captains.⁴⁷ Irving had exhausted the past of Cádiz, and, some ninety miles from the ultimate goal of his journey, he was, he wrote Everett, "impatient to get to Seville."⁴⁸

Here he was to live for many months of his life, and here he was to remain, as in Granada, unforgotten. Apart from the Alhambra, Irving's strongest ties in Spain bound him to Seville. Here flourished his closest intimacies with Spanish writers. Yet he was to return to Cádiz, and it is more accurate to think of him from this time (April 12, 1828) until the date of his leaving Seville for his second stay in Granada (May 1, 1829), as living and traveling in the small triangle bounded by Seville, Huelva, Moguer, Palos, Cádiz, and Puerto de Santa María. Many times he was to cross this bay of Cádiz, and explore the city; and more than once he was to ascend the Guadalquivir to Seville.

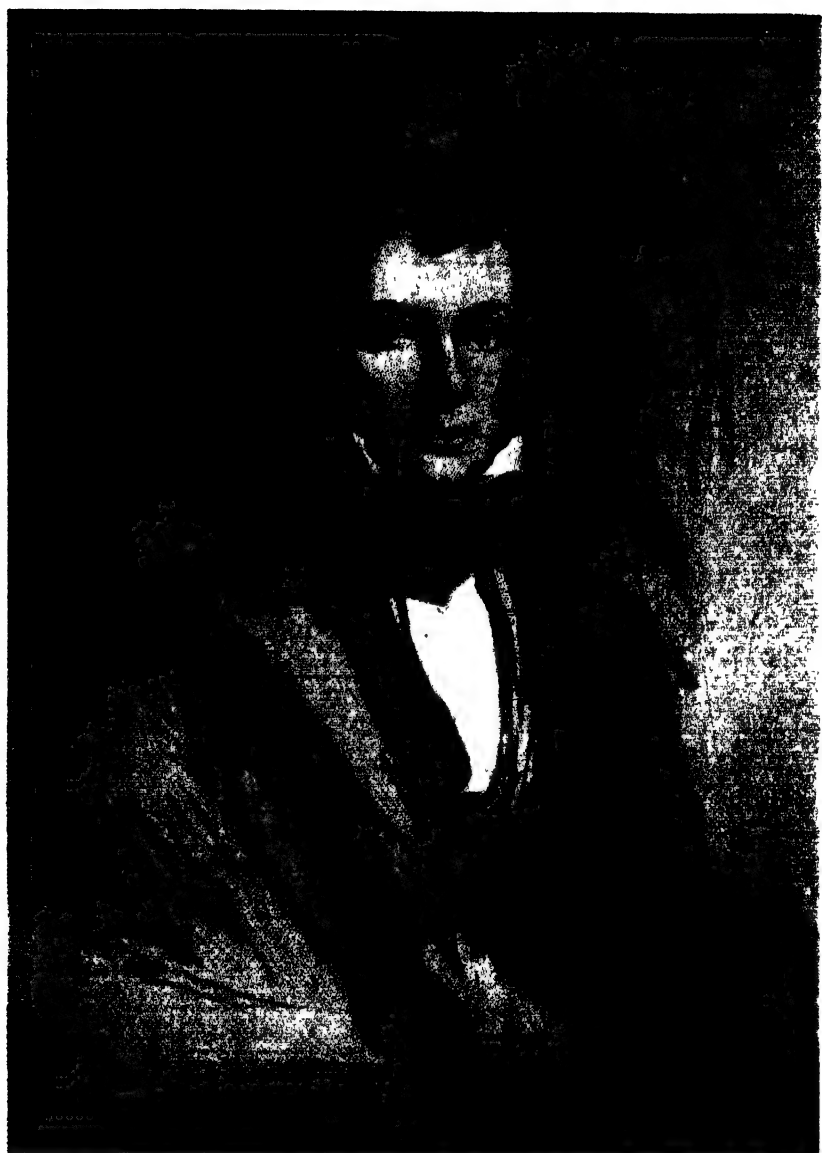
He did this now for the first time in a small river steamer, and in the evening he saw the Giralda lift itself above the city. All day long during the voyage he had meditated over his book, watching the blue clouds which were the distant mountains of Ronda, now, at last, real to him. But, once in the city, he hurried to the theater, and thence to Wilkie's lodgings. Fatigued and sunburned but in high spirits, he greeted the painter. Let there be a truce in the wars of Granada; instead, he would study with Wilkie the Murillos of Seville! They talked long of the D'Oubriils, of Dolgorouki, and of their happiness in being together on furlough, far from London and Madrid.⁴⁹

The Seville of 1828 was hardly a beautiful city.⁵⁰ Bearing traces of the glory of Ferdinand and Isabella, it was rather a city of Spain's splendid past. Still many years before its present awakening, in 1828 its few silk looms were almost the only relics of its lost industrial supremacy. Its gates were battered, its streets crooked; crime and squalor dominated sections of a population which still numbered less than one hundred thousand.⁵¹ At intervals rose proudly fragments of the walls ascribed to the era of the first Caesar. Exclusive of environs, the circumference of Seville was about a league; including them, about three and a half. Connected

with the city by a bridge of boats, a favorite resort of Irving's, lay the suburb of the Triana, with its thirteen thousand inhabitants.⁵² The tobacco factory, another of his retreats, marked an outskirts of the city.⁵³ Along the river's left bank grew the orange groves. It was all mildly picturesque, but to many a traveler Seville brought a sense of disappointment. This was a city of river and plain, not of snow-clad mountains.

Yet, at first sight unpersuasive in its flat, marshy background, Seville a century ago eventually conquered the visitor, as it always has, by the perfection of its separate wonders. The cathedral, then in the middle of the city ;⁵⁴ the Giralda, which Irving had described in the *Columbus* ;⁵⁵ the Patio de los Naranjos ; the adjacent Biblioteca Colombina ; the Casa Lonja ; these marvels Wilkie and Irving surveyed as we survey them to-day, silent before the achievements of Moor and Christian. The Ayuntamiento, not yet restored, looked down upon Seville's noblest square, the Plaza Mayor,⁵⁶ and, to suggest the permanence of some details, Wilkie and Irving could stand before the high altar in the Church of the Caridad and study Pedro Roldán's masterpiece, "The Deposition in the Tomb." It was, of course, a more primitive Seville, in its single theater, its short-lived periodicals, its pious hopes for illumination by gas-light.⁵⁷ Yet, after all, it was the same in its ineffaceable memorials of the Moors. Every traveler from the North so observed in his notebook ; Seville was, in 1828, Oriental. This mood was intrusive ; discernible in the veiled faces, the delicate ornaments, the brilliant apparel, in the life of the patios, about whose fountains thrummed the guitars. At every turn the friends marked this influence. Irving meant to capitalize it. He could stay, living on Murray's guineas, and, after this delightful Wilkie had departed, he would spend hours in the library, and weave all this into his manuscript. "The whole character of the place," he declared, "is peculiar, retaining a strong infusion of the old Moresco."⁵⁸

Just now, however, he belonged to Wilkie, who had only ten more days in Seville.⁵⁹ Together they devoured all the paintings in the city, and when, on the appointed day, the Englishman climbed into the diligence for Madrid, they were still unsated. They burst into church or convent, sometimes alone, sometimes under the guidance of Don Juan Wetherell, tanner and antiquarian, "inglés por nacimiento," says a Spanish contemporary, "sevillano por educación y afecto."⁶⁰ Or they ran to earth good-natured Julian Williams, described by Irving as "an English merchant settled in Seville who has great taste in painting."⁶¹ It was an understatement.



WASHINGTON IRVING, *act. 45*
After the drawing by David Wilkie, in Seville, 1828.

ment. Williams was priceless; Richard Ford considered him one of the few astute critics of Spanish painting.⁶² Him travelers such as Inglis⁶³ never failed to mention; this expatriate Englishman and his private gallery found their way into an obscure history of Seville:

This collection consists of about three hundred pictures, preserved with the greatest care and intelligence. They belong to the Spanish, Italian, and Flemish schools. Among the principal ones is found the portrait of Murillo painted by himself, a painting unparalleled throughout Spain, executed in his best manner, with the highest perfection and skill.⁶⁴

Yet the inspection of Williams' gallery was mere orientation for the pilgrims. No chapel, no monastery, hardly a canvas escaped them. Twice during the first week Irving gazed long in the *Caridad* at the "Noble painting of Moses Striking the rock. Opposite the miracle of the loaves & fishes."⁶⁵ Day by day Wilkie was teacher and Irving his aspiring pupil.

Culturally, this friendship was by no means the least profitable in Irving's career. Wilkie was resolved to refine the other's taste in color; in this he had given him his first lesson in Madrid. Irving had pointed out a gaudily dressed group of soldiers and women. "There, Wilkie," said the tyro, "there's something very fine." The painter shook his head. "Too costumy! too costumy!" he rejoined. "The fact was," reflected Irving, "he delighted more in the rich brown of old rags than he did in the bright colours of new lace and new cloth."⁶⁶ It was his first experience, too, of Wilkie's habit of blunt contradiction. Of such instruction and of Wilkie's regard he could not have enough; and he now received both in full measure. "Such a man, and such a friend," said the painter, "as Washington Irving."⁶⁷

Wilkie must once more paint his portrait. He had sketched him before, but now he took in the grace of his friend's happy face, and again, amid laughter, Irving sat for a painting by David Wilkie. The result is that face, indolent, yet intellectual, which looked out on these carefree days in old Seville, mocking the stuffy portraits and marble busts of the older Irving.⁶⁸ In another, informal, sketch Irving was "seated in a dusky chamber at a table looking over a folio volume which a monk who was standing by my side had just handed down to me. Wilkie thought the whole had a Rembrandt effect."⁶⁹ Lord Mahon, who had been with the pair in Madrid, could not forget this complementary friendship:

I saw two men of such great, yet such different genius, employed in the observance and delineation of that most beautiful and most inter-

esting country ; the one with a keen eye to discern, and a powerful pen to describe, all the traits of national manners ; the other ever and anon stopping amid some lonely landscape to consider how he might best transfer its beauties and its tints to his own as glowing but more permanent canvas.⁷⁰

Wilkie summed up the relationship : they could “sympathise in each other’s pursuits, and discourse in the same tongue about art and literature.”⁷¹

Even during Wilkie’s stay Irving had shut himself up for an occasional hour with his manuscript.⁷² After the painter had gone, his mind was again full of the wars of Granada and of a second edition of the *Columbus*.⁷³ Yet he did not become distraught, as in Rich’s library ; these spring days in Seville kept him tranquil. With indolent enjoyment he drank in the mood of the city and its countryside. “Depend upon it,” he wrote Dolgorouki, “a man does but half live within the dry walls of Madrid.”⁷⁴ He wandered in the gardens of the Alcázar ; he rested in the silence of the convents ;⁷⁵ and almost daily he paced slowly through the cathedral. Exactly a century later *El Noticiero Sevillano* published his meditations here :

Visit it in the evening, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows. Visit it at night, when its various chapels are partially lighted up, its immense aisles are dimly illuminated by their rows of silver lamps, and when mass is preparing amidst gleams of gold and clouds of incense at its high altar.⁷⁶

He ascended the Giralda, sometimes twice a day. Enchanted by every fresh scene, he rode to Itálica, to Mairena, with its “landscape trembling with heat of sun” ; to San Juan de Aznalfarache, with its “oranges, citrons, figs, dates, pomegranates, grapes, apricots, quinces,” where the “brilliant scarlet or fire coloured blossoms of the pomegranate contrasted with its dark green leaves” ; to more remote places outside the city, with, once more, his beloved “mountains of Ronda in the distance.”⁷⁷ Or if he was to devote the day to writing, he commenced it in this characteristic fashion :

20 minutes past 7 Oclock in the morning — On the old wooden bridge of Seville over the Guadalquivir — a fresh pleasant morning after a rainy night — clouds still hanging about the sky — bells ringing for matins a boat with an old latine sail on the river ford above the bridge three or four men in cloaks on the shore ready to embark in it — Man fishing close by the bridge.⁷⁸

His morning reverie done, Irving worked in the Biblioteca Colombina, using the books and manuscripts bequeathed to the cathedral chapter by Ferdinand Columbus in 1539. Here he revised, or toiled over the growing volumes of the *Granada*. Late in June, he encountered with excitement the *Tractatus de imagine mundi*, by Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, to-day a show piece. It bore marginal notes, apparently in the handwriting of Columbus, and was accompanied by a treatise, also composed by Columbus himself.⁷⁹ These he studied for his revisions, and then turned to that vast fishpond, the Archives of the Indies. But here, at the first cast, he struck a snag, a very Spanish snag. What authority had he for the requisition of these papers? He had left Madrid equipped with letters from Don Manuel González Salmón, the Minister of State, to the Capitán General of Granada, the Governor of Cádiz, and the Asistente of Seville.⁸⁰ But the last letter was inadequate for penetration into the Archives of the Indies. He must have the permission of a dignitary more important, namely, the King himself. Navarrete, of course, had studied these documents, but the American historian had published his first edition of the *Columbus* without entering this great library. No more suggestive illustration could be offered of the difference in scholarship between the two writers than Irving's comment that, after all, since Navarrete had published copies of these manuscripts in his third volume, to see them himself was not "a matter of much moment." "I believe," he said coolly, "I have already either ascertained or divined the substance of them."⁸¹

Again we are reminded of what might have been Irving's difficulties had there been no Obadiah Rich, no Navarrete, or had he himself been a historian of a firmer stamp. His indifferent request to Everett to secure the sanction of the King and Everett's letter of intervention in his behalf indicate the obstacles had he, not Navarrete, been the pioneer historian. There would indeed — a conclusion of the preceding chapter may be repeated — have been no *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. A thick folder of nine communications in English and Spanish, of requests, responses, and decrees, intimates what Irving's fate would have been had he insisted upon examining every Spanish document concerning the explorer. Everett wrote to the First Secretary of State:

Mr Washington Irving, for whom Your Excellency so kindly gave me letters of recommendation to the Captain General of Grenada and the distinguished Representatives of His Majesty in the southern provinces of the Peninsula, has lately published at London a valuable history of the life and voyages of Christopher Columbus. A second

edition of the work is in preparation ; and Mr Irving, who is now at Seville, understanding that there are several important documents in the archives of the Indies preserved in that City, which throw light upon the fortunes of the illustrious navigator who gave a new world to Castile and Leon, is desirous to consult them during his present visit. Upon applying to the Keeper of the Archives for this purpose he has been informed that they are shewn to such persons only as are furnished with a special permission from His Majesty, and he has in consequence requested me to endeavour to obtain for him the necessary Royal order.

I venture to hope that Your Excellency will feel no difficulty in using your powerful influence with His Majesty for this purpose. The remoteness of the period to which Mr Irving's researches are exclusively confined removes all danger of any such inconvenience as might result from opening to foreigners the public archives of recent date ; while on the other hand the interest of His Majesty seems likely to be promoted by giving the greatest possible publicity to every document connected with those celebrated expeditions which exalted to so wonderful a height the greatness and glory of the illustrious Spanish Monarchy. I feel much pleasure in adding that Mr Irving is well qualified by his acknowledged talents and singular discretion to make the best use of such a privilege ; and I feel no hesitation in assuring Your Excellency on my official responsibility that, should the permission he desires be granted, it shall not be abused or employed for any purpose other than the precise object for which it is requested.⁸²

The American Minister concluded this politic letter with another paragraph of official flattery. The favor was granted with Spanish promptitude, that is, after three months and a variety of other intercommunications. A few days prior to his departure from Seville, Irving was informed that permission had been given to inspect the manuscripts — which, by this time, he had nearly forgotten.

He now consorted chiefly with Williams and Wetherell ; Seville, like Madrid, knew little of him as an author. Yet such approaches to the throne and his constant presence in libraries had aroused comment ; he was pointed out as a bold American who had ventured to write a life of the great Genoese. Although the first Spanish translation of the *Columbus* did not appear until five years later, and although Murray's publication of the original passed unnoticed in Seville, Irving's occupation was now the subject of local gossip. "M. Washington Irving," said the Marquis of Custine, who was there a few years later,

recently made a stay in this city long enough to examine the various correspondences shut away in the galleries of La Lonja, and especially

that of Christopher Columbus, whose life he is now writing. He explored treasures, he ran through and copied the rarest letters; but always in the presence of a witness who received from Madrid the order not to lose sight for a second of the gifted traveler. The result of this work is awaited with impatience, even by the people of this country . . . even by the Spaniards! This curiosity is a victory achieved by the genius of a man over the apathy of a people.⁸³

Yet Irving himself discussed his projects with few Spaniards. By the time he was attending, in Seville, the *tertulias* of the Marchioness of Arco Hermoso in the Calle Jesús,⁸⁴ he had put away the *Columbus* for other literary interests. His friends, for the moment, were chiefly among the British residents. For, after a few weeks, he had moved from the Fonda de la Reina to the rendezvous of the English-speaking in Seville, Mrs. Stalker's,⁸⁵ a boarding house which Mackenzie described to Longfellow, and of which Irving recollected with amusement that here the entire company of lodgers was wont to join in "God Save the King." This was at Number 4 Plazuela de la Constitución,⁸⁶ in the Barrio de Santa Cruz, a stone's throw from the center of Irving's scholarly pursuits. In July, however, the heat grew intolerable, and with the *Granada* and the heavily interlineated *Columbus*, he fled to a small house outside Seville, Casa Cera. With him was a young Englishman in doubtful health, John Nalder Hall, who was absorbed in drawing and in recondite Arabic and Persian studies and who interrupted Irving's solitude only by an occasional evening walk. Here Irving worked fitfully, and by July 23 had reached in the *Granada* the end of "The Siege of Malaga."⁸⁷

Quiet still reigns over Casa Cera, this singular hermitage of Knickerbocker Irving. Here is the high wall, locked at sunset during Irving's stay, in fear of robbers. Here are the orange groves and the long avenue of trees, and, at evening, the hush over the *tabladilla*. Poor Hall, who had but a few months to live, strolled with Irving along the edge of this Spanish prairie, or with him rode the two kilometers to the familiar lodgings in Seville. Or they set their horses' heads in the direction of the towering Giralda, near which were the books for their labors. Sometimes the boarding house emptied itself upon the cottage, and Irving found his living room swarming with the Englishmen of Seville. These visits came on bright moonlit nights when the sea breezes swept up the Guadalquivir and over the nearer tributary, the Guadaira; but in the day he and Hall, as the air rose shimmering from the parched *tablada*, were alone.⁸⁸

By day or night, Irving liked Casa Cera's peace; its sultry stillness

soothed him. By the Hudson, the Avon, the Clyde, the Rhine, or now by the Guadalquivir, he was ever, even in his forty-sixth year, the same lover of nepenthe. Sometimes a temperate evening persuaded him to write until long after midnight or to ride in on horseback to the opera.⁸⁹ By July 12 he had reached the limit of his corrections in the *Columbus* until Everett should finish his labored correspondence with prime ministers and kings. Yet, for the most part, he dwelt in his own quiet thoughts, writing down his fancies for his friends in Madrid, the faithful Dolgorouki and Mademoiselle Antoinette. This lady listened to him sympathetically on favorite subjects: the emptiness of society, the balm of solitude. So he wrote her in the familiar strain, of the summer stars, of the tranquil plain, of the distant boom of the cathedral chimes.⁹⁰ The mood was chronic, and emphasizes once more, if we contrast him, say, with certain other American writers who would have regarded this stay at Casa Cera as a living death, the temperament of Washington Irving. "Those day dreams," he said rather humbly, "or conjurings of the imagination, to which I am a little given."⁹¹

Yet even Irving could not dream at Casa Cera forever. He had been in Seville for three months, a long time for a confirmed literary vagabond, now no longer under the whip of John Murray. He planned an excursion. Not far away, about fifty miles to the west, was another setting for his musings: Moguer, Huelva, Palos, places which might speak clearly to him of Columbus. Thither, then, he turned for romance and, as it proved, an appendix for the second edition of his history. A *calesa* bore him across a dreary plain to Moguer and its wretched *posada*, from which he could search out Don Juan Fernández de Pinzón, the descendant of the friend of Columbus.⁹² This venerable man and his brother were all hospitality; in the language of the country, their house was Irving's. On the second morning after his departure from Seville, the *calesa* took him and his puzzled guide, Don Juan, along the Tinto, with the bells of Huelva sounding in their ears, toward Palos. This proved to be a miserable hamlet on a naked beach, but Irving, deeply moved as, at last, he saw the white walls of La Rábida, paced the beach and in imagination beheld the mad Columbus sail. His eyes filled with tears. He must also see the convent where the explorer had begged water and bread for his child. At this folly the *calesero* broke down under the strain: "Hombre!" he cried, "es una ruina! No hay más que dos frailes!" Don Juan, smoking Irving's "segars," laughed, though hardly less amazed.

Finally, back in Moguer, this American pilgrim must sentiment-

talize over the church of Santa Clara, where all night Columbus had kept vigil. The *calesero* shrugged his Spanish shoulders and crossed himself in pity. When it was all over, even to the tombs and Moorish arches, the devotee drove thoughtfully back to Casa Cera, watching as ever the hazy mountains of Ronda.⁹³ Sentimentalist he was, but he felt that he had bound himself closer, through the Pinzóns, to his hero and to Spain itself. This was true. Years later a traveler heard a Pinzón say that

his family had always looked upon the room which Washington Irving occupied as sacred and that they had religiously preserved its furniture and furnishing just as it was when the great writer used it. He said that he learned English to read Irving in his native language. . . .⁹⁴

By such obscure links is Irving bound to Spanish recollections even to-day.

Seville and even Casa Cera were now oppressively hot. But the gracious permission of the gracious King had arrived, and Irving toiled manfully in the Archives of the Indies, making notes on documents, most of which, as he had expected, Navarrete had already assimilated. By August 24 he had finished his transcriptions, and on this day he and Hall decamped for the South. Wrapped in cloaks and a film of mosquitoes, they slept all night on the deck of the *Canario*, bound down the river for Cádiz. Their destination, however, was beyond, across the estuary — Puerto de Santa María. The little town, Irving hoped would be a cool and quiet haven in which to finish the *Granada*. This manuscript, begun, it will be remembered, in 1826, needed the final spurt of energy from its author for completion. Easier to write than the *Columbus*, its repetitious chronicle of wars was, Irving feared, taking on the enervation of his own mind. Finish it, he must.

Never had white Cádiz seemed so beautiful as now when Irving, weakened by the heat of Seville, saw it from the deck of the felucca which took him across the bay.⁹⁵ Yet *el Puerto* was lovelier. It lay opposite Cádiz where the Guadelete joined the harbor, the Portus Menesthei of the ancients, with its little sleepy plazas and its circle of hills commanding the ocean. Here, it would seem, a man might write without distraction, indifferent to *el Puerto's* tiny theater, warehouses, and *bodegas*. He could be a recluse, not consorting, in this town of some seventeen thousand inhabitants,⁹⁶ with the usual, if smaller, coterie of English. Fortunately, those agreeable Philistines Gessler and Burton were near, but not too near, across the

bay in Cádiz. Hall would avert utter loneliness, and even inspire him, by scholarly example, to work. The friends were in search of quiet, and, after a few days at a wretched inn, took possession of a tidy little countryseat, Cerrillo,⁹⁷ about a mile from the center of Puerto de Santa María. At their feet lay the village; beyond stretched Cádiz and a long expanse of sea and *salinas* and also, far away, Irving's idealized mountains of Ronda.

The desired quiet, however, was elusive. Though on August 31 Irving was able to send to Murray through Aspinwall the first installment of the *Granada*;⁹⁸ though he struggled with his appendix on the Pinzóns; he and Hall were frightened by a sudden epidemic of fever which broke out in Gibraltar and Cádiz. They would have fled ignominiously, but the river steamboats shared the alarm and could not leave port. Thus their only means of retreat was cut off,⁹⁹ and there was nothing to do but stay; or to move, which they did, to a more isolated house, Caracol, where Hall was to die¹⁰⁰ and where Irving was to complete the *Granada*. Of this refuge, only a few minutes walk from Cerrillo, Irving says little, but it is difficult to conceive of a more appropriate lair from which to attack Roderick the Goth or the armies of the Moors. Indeed, he could look down upon the very plain where Roderick met defeat. After his daily visits to his friends in the village, he entered the small Spanish gate, passed through the avenue, surrounded on both sides by olive groves, crossed the courtyard, with its ancient well, and in the balconies of the old house was alone, to write. Or, wearied, he could ensconce himself on the bricked, parapeted roof; he looked off, and, in comparison with what he saw, all other vistas in Puerto de Santa María paled. Far down beyond the town, asleep in the hot sunshine, lay the ribbon of isthmus and silver Cádiz.¹⁰¹

Irving's energy returned. He worked over the *Columbus*; he recopied parts of the *Granada*; and he even commenced a "Mexican Story."¹⁰² Simultaneously returned, also, his old uneasiness about Murray. He had opened negotiations with the publisher regarding the *Granada*, and also about an addendum, which he meant to call *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*. In Seville his soreness concerning Murray's silence had begotten in him resolutions which he could never keep; he would, he declared, have done with the fellow. "Mr Murray," he had told Aspinwall angrily,

has behaved so strangely towards me in the course of the publication of Columbus that I am at a loss how to consider him either as a friend or a man of business, and shall have to make some inquiries and obtain



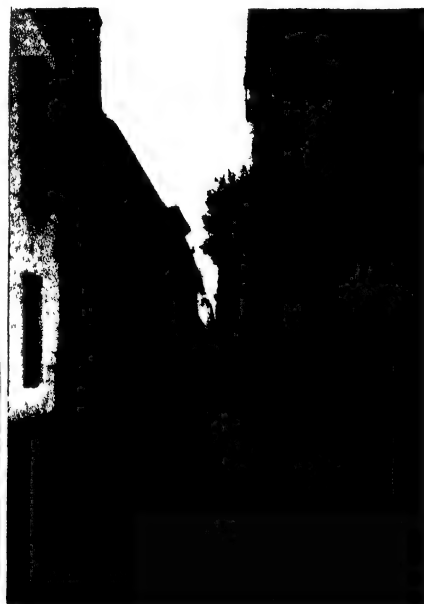
CARACOL AND VIEW OF PUERTO DE
SANTA MARIA



APPROACH TO CARACOL



CARACOL
Here Irving completed *The Conquest
of Granada*.



CALLE JESÚS, SEVILLE
Fernán Caballero lived at Number 8.

some explanations before I enter upon further dealings with him. I should exceedingly regret having to change my publisher, for I think it is to both our interests to keep on together, but I will never sacrifice my feelings or my self respect to considerations of mere interest.¹⁰⁸

About the publisher's profit from his writings he was mistaken, still nourishing his illusion that John Murray regularly invested gold from the books of Washington Irving. As for his protest of independence, that was premature. He was too far from London to bargain efficaciously with other publishers. It is not, then, astonishing that Irving committed his new manuscript to the old stand-by. Though he wrote, "I am thoroughly dissatisfied with him on account of the manner in which he has acted while publishing *Columbus*, never answering my letters nor giving me any information concerning the work, nor in short acting toward me either as a friend or a man of business,"¹⁰⁴ yet he added instantly that Aspinwall was to offer the work to Murray in preference to other booksellers, and later, when still no word of acceptance came, he urged Aspinwall not to bargain too sharply with the dictator.¹⁰⁵ Murray now wrote twice to Irving, possibly because of the cajolings of Wilkie, now in London; possibly out of repentance toward his ill-used author, who declared that Murray's silence had injured his reputation as a writer; but probably because he was in need of some illustrations for the *Columbus*, and because he was planning other literary catchpennies, in the creation of which Irving might prove useful. In any case, Irving was mollified, rather too easily. He was now convinced that Murray seemed disposed to make amends.¹⁰⁶

As a matter of fact, Murray wrote hurriedly, and his olive branches were not waved toward *The Conquest of Granada*. Far better than his author in Spain, he knew from his ledgers the value of the writings of Geoffrey Crayon. His kindness was based upon the hope of employing Irving in hack work. He would have liked a popular life of Cervantes, and he also offered a thousand pounds in exchange for the editorship of a monthly magazine. From this left-handed compliment, Irving enjoyed an illogical rise in spirits: "A publishers offers," he remarked, "are the sure guages by which an author can ascertain his stand with the public—They are beyond all criticism."¹⁰⁷

It was, in fact, a buoying hint, welcome to the self-distrustful, that someone would pay money for his services. Irving never seriously considered acceptance, and since he had refused Scott's similar invitation,¹⁰⁸ a fact known to Murray, it is conceivable that the latter made the offer merely as skillful flattery.¹⁰⁹ The interesting

aspect, however, of the incident is Irving's dependence upon Murray's whims. Even after the acceptance of *The Conquest of Granada*, "a croaking paragraph" from Albemarle Street could "knock [his] pen out of [his] hands for a day."¹¹⁰ For a person so aloof from all that Murray might say or do, Irving still betrayed a singular satisfaction at any sugarplum from the publisher. Aspinwall now proceeded to sell, if he could, *The Conquest of Granada* to John Murray. Irving had already dispatched the first part from Cádiz; the remainder followed late in October. To this book we should now turn, leaving Irving temporarily at Caracol.

It was a hybrid, this *Conquest of Granada*,¹¹¹ far too hastily written to rest upon a sound theory either of history or fiction. During his creation of its eight hundred pages, which describe almost as many battles, Irving had persuaded himself that he had invented, through his device of fictitious manuscripts¹¹² and Fray Antonio Agapida, a new type of historical writing. He hoped it might be regarded as a book in "an entertaining and popular form, without sacrificing the intrinsic truth of history . . . all being dressed up with an eye to the scenery of the country and the customs of the time." And, though he boasted that he had respected the chronology of the period and had consulted the literature of his subject, he felt that he had also thrown "over the whole a colouring that may give it some thing of the effect of a work of the imagination." To this virtue he kept returning in his defensive letters; the book's charm was its "romantic air," "coloured and tinted"; it was enhanced by "a little freedom of pencil in the coloring, grouping, &c."; it was—such was his metaphysical distinction—"an attempt, not at an historical romance, but a romantic history."¹¹³

And finally, in an interesting definition of his literary philosophy in these years, he explained his reasons for writing the *Granada*:

The Chronicle, I am aware, is something of an experiment,¹¹⁴ and all experiments in literature as in any thing else are doubtful. It is not however, like the Cid of Mr Southey, a mere translation of an old Spanish chronicle, and of course, addressed merely to the taste of those who are curious in old literature of the kind (of which I confess myself one) But I have made a work out of old chronicles, embellished, as well as I am able, by the imagination, and adapted to the romantic taste of the day—something that was to be between a history and a romance. It will take some months to ascertain its real success; for I shall not be discouraged if it meets with some rebuffs at first. I am not one of those who appeal from the decision of contemporaries to the decision of posterity; for every work must be

judged by the age for which it is written—but I know that many works, which are not of a mere light amusing kind, require several months, for the opinion of the quiet amateurs to work up to the surface. The intrinsic value of a work too is not always determined by the extent of its circulation; as mere transient works written to the taste of the day or on some popular theme often have a wide though short lived circulation. I have noticed what you repeat at Mr. Murray's suggestion, that I ought to write some light work in my old vein. I have some things sketched in a rough state, in that vein, but thought it best to hold them back until I had written a work or two of more weight, even though of less immediate popularity. A literary reputation, to hold well with the public, requires some *make weights* of the kind. Some massier materials, which form a foundation; the lighter works then become ornaments & embellishments. Depend upon it, had I continued to write works merely like the Sketchbook the public would have ceased to read them. One must persevere and be tedious at times, to get a name for wisdom with the multitude, that one's jokes may afterwards pass current.¹¹⁵

Such was the point of view shaping *The Conquest of Granada*—this straddle between history and Irving's natural medium of the sketch. It was a "*make weight*."

Well, if the multitude desired tedium, here it was. The opening chapters on the capture of Zahara and the woes of Alhama¹¹⁶ may still beguile us, but who can endure the monotony of these endless sallies, rescues, and combats? All battles are the same: a fortress on a rugged mountain; a siege by lombards; a breach in the walls; a foray; strife in the streets; ambushes; and triumphs over the slain. To watch once or even twice from the *atalayas* the ravaging of the *vega* is endurable, but one yawns and turns away long before the fiftieth devastation. The subjugation of Granada itself is an anticlimax after the captures of Ronda, Cordova, and a score of other Andalusian towns. Far too often the Moors "looked down upon these glistening cavaliers struggling and stumbling among the rocks." Far too frequently jingle the stock phrases, "vaunting trumpet and fluttering banner," "frowning battlements and massive towers," "the bray of trumpet, and the neigh of steed," the "sumptuous caparison."¹¹⁷ The reader succumbs long before the Moors, and before the end of the first volume. As for human beings, one must rest content with the "wily" Ferdinand, the "humane" Isabella, and Boabdil. All is empty pageantry.

In Irving's behalf, however, it should be said that through such conventional diction he hoped to reproduce the old chroniclers' standardized descriptions of these battles; they, too, had their

Homeric formulas, their phraseology of adventure and conflict. If the *Granada* is read with the lingo of such medieval story-tellers in mind, Irving may be credited with having caught a certain tone not unworthy of the originals.¹¹⁸ This purpose was responsible for his ecclesiastical puppet, the sagacious Fray Antonio, who comments garrulously and satirically on each event. He was, Irving says, "a model of the good old orthodox chroniclers, who recorded with such pious exultation the united triumphs of the cross and the sword."¹¹⁹ To this fellow we are to listen. His was to be the blame for the mingling of myth and fact; his the responsibility for retelling in identical language combat after combat. In brief, it was the old dodge; here was Diedrich Knickerbocker in a Spanish cowl.¹²⁰ No one, so Irving thought, could now echo the reviewers of the *Columbus* and assail him as a legitimate historian. So explained, the diction of the *Granada* becomes not less tedious but more comprehensible. The author of the book is Fray Antonio Agapida! If one of the old churchman chroniclers could revisit the upper air, so would he speak of the Spanish conquest!

Unfortunately, John Murray, less interested in such editorial gymnastics than in the selling power of Irving's name, had his own plans. For Irving's many aliases he entertained no affection. They were born of the author's deep-rooted fear of his critics, and Murray was right in thinking them pusillanimous. So the publisher retained the title-page of the manuscript, *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. From the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida*, but he added in bold capitals, without consulting his timorous author: "By Washington Irving."¹²¹ The latter was far from Albemarle Street; Murray would do as he pleased. But in Spain Irving shut himself up to write an angry letter:

I do not conceive that the purchase of the work gave you any right to make such an alteration. I put in the title page the name of Fray Antonio Agapida as author of the chronicle. You must have perceived that this was a *nom de guerre* to enable me to assume greater freedom & latitude in the execution of the work, and to mingle a tinge of romance and satire with the grave historical details. By inserting my name in the title page as the avowed author, you make me personally responsible for the verity of the facts and the soundness of the opinions of what was intended to be given as a romantic chronicle. I presume you have done this to avail yourself of whatever attractions my name might have in drawing immediate attention to the work; but this might have been effected in some other way, without meddling with the work itself.¹²²

Irving's introduction of the friar was, after all, a clumsy pose; he ought never to have been exhumed. A Diedrich Knickerbocker might serve, in *A History of New York*, a local audience and a provincial literature, but such a trick was dubious when used by a well-known writer on a subject of universal interest.¹²³ Eventually Irving was to wish that Fray Antonio had never been conceived, not because he himself was held responsible for the chronicler's opinions, but because many readers regarded every word in the two volumes as fiction. As late as 1843 Irving wrote of the historical narrative, which he had endeavored to keep accurate: "I am sorry that I put it into the mouth of Fray A. Agapida as many who were aware that such a personage had never existed treated the history as mostly imaginary."¹²⁴

The truth is that Fray Antonio commemorates ridiculously Irving's dread of criticism, and also his foolish desire to be acclaimed in a single book for the antithetical virtues of historian and storyteller. Had he written of the conquest after the manner of his *Columbus*, or had he, on the other hand, disavowed all connection with fact and romanticized without restraint, he would, in either case, have been on stable ground. His subterfuge defeated, in the end, both his aims. His distinction between historical romance and romantic history was too fine-spun; intelligent readers were confused and could make little of the *Granada*. Yet, one minor benefit of this inconclusive approach to a great subject was, strangely enough, the gossipy, humorous friar himself, a caricature done in Irving's best comic manner and less boring than any other character in the book — save one.

This character is Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada.¹²⁵ "El Chico," or "el Zogoybi," is hardly a profound study, but he belongs in that group of creations of Irving's, such as Rip Van Winkle, Ichabod Crane, or Squire Bracebridge, which evolved from genuine romantic feeling. To Boabdil, Irving had been attracted, as we have seen, during his days of reading on the banks of the Hudson; he had never forgotten this Moorish warrior.¹²⁶ In the Arsenal at Madrid he had mused over the king's armor; and in Granada he had stood long in the Generalife before his portrait, in which Boabdil was "represented with a mild, handsome face, a fair complexion, and yellow hair."¹²⁷ One may follow the growth of Irving's interest in this personage, in his retracing of Boabdil's route of escape from the Alhambra through the mountains to the sea. Boabdil, kindly, impulsive, was, his admirer thought, born out of his due time, lacking "force of soul"¹²⁸ to sustain him among

his brutal contemporaries. In contrast to them, his character assumed beauty. Throughout the two long volumes Boabdil is always present, arousing in Irving his usual mood of sentiment, and becoming a gentle, mysterious king, different, indeed, from the actual Boabdil, but redeeming the *Granada* from complete unreality and assuring it some contemporary fame.¹²⁹

Meanwhile, to return to Irving's life in the South, there had been growing up in Puerto de Santa María an interesting friendship; possibly the most causative during Irving's first stay in Spain. This was with Johann Nikolaus Böhl von Faber, the German scholar, now bound to a new fatherland by a Spanish wife, by business in Puerto de Santa María, and by his studies in the literature of his adopted country. This friendship was to continue through Irving's later sojourn in Seville, and to include Böhl's extraordinary daughter, Cecilia, afterwards known to the world of Spanish letters as the novelist "Fernán Caballero." One can hardly overemphasize the importance of these new bonds. They brought Irving into intimacy with Spanish authors and Spanish literature; they survived his return to America in 1832; and they confirmed his own ways of thought concerning Spanish themes. Chiefly because of Böhl and Cecilia he wisely yielded for a time to Spanish influences upon his work, and temporarily gave up English society in Spain. Of all Irving's Spanish friends, Moratín, the Duke of Gor, Argüelles, or even the peasant Mateo Ximénez, these two intellectuals most deeply affected his writing. It is demonstrable, also, that Irving himself, by his kindred interests, influenced the early compositions of Fernán Caballero.

Böhl von Faber in 1828 was not merely the manager in Puerto de Santa María of the wine company of William Duff Gordon. He was known as a man of letters in Germany and in southern Spain, where he had settled after attempting vainly to persuade his wife, Doña Francisca Larrea, to exile herself with him in Görslow.¹³⁰ Thanks to this lady, then, Böhl not only increased perceptibly the export to England and America of superior sherry, of which Irving obtained his full share, but he contributed to Spanish literature, after intensive study, his *Floresta de rimas antiguas castellanas*, a book which Irving now borrowed from him and read. Böhl also published a capable monograph upon the Spanish drama;¹³¹ the German thus helped to sustain an interest which Irving had never abandoned since he had first turned to it in 1825.¹³²

The German was an original, forceful personality; he possessed a fine library and also deep learning.¹³³ In 1828 he was living in



JOHANN NIKOLAUS BÖHL VON FABER, WITH A COPY OF HIS
Rimas antiguas castellanas.

Puerto de Santa María, but he was also a notable in Cádiz, known as "Don Juanito"; at his home were held, after his return from Germany in 1813, salons and *tertulias* for the brilliant refugee society of the city. Over gatherings which included at various times such persons as Quintana, Argüelles, Gallego, Toreno, Martínez de la Rosa, and Ángel de Saavedra,¹⁸⁴ he exercised a genial, stimulating influence. Such meetings were dominated by his wife, who was in certain particulars more talented than himself. She was, says Alcalá Galiano, "literata y patriota acérrima."¹⁸⁵ In their literary character, these *tertulias* were tinged with a conservative romanticism. Böhl was saturated in the æsthetics of Germany, and Doña Francisca Larrea, a Catholic, undertook the task, says a Spanish critic, of restoring old traditions in three aspects, religious, political, and literary.¹⁸⁶

All this was prior to Irving's first visit to Cádiz, but now the battle still waged which Böhl had fought in behalf of romanticism in the journals of Cádiz from 1814 to 1820 and from 1822 to 1833. As late as November 30, 1828, *El Diario Mercantil* declared of Shakespeare: "Y a pesar de Boileau brilla en la escena."¹⁸⁷ In such atmosphere, Irving with his romantic predilections, would breathe easily; he could sympathize readily with Böhl's point of view. In Böhl's household he could warm himself at the afterglow, if not the early quickening fire, of this thoughtful, cultivated family. He may possibly have been introduced to Böhl during the two days in Cádiz in April, for in Seville on July 9 he had received an invitation to be his guest in Puerto de Santa María.¹⁸⁸ One reason for his selection of the little town as a retreat was probably Böhl's presence, for Irving called almost immediately upon arrival. His precise hopes in respect to Böhl are unknown, but we may conjecture that, with the manuscript of *The Conquest of Granada* in his valise, he meant to sample Böhl's antiquarianism.

The acquaintance strengthened into comradeship. From Irving's arrival at Puerto de Santa María on August 24 until his departure on November 2, the two students of Spain's past were together constantly. On August 26, Böhl returned Irving's call; on that day they dined together, and on the next they walked out to Böhl's countryseat; from this association resulted Irving's occupancy of Cerrillo. Their visits during the autumn indicate a community of interest, and the interchange of letters until 1833, proves its endurance.¹⁸⁹ Doña Francisca Larrea, in a humbler rôle than that of the directress of the Cádiz *tertulias*, evidently aided in the house-keeping establishment at Caracol;¹⁴⁰ and it was Böhl who, after

Irving's exit, managed the funeral of the unfortunate Hall, giving Irving an additional pang in respect to this tragedy, that in coming to Puerto de Santa María, he had been indirectly the cause of some distress to Böhl.¹⁴¹ The latter never forgot Irving's passion for Spanish subjects, and wrote him five years later, in praise of *The Alhambra*.¹⁴² They shared that other interest, too, to which Irving in Spain was never insensible, that of the wine-making of these southern towns. His last letter to Böhl included an order for "two *half butts*, or whatever else you may call them each of about 50 gallons, of the VERY BEST brown sherry."¹⁴³

Yet their chat in 1828 was not limited to sherry. What common enthusiasms bound the German celebrant of old Spanish poetry to the American historian of Granada? Obviously, this same chivalrous past, which had weaned them from their own literatures. Books, always books; the surviving allusion of Böhl to Irving is concerned with old books.¹⁴⁴ In Irving's farewell letter to Böhl, the loan of volumes from his library is a source of gratitude. He had at this time ten of Böhl's books, totaling many volumes, of which four were probably instrumental in the completion of the *Granada*.¹⁴⁵ At Cerrillo, at Caracol, and on their walks over the hills, they must have discussed the bodies of legend behind Irving's history and Böhl's anthology. Another topic was, of course, the Spanish drama, for the following, written to Böhl after Irving's return to Seville, evidently continued such talk:

Do you ever see a new literary paper published at Madrid entitled "El Correo Literario y Mercantil"? ¹⁴⁶ I observe the critics who write for it consider the late dramatic writer Moratin as superior to Calderon, Lope de Vega and all the old school. How little do these degenerate Spaniards know of what they ought to be proud of. When I see them tamely bending the neck to the yoke of french dramatic rule, I despair of ever beholding a renewal of the antient literary glory of Spain.¹⁴⁷

It was an advantage to be able to speak frankly to this other student of Spanish literature, who viewed it, as did Irving, from the point of view of a different civilization. He and Böhl, like Bouterwek, Ticknor, Prescott, and others, were destined to interpret that past which seemed to inspire in modern Spanish writers only a proud silence. Irving found thoughtful Spaniards

singularly capricious and touchy on this subject. They turn their backs upon their old writers and then are piqued when they find strangers appreciate them more than they do themselves. They are

like some husbands who neglect their wives but are ready to draw their swords the moment they detect a stranger ogling them.¹⁴⁸

Böhl would understand this. He was a scholar and antiquarian; he had done valiant battle against the prevailing servile imitation of everything French.¹⁴⁹ His intellectual face looks out rather severely above his ruff, in the old family portrait. More kindly is the face of his daughter; ¹⁵⁰ she was eloquent, warm-spirited, vivacious, and adrift in a current of literature more realistic than Böhl's, and more human, more closely linked with the modes of her generation. Irving, meeting her on his return to Seville in November, was, like the rest of the city, captivated. Cecilia Böhl von Faber was seventeen years old when her father returned in 1813 from his eight years' stay in Germany.¹⁵¹ She was his daughter, indeed, in her cultivation and charm, in her love of reading, and in her promise of richer talents than his own.

Less solitary, Cecilia had a marked capacity for literary friendships, and after her second marriage, in 1822, to the Marquis of Arco Hermoso, her home in Seville became the nucleus of an intellectual group. "After the couple had moved," writes Asensio, "to Seville, the home of the Marquis and Marchioness of Arco Hermoso became in a short time the gathering place of the most select society of that cultured city, the queen of the Guadalquivir."¹⁵² To the wit and mirth of these *tertulias* Baron Taylor bears further witness, as does Antoine de Latour,¹⁵³ Cecilia's friend; and the learned Don Joaquín Francisco Pacheco recalls quaintly the assemblies in which Irving was a participant:

I was a humble student at the university of Seville, engaged in leafing through the *Digest* and the *Novísima Recopilación*,¹⁵⁴ when he [Fernán Caballero] — who then was not *he* [but *she*] — was gracing the most distinguished social circles with his person. I was not on intimate terms with him — in fact, I do not think I ever spoke to him at that time. I admired him, as did everyone who saw him, for God has willed that in every sphere (of society) the beautiful and charming shall be admired; but neither I, nor anyone else, nor, probably, he himself, guessed then that one day we should admire him in the way and for the reasons that we do now.¹⁵⁵

Fernán Caballero at thirty-two, with her long career as a writer of fiction before her, was still unaware of her powers.¹⁵⁶ Böhl von Faber belonged to the older generation of writers; his daughter was to enjoy her reputation after 1850, when Irving's own sun was sinking. At the moment he stood, this American, midway between

the two, influenced by the father, giving counsel to the daughter. Yet in the first stages of their friendship it was he who received help from her. His first interview with the Marchioness, probably arranged by Böhl, was in December. Possibly the imaginative version of a Peruvian is not too far from the truth.¹⁵⁷ After a description of Fernán Caballero's salon, this writer enumerates her visitors, among them the Duke of Guise and Baron Taylor. She adds :

The most honorable Mr. Everett, Minister of the United States. The diplomat, with another gentleman, approached Cecilia's chair, who, smiling, extended her hand ; Mr. Everett kissed it, and beckoning to his companion, who bowed his thoughtful head, said : " Marquesa, Don Washington Irving." ¹⁵⁸

The amenities we may pass over ; Irving records that he made " a long visit." Their conversation was of native Spanish customs. They exchanged ideas on those peculiar traits of Spaniards which had been Irving's obsession since he had ridden horseback from Cordova to Granada, of which he had written to Wilkie, and which were to be an essential part in his last significant Spanish book, *The Alhambra*. From the country folk on her estate, in the neighboring village of Dos Hermanas, the Marchioness had gathered sheaves of anecdotes ; these she poured out while Irving listened, rapt. He would, he assured Böhl, visit this hamlet. Twice in his journal he referred to this new material ; and on January 1, 1829, he wrote out all that he could remember of the Marchioness' folklore.¹⁵⁹ Yet we must let his own words to Böhl tell the story of these meetings:

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I had made the acquaintance of your daughter the Marchioness of Arco Hermoso. I was extremely struck with her strong resemblance to you, not merely in her countenance, but in the strength and vivacity of her feelings, in her mode of expressing herself, and in the apparent turn of her mind. . . . The Marchioness, I understand, has had the goodness to write out some little anecdotes she told me of the Spanish peasantry, their opinions and mode of life. She related them with wonderful spirits and discrimination, and *in fact* her conversation made such an impression on me that I noted down as much of the substance and point of it as I could recollect. I do not know when I have been more delighted with the conversation of any one, it was so full of *original* matter, the result of thinking, and feeling, as well as observing.¹⁶⁰

The details of this intimacy, which influenced *The Alhambra*, lay buried for more than a century in Böhl's library, in Irving's letters recording his enthusiasm for Cecilia. These offer, in spite of their florid diction, a memorable picture of Fernán Caballero at the



CECILIA BOHL VON FABER ("FERNÁN CABALLERO")

beginning of her career and during her friendship with Irving. He praised her "warmth and purity of heart" and her "unworldly spirit, rarely met with in one who has mingled so much with the world. The Marchioness delights me continually, the freshness and vivacity of her feeling and the zeal with which she expresses them, on all subjects in which she takes a real interest."¹⁶¹ One of these subjects was the nature of poetry, on which Irving, suckled in the school of Campbell and Moore, was always ready to offer the elegant and vapid theories of his sentimental cult. One may recall his distrust of Wordsworth and his devotion to Byron, whom he now apparently quoted to Cecilia Böhl. On poetry they were in agreement. She showed Irving, securing his instant approval, a letter of her mother's

in reply to a letter she had received from a gentleman containing all the rules for the construction of an ode. I think her reply worth all the rules and maxims that were ever laid down for the encouragement of mechanical rhymers and I think with her that the grand law of poetical composition is that it must be written from the heart and to the heart. . . . This was the secret of Lord Byron's power over his readers.¹⁶²

Cecilia, too, loved the famous romantic; it was another link in the friendship; the kinship between the Spanish novelist and the American essayist was founded upon an essentially similar attitude toward life and literature, conveyed to each other in Spanish and German — for Cecilia knew no English. Five years later, when still writing "sketches of Spanish society and manners" and depicting "the higher society of Seville," she recalled these debates, and insisted that Böhl translate to her every word of Irving's latest letter.¹⁶³ She was grateful, apparently, for his assistance during her apprenticeship — a story which must be reconstructed from obscure references, for Irving himself was unostentatious about such literary benefactions, as in his favors to Poe and Longfellow.¹⁶⁴

Since the 'fifties has recurred the rumor that Fernán Caballero's *La familia de Alameda* was given to the world because of the sanction of Washington Irving. This anecdote is told in Cañete's prologue to another of her novels and in various other accounts of Fernán Caballero.¹⁶⁵ The most authoritative version in English of this practical side of the friendship may be found in the *Edinburgh Review* :

The first work of Fernán Caballero, in manuscript, was the "Familia de Alameda." The authoress first heard the story among the olive-

trees on the ground where the events happened. So unpromising did the attempt seem to describe Spanish scenes in Spanish language, that Fernán Caballero, although much impressed with the tale, at first wrote it in German. She then re-wrote it in Spanish, and showed the manuscript to Washington Irving, who encouraged the writer to proceed.¹⁶⁶

It is an example of an unusual, if slight, influence exerted by an American man of letters. The story is true, for it originated with Cecilia's intimate friend Antoine de Latour,¹⁶⁷ who invariably forwarded his articles to her for her approval; and this statement she let stand. It was, also, well known that in about 1828 Cecilia was at work on a manuscript which she circulated among friends in Seville. "The first I heard of her writings," said C. S. Campbell, English consul at Puerto de Santa María, "was many years ago, I think in the lifetime of her second husband. I recollect her then writing a novel, but which was not printed or published, and was handed about in manuscript to be read by her friends."¹⁶⁸

Yet, the final proof that Irving inspected an early manuscript is contained in a letter to Böhl in which he testified:

I have lately had the pleasure of reading the manuscript of the Marchioness of Arco Hermoso; although written in so small a hand, I was so much interested with it that I hurried through it in the course of a night and a day. I have since re-read parts of it more quietly and leisurely. It contains a great variety of very interesting and characteristic sketches and observations, thrown off with great freedom and spirit.¹⁶⁹

Irving mentions no title, but it is now certain that Fernán Caballero's *La familia de Alvarada* was submitted to Irving's critical judgment. More than this, he had in his possession in New York five years later, a manuscript of hers, to which he planned to give careful study.¹⁷⁰ After two years in the conventional society of English and Americans in Madrid, he had at last penetrated beneath the surface of Spanish literature.

The *tertulias* and the long talks in the Calle Jesús had rendered Seville more attractive than ever. Irving was dining out with agreeable frequency and enjoying the opera when he suddenly received a disturbing letter from Peter. Some one in America was about to publish an unauthorized abridgment of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. "Gibbon," wrote the worshipful brother, unintentionally humorous, "abridged his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; Goldsmith abridged his Histories of Rome and

Greece. . . .”¹⁷¹ Why not, such was the inference, Washington Irving his *Columbus*? He himself had indeed thought of such a condensation — but had delayed. Now, however, he must do it, or not at all; this pirate had forced his hand. Angrily he sat down to mutilate his book, to extract “the pith and the marrow,” as he told Murray, “of the larger work.”¹⁷² He sent a notice of his intention to the *New York American*,¹⁷³ and on December 20 he announced to Aspinwall the completion of his task; it would total about four hundred and forty pages similar to those of Maria Callcott’s *History of Spain*.¹⁷⁴

It was depressing to discover how readily the four tomes lent themselves to curtailment; they had been, after all, a masterpiece of tautology. The abridgment which defeated the poacher was translated into many languages, and Irving’s skill in reducing it to a single volume somehow supported Murray’s judgment of him, that his forte was the short, popular book. On December 27, he heard the fate of his other hack work — it was hardly more; Murray had accepted, without excitement, *The Conquest of Granada*, promising two thousand guineas at “long dates.”¹⁷⁵ Irving already knew, prior to the judgment of the world, that the book was inferior; his writing seemed to be a continual compromise of high hopes. Three years of Spain were done, but his two books mocked his dream of the first months in Rich’s library. His last entry for the year 1828 in his journal is not without pathos, his humble expression of a universal longing of mankind, that he might not wholly die. He would pin his faith to that first version of the story of Columbus. Let me try to believe, he seemed to say, “that I have executed something which may have greater duration than I anticipate for my works of mere imagination.”¹⁷⁶

On January 3 he might have interpreted an unusual letter from Madrid as an answer to his prayer. At least his reputation in Spain was solidifying.¹⁷⁷ A communication from Don Diego Clemencín, Secretary of the Real Academia de la Historia, announced his election as corresponding member of this learned society. During the first weeks in December, while he had been toiling with the abridgment or idling at *Otello* or *Il Crociato*, his name had been on the table before this assembly: “Sr. M. Washington Irving, author of the Life of Christopher Columbus, written in English and translated and published lately in French by Mr. de Franconfret.”¹⁷⁸ What was said in the council chamber? Was he the butt of that national jealousy of which he had complained to Böhl? Unfortunately, the minutes of the society do not record debate. A week

later, however, the judges "proceeded to the secret voting on the Sr. M. Washington Irving, proposed for corresponding membership by the Sr. Director, and he was unanimously elected."¹⁷⁹

Toward this earnest of fame Irving felt variously surprise, pleasure, curiosity.¹⁸⁰ He had seen, of course, the society's library in the Plaza Mayor; he knew that its policy encouraged scholarly books on Spain's history.¹⁸¹ His good fortune was at any rate a flattering contradiction of Murray's opinion of him. Prescott coveted, above all honors of this kind, such an election.¹⁸² Ticknor had been chosen in 1818; Irving was the second American to receive the honor. Yet he felt a natural wonder at the distinction. No Spanish translation of the *Columbus* yet existed; he was to most members of the society a mere acquaintance. Who had been the friend at court? This he demanded of Dolgorouki, who had forwarded to him his diploma. It was, of course, as the minutes show, Navarrete, the benefactor of American scholars; noble Navarrete, unaffected by rumors concerning rivalry between himself and Irving; Navarrete, who continued to aid Ticknor, Prescott, and this writer who had done him scant justice.¹⁸³

On January 8, Irving sent to the society an acceptance in his most grandiose Spanish,¹⁸⁴ which was promptly outdone by the Castilian of the recording secretary. On the whole, though now forgotten, the election was a lucky hit, conferring on Irving in Spain a kind of intellectual dignity which was to serve him well in 1842. As translations of the *Columbus* appeared,¹⁸⁵ it was known that the original in English was the creation of a member of the Real Academia de la Historia; and in 1832 the *Memorias* remarked that

Señor Wasingthon Irving, secretary of the United States legation at the court of London, a writer who is much interested in our history, and who during his stay in Spain examined her antiquities and monuments with a zeal worthy of imitation by the Spaniards themselves, has sent us his works on the *Life of Christopher Columbus* and on the *History of the Conquest of Granada*, in which, making use of the light shed by the manuscripts published in the collection of Señor Navarrete and of the results of his own investigations, he has given beauty, by the embellishments of an elegant and enchanting style, to subjects already beautiful in themselves.¹⁸⁶

To such recognition Irving could not be insensible any more than to his elections to numerous societies in America.¹⁸⁷ Spain was returning his regard,¹⁸⁸ and he was grateful, but one wonders whether he did not prize more than these official honors other,

humbler, tokens of her intimacy, such as his later comradeship in the Alhambra with the ragged peasant Mateo Ximénez.¹⁸⁹

To this Alhambra he would return. There now appeared in his life at Seville the unmistakable omens of further wanderings. He was bewildered by his collection of notes, a trunk full of miscellaneous data discarded from his two Spanish books.¹⁹⁰ In the libraries of Madrid and Seville and in his circuit through Cordova, Granada, Málaga, Cádiz, and Puerto de Santa María, he had swept together a thousand fragments of history, legend, anecdote. He was anxious about the reception of *The Conquest of Granada*, a weak book; he was tired of excursions in the environs of Seville, from which his favorite cronies had now fled; but, most of all, there was this trunk, this nest of documents. On March 3 he had finished the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, in spite of the edict of the librarian of the Archives of the Indies that the benign permission of the King did not apply to the papers which this book required.¹⁹¹ Yet the trunk contained his literary problems; in it were notes on the life of Mahomet,¹⁹² translations, which later appeared as "Legends of the Conquest of Spain,"¹⁹³ documents for a life of Cervantes, and also portraits of Columbus¹⁹⁴ demanding verification. It was all too confused; a fit of dismay overtook him; he was "out of order," he was "incapable of workg."¹⁹⁵ Finally, from all his papers, he sifted out two for immediate attention, a legend of Don Roderick, and the skeleton outline of *The Alhambra*.

The former he soon abandoned. He loved the old story,¹⁹⁶ and from the roof of Caracol he had looked down on the plain where Roderick met defeat; in imagination he had seen it swarming with barbaric hosts. He struggled now with this tale, but in the *Granada* he had spun himself out in his rhetoric of sally, foray, and tourney. In spite of every effort, the wretched legend remained thin: "I feel," he said, "how a thing ought to be done and how I can render it effective, and if I go counter to this feeling I am likely to come off lamely."¹⁹⁷ He added: "I . . . have written a few of the early chapters of Don Roderick, but feebly and unsatisfactorily."¹⁹⁸ The truth was, he knew that the tale had already been told for good and all by Southey¹⁹⁹ and Scott. In vain did he try, with, surreptitiously, a copy of Southey's poem beside him, to enliven his halting narrative. He could not make it better than the childish piece he had just sent to London for Cunningham's annual.²⁰⁰ Don Roderick remained a phantom.

The other work was different. For he had begun *The Alhambra*

some months before his solitude in the palace, where, contrary to the oft-repeated assertions, he wrote only parts of this, his most enduring book on Spain. Several of the stories he completed or had well under way before his second visit to Granada, in 1829. In fact, few current statements concerning Irving need more qualification than the inscription outside his rooms near the Court of Lindaraxa :

WASHINGTON IRVING
 ESCRIBIO EN ESTAS HABITACIONES SUS
 CUENTOS DE LA ALHAMBRA
 EN EL AÑO DE 1829

The first two tales he had commenced in Madrid, adding to these in Granada in 1828 ;²⁰¹ the last important additions and revisions he made in London, finally sending the book to press in New York. By January 10, 1829, in Seville, he had evidently fixed upon the general plan for his book, for he spoke of writing "a little at the tales of the Alhambra";²⁰² the two versions which he finished during this month were the "Story of Enchanted Soldier" and the "Legend of Tower of the Infanta."²⁰³ He had returned to his old accustomed form of the sketch.

Obviously his restlessness meant travel, and the new manuscript would direct that travel toward Granada. He had moods of homesickness for America ;²⁰⁴ he had vague thoughts of visiting Morocco ;²⁰⁵ and some long letters from Wilkie, gossiping about his paintings,²⁰⁶ tempted him to return to England. At the same time, Andrew Jackson's havoc among his friends' diplomatic appointments abroad²⁰⁷ brought to mind that other, vulgar, America, for which he was not at all homesick ; the Austrian fleet blockaded Tangier ; and England — well, England was always available. He felt somehow that the Spanish adventure was still unfinished. Granada ! Granada ! Should he go there, alone ? It was then that precious news reached him ; Dolgorouki was in the diligence bound for Seville, all eagerness for a holiday with him, in Granada, God willing ! Vanish at once the thoughts of other journeys ! It should be Granada with Dolgorouki.

I am [he wrote to his friend] quite overjoyed at the prospect of soon meeting with you. I shall certainly remain in Seville until you come, and shall feel a new delight in revisiting with you all the lions of this place. I feel so attached to Spain that the thoughts of soon leaving it are extremely painful to me.²⁰⁸

Dolgorouki came. Together he and Irving walked through the city streets by night ; they hung about the cathedral ; they stood

before the painting of Saint Thomas.²⁰⁹ And on April 29 a jubilant letter went northward to Peter: "The day after to-morrow I set off on horseback with Prince Dolgorouki for Granada, where I mean to indulge myself with a luxurious life among the groves and fountains of the Alhambra. I shall be there in the most splendid season, with moonlight nights."²¹⁰ So much for Morocco, for England, and for America, too, of which two months earlier he had said, "It incessantly haunts my mind and occupies all my dreams."²¹¹ Volatile Irving! Just before he left Seville he had received from Murray a first copy of the *Granada*, accompanied by some "croakings" about its style.²¹² Yet, even these he forgot as he turned again toward his palace of delights.

CHAPTER XV

THE ALHAMBRA

1829

ONE RECORD of the pilgrimage to Granada of the two friends "thrown . . . together from distant regions of the globe"¹ is that essay so admired by David Wilkie,² "The Journey." Even if skeptical concerning "mine host's pretty daughter, Pepita," or the "luxurious noontide repasts . . . on the green sward by the side of a brook or fountain," or the beggar crying "*Bendito sea tal pan!*"³ we must recognize the thread of truth in this narrative. Irving writes too fluently of castanets and robbers; he is too eloquent concerning Queen Isabella and Loja; but in these pages is the substance of his quest with Prince Dolgorouki. The friends had sent part of their luggage by muleteers;⁴ the remainder they themselves guarded, riding beside it on two stout steeds. Meanwhile they talked with their Biscayan guide, whose carbine was loaded for the bandits of the mountain passes. This fellow, of course, they christened Sancho, and let him overhear their talk in English, French, and Spanish of art and literature and, in particular, of the great Cervantes'⁵ epic, which the muleteer had read and "believed to be a veritable history."⁶ Irving's account of other incidents may have been fiction; we must give up the "young and handsome Andalusian widow, whose trim basquiña of black silk, fringed with bugles, set off the play of a graceful form and round pliant limbs."⁷ The pilgrims came, however — this, at least, is certain — on the fourth day to Loja,⁸ and on the following evening to Granada.

Granada itself, at the base of its Alhambra-crowned hill, retains fewer memories of Irving than Madrid or Seville. He himself, save in the opening pages of his book, hardly mentions church, street, or plaza in the shambling town,⁹ which had overflowed from the castle since the days of the peace, centuries earlier. To Irving, as to every wise tourist, Granada was merely a setting for the palace

of the Moors; the town was the present's ironical comment upon the past which he loved. During his stay of four months there were weeks when he descended the hill only once. Don José y García, an agent, cared for his mail; a new friend, the Duke of Gor, opened to him the library of the university; and, during the latter weeks, he dined with local nobility. Yet, on the whole, the city itself was hardly more than an exit to Barcelona and France; a vague background for his reveries in the Alhambra. Indeed, from the red towers he beheld Granada dimly, as in the fifteenth century a battleground for caliph and king. On this first night he and Dolgorouki were forced to seek shelter below, but early on the next morning they left the *posada* La Espada¹⁰ for the goal of their journey. Unmindful of the present, they passed through the Bibarrambla, the scene, remarked Irving, "of Moorish jousts and tournaments,"¹¹ along the Zacatín, which in the day of the Moor had been the great bazaar, up the Calle de Gomeres to the enchanted gates. It was a consummation: "I tread haunted ground. . . . From earliest boyhood . . . often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra."¹² He had been here a year earlier. But now he could stay, to dream and to write!

Irving's Alhambra was hardly the Alhambra of to-day. Always lucky in arresting his romantic memorials even as they changed before his eyes, he knew the Moors' citadel just before its beneficial yet adulterating period of restoration. A year previous, José Contreras had made ineffectual efforts at preservation; in 1830, King Ferdinand was to decree the first of the annual subventions for this purpose. How close to decay the Alhambra was in 1829 may be inferred from the melancholy prophecies of travelers; the following generation, they declared, would never look upon its glories.¹³ Water-carriers swarmed about the cisterns; invalid soldiers¹⁴ crowded the portals; flowers and weeds grew wild upon the terraces; beggars' fires smoked the Moorish arches; and in the grottoes criminals took refuge. Irving, on this first morning, was startled by hordes of ragamuffins, "hijos de la Alhambra."¹⁵ The past sufferings of the Alhambra were evident, too: those of 1718, when Philip V used restoration funds for his own needs, and those of 1812, when the French wantonly destroyed some of the towers. On this occasion a Spanish soldier (whom God reward!) had cut the fuse of the charge which was to blow up the central edifice. At every turn Irving saw decay and desolation.

All this he viewed with mingled feelings. He could at least share the freedom of the beggars in these noble halls. One might, in 1829,

view the gardens by moonlight without a guide and a tax of thirty pesetas. Moreover, it was, in this year, a triumph of traveling merely to be here, a bourne as remote and unique as some Moorish shrines in Africa to-day. One detail suggests the freedom of life in the Alhambra; Irving bathed lazily, whenever he wished, in the pool of the Court of the Myrtles. Yet he and Dolgorouki were shocked at the vandalism. An old book, now guarded in the archives,¹⁶ reveals one topic of conversation of the friends as they surveyed the defacement of the walls:

Many travelers [wrote Dolgorouki], wishing to perpetuate their visit to the Alhambra, have marred its walls, covering them with their names and their thoughts. In order to secure longer life to the memory of these travelers, and at the same time to preserve the building from greater injuries, this book has been given by Prince Dolgorouki.¹⁷

After this mildly satirical consecration in Dolgorouki's French, the party signed (for Dolgorouki's Madrid friends had rejoined him) — the Ambassadors of France and, next, Washington Irving.¹⁸ It was his first act of faith within the halls of the Alhambra. He had set his name to Murray's contract for the *Granada* with far less enthusiasm.

This dedication was indeed almost proprietary; within three days he had accepted the invitation of General O'Lawler, the Governor of Granada, to occupy his own royal apartment in the palace. He was planning a period of seclusion, in which, if possible, he might complete the manuscript of the tales, begun in Madrid more than a year earlier. One by one his friends left him; he was to pass four months solely with Spaniards. The party from Madrid had gone, and after four days in the Alhambra, Dolgorouki, also, made his adieux. From the Torre Comares Irving watched the dwindling figure of his friend across the distant *vega*; bade farewell to this gay fellow until they should meet again in the roar of London. On the next day, spyglass in hand, he again waved good-by, this time to Lieutenant Edgar Irving,¹⁹ Ebenezer's son, who had appeared unexpectedly on the first day of his tenancy of the Alhambra. He felt very much alone. Never before had he been quite so isolated from people of his own tongue; all about him he heard the Andalusian dialect or French or Catalan. Well, he had craved this; he had solitude, and his own thoughts, in the mansion of Boabdil.

Irving's classic account of his stay in the Alhambra, read by schoolboys in anthologies, is not always realistic, but an explicit notebook, of 1829,²⁰ establishes the importance of this experience

in his life. It was his last romantic play day in Europe, at least in what still might be called his youth. Directly were to follow his crowded years at the American Legation in London; then orthodoxy at Tarrytown; and in the four later years in Madrid — alas! he was no longer young. Of all the households to which in his wandering life he had been attached, this of the Alhambra, of which he was now pseudo-lord, was perhaps the strangest. Even in his literal notebook are graphic episodes and interesting persons, not less picturesque in reality than in his finished chapter "The Household."²¹ Irving's intimates included "La Reyna Cuquina Maria Antonia Sabonea a little old woman who lives in a hole under the staircase and sews for a living. . . . her bright eyed niece Dolores . . . a tall stuttering lad who works in the garden named Pepe who attends upon me."²² All these appear more formally in *The Alhambra*, but none so often as "my ragged philosopher Matteo"²³ Ximénez, who had glued himself to Irving as a guide on the first morning in the palace.

A surviving portrait²⁴ of Mateo Ximénez does not explain Irving's affection for this Spanish peasant. He was certainly not superior to the faults of his class; he was, in fact, loquacious, inquisitive, and unsuccessful in his most menial task, that of cleaning Irving's clothes. He had an annoying way of interrupting Irving's flirtation with the daughter of a Polish officer, who was sketching in the Alhambra.²⁵ He capitalized the friendship of the American writer; his card, with the inscription "Guía de Wáshington Irving," is now a collector's item. For many years after Irving's patronage of him at the age of about seventeen, he was the most famous guide of the Alhambra — and the most garrulous — "a chattering blockhead,"²⁶ Richard Ford called him. Yet the general impression of travelers vindicates Irving's confidence in him: "a kind and simple creature, full of good-will, good memory, and faith in his own legends."²⁷

Indeed, all Mateo's faults were blotted out in these useful virtues. It was a precious intimacy. Irving could now study the natives as had the Marchioness of Arco Hermoso at Dos Hermanas. Detached at last from society, he could gratify that passion conceived when he had drawn his first sketches near Burgos in 1826, for the Spanish peasant, with his innate integrity and his sense of tradition. Not different in these respects, perhaps, from local characters in other countries, it seemed, nevertheless, to Irving that the Spaniard, more than the Frenchman or German, partook of the very marrow of his country. He *was* Spain. Again and again he had commented

on this, as had Ticknor²⁸ before him. On this mystery he had written much in his journal; he had discussed it with the Marchioness and with Wilkie; it was, after all, the fact in Spain which challenged him most. He could not weary of Mateo's pride in race; his love of authentic Spanish lore;²⁹ his disheveled grace of dress and manner. Mateos he had seen earlier, in the mountain passes of Málaga and in the hamlets near Seville, but never before had he held one in captivity. For precious months a true Andalusian was beneath his microscope. Irving never forgot him; he was, in a sense, the anonymous author of sections of *The Alhambra*, and his voice the respectable Irving, a warden of Christ Church, Tarrytown, heard until the last, making the travelers from Spain sing to him in his old age, on the porch at Sunnyside, Mateo's old song:

Por esta calle me voy,
 Por la otra doy la vuelta.
 A la niña que me quiere
 Me tengo la puerta abierta.
 Olá, olá, olá. . . .³⁰

During the first weeks Irving mastered the interior of the palace. Even his business letters reflected his content and described it in phrases too soft for twentieth-century taste. "Here then," he wrote Brevoort, "I am, nestled in one of the most remarkable, romantic and delicious spots in the world";³¹ and Mrs. Paris heard of his idling

among these beautiful and interesting remains of Arabian Magnificence . . . the delightful tranquility and beauty of the place have combined to fix me here as with a spell. . . . I feel as if living in one of the enchanted palaces that we used to read of in the Arabian nights. I wander by day and night through great halls, all decorated with beautiful reliefs and with Arabic inscriptions, that have stood for centuries; through open courts, with fountains and flowers, where there is every thing assembled to delight the senses, yet where there is not a living being to be seen.³²

Here was the land of afternoon which he loved too well. In New York Ebenezer struggled anxiously with the family business while Washington breakfasted in the Court of the Ambassadors. During the day he wrote a little or read, lying beside the fountains; and in the evenings Dolores watched him in amazement as in the darkness he stole in and out of the ruined towers.³³

His new household enjoyed a social life; their rustic *tertulias* included readings from Calderón and Lope de Vega. "At other

times," so run his notes, ". . . [I] sit with the family . . . & hear the nephew³⁴ read a comedy — to the great delight of little Dolores — who however drops asleep before the last act."³⁵ On another evening he was talking by the window to "Queen Coquina," when in came Mateo, to learn if his master had any errand in town. The errand was not done, for as the group looked down into Granada, Mateo pointed out a house of memorable name, "the scene of one of his tales of treasure."³⁶ Straightway all gave themselves up to the spell of the legend; and so this and other evenings passed. Meanwhile, the friendship with Mateo grew, in explorations outside the Alhambra, in hours alone together, in afternoon or twilight walks through the gardens of the Generalife or in the mountains. One day on the Silla del Moro they talked long of Boabdil. There was a rare interval of silence from Mateo, and Irving thought: "There is a solemnity among solitary silent and distant mounts that pleases me in some moods of mind more than rich vegetation — The Spanish mountain[s] are peculiarly grave stern & melancholy and such are the mountains that rise above Granada."³⁷ Turning, he saw the great plain, almost with surprise, "the rich & smiling vega."³⁸

This odd pair then walked to the orchard of the Generalife, watching the setting sun. Above them rose the mountains; below they could see

a shepherd driving his flock over to be folded for the night or a muleteer urging his lagging animals along the straggling mountain road. At a distance was the summit of the sierra nevada — the clear white of which glared against the darkening horizon, and contrasted with the gloomy rocky cliffs below.³⁹

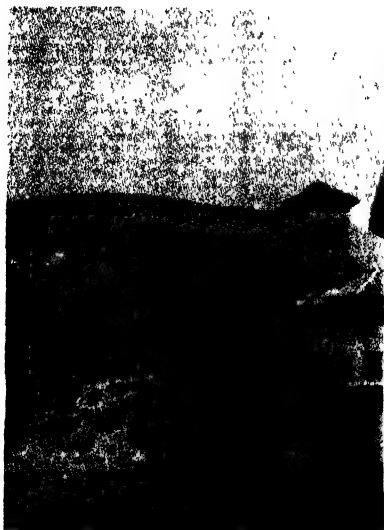
Leagues distant, it seemed to Irving that with his outstretched hand he could touch these mountains. The two were quiet. Below sounded faintly the convent bells of San Francisco, and from the pomegranate trees of the Generalife sang three nightingales. Then, as if this idyl still wanted a final perfection, they saw, far above the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada, a star, so beautiful that the lingering daylight could not dim its rays. Mateo cried out in delight: "Qué lucera más hermosa! Clara y limpia es — no puede ser más brillante."⁴⁰ Irving was still silent, thinking of the beauty of the ancient language, worthy even of this experience. But Mateo was now pattering on: "If," he said fervently, "I could get it, I would cut it up into diamonds, for all the ladies of Granada."⁴¹ Mateo had come down to his Spanish earth, but Irving still communed:

The hour of oration — a prayer now sounded from the great bell of the cathedral of Granada. . . . There is something to me extremely solemn and pleasing in the custom where by a signal that sounds over city & country mountain & valley every being is at the same moment engaged in thanksgiving for all the mercies of the day — let the people praise thee O Lord ! Yea let all the people praise thee.⁴²

So drifted on the month of May. "I cannot tell you," Irving wrote in his notebook, "how delicious this is to me . . . and so pleased am I with my . . . solitude that I hardly ever go down to Granada."⁴³ Dolores still slept through the readings by Doña Antonia's nephew, or laughed at Mateo's stories, or shuddered at Irving's intrusions among the owls and bats. Doña Antonia was fond of him ; and Mateo possessed him. In spite of an interim of bad weather when the palace grew cold, he was content. In the gardens he watched the "checquered light of the sun thro trees"⁴⁴ or the lizards in the bright Court of Lindaraxa ; and daily he made careful notes on the character of the Spanish peasantry.⁴⁵ In such peace the slightest stir was an event, and Irving's decision to change his quarters was like an earthquake among his devoted servants. On May 29 he moved, despite their protests, to the quarters which now bear his name.

These were in the Salas de las Frutas,⁴⁶ a suite at the northeastern end of the palace ; to-day it seems hardly less remote than when Dolores feared for Irving's sanity if he occupied it. Yet he chose wisely. Here were four rooms, bounded on the inner side by the Court of Lindaraxa, with its citron trees and its Moorish fountain, three centuries old. This small paradise he could survey from a connecting balcony, where, one day, he noted Chateaubriand's name, and where he later heard ring out the cathedral bells, commemorating the death of Amelia, Ferdinand VII's queen.⁴⁷ Tradition still gathers about each room : the first, with the fireplace, where he was waited on by Tía Antonia ; the second and third, where he wrote and slept. His study permitted a superb panorama of the Torre de las Damas, the Generalife, and the Silla del Moro. His eloquent description of his retreat in a letter to Dolgorouki, though in the familiar strain, deserves quotation :

I never had such a delicious abode. One of my windows looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa ; the citron trees are full of blossoms and perfume the air, and the fountain throws up a beautiful jet of water ; on the opposite side of the garden is a window opening into the Saloon of las dos Hermanas, through which I have a view of the fountain of Lions and a distant peep into the gloomy halls of the



VIEW FROM IRVING'S ROOMS IN THE
ALHAMBRA



COURT OF LINDARAXA
NEAR IRVING'S ROOMS IN THE ALHAMBRA



A ROOM IN IRVING'S SUITE IN THE ALHAMBRA

Abencerrages. Another window of my room looks out upon the deep valley of the Darro, and commands a fine view of the Generalife. I am so in love with this apartment that I can hardly force myself from it, to take my promenades. I sit by my window until late at night, enjoying the moonlight, and listening to the sound of the fountains, and the singing of the nightingales.⁴⁸

In June he craved books, and society other than Mateo's. He achieved both through the benevolent Governor, who introduced him to the Duke of Gor, a cultured young Spaniard some dozen years Irving's junior. A bibliophile himself, Gor promptly placed his own ample library at Irving's disposal and threatened by his enthusiastic aid to bury his American acquaintance in the manuscripts of the convents and in the Jesuit books of the University of Granada.⁴⁹ But Irving was no longer engaged upon histories of Spain; he was content merely to browse among Gor's treasures, which include to-day, as a memorial of these hours, his presentation copy of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*.⁵⁰ He now dined occasionally with his host,⁵¹ and Gor, who had a sense of humor, brought his wife and children to stare at this queer American who had elected to live in the deserted palace.

This was excellent, this constant association with peasant and nobleman. Gor, too, had ideas on the Spanish native. After a dramatic account of *el día de la toma* from Gor, to whom we owe, presumably, parts of Irving's "Letter from Granada,"⁵² Irving listened to a disquisition on his present intellectual hobby. "Their nobles," said Gor of the Spanish peasants, "never had absolute authority over them like serfs; none but the King had power of life & death. They had their syndics, who had the right, if not of voting, at least of appealing." On this subject Gor could declaim interminably, with that happy Spanish indifference to the faults of such a *régime*: "There are no grades in Spain, but an insensible ascent [?] from peasant to the crown. . . . The Spaniards are all Kings — independent in their feelings."⁵³

How admirable! Irving thought; untouched by nineteenth-century humanitarianism, he never confronted his host with apothegms on American democracy, or by pointing out Granada's bitter squalor. The Spaniards were "all Kings"! Such was his own feeling about their past. Gor, a social leader of the Granadinos, presently introduced him to a young man with bright, black eyes, the Marquis of Salar, whose modish dress Irving almost forgot in learning that he was named Hernando del Pulgar — a true descendant of *el de las hazañas*. "Yes," admitted the Marquis com-

placently, "I have the right to enter the church on horseback, and to put on my hat in the cathedral when they elevate the Host." "Indeed," said the Duke of Gor, perhaps with a tinge of mockery, and added: "There is a painting of the Virgin in the chapel which Hernando del Pulgar put there."⁵⁴ Such society, for a man thirsting for legend, was matchless. Most of this he could use in his book. Even the old Count de Luque,⁵⁵ who amused himself by banging away at swallows in the Alhambra, won a place in its pages. With his notebooks full, Irving returned once more to the haunted wing of the castle.

In such an Eden there were few thoughts of the sinful world. Irving's old, uneasy feelings had nearly vanished. Carefree, he told stories to children, among them Marie Eugénie de Montijo, future Empress of France.⁵⁶ To the advice of Newton, reproaching him for spending too much time in Spain,⁵⁷ he was now indifferent, and his fears of hostility toward himself as an expatriate hardly appear in his letters home, which end always in rhapsodies on the Alhambra. An incipient dispute with Murray concerning his indenture for the *Granada* he had dismissed in a letter to Aspinwall;⁵⁸ and Sprague's quarrel with Obadiah Rich⁵⁹ he tried to adjust with all the good humor of a man to whom altercations now seemed incredible. To Wilkie, who could understand this way of life, he wrote a long, happy letter;⁶⁰ momentarily he had attained a period of perfect quiet. "I lived," he reminisced when an old gentleman, ". . . in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes as much as possible, to everything that should call me back to every-day life."⁶¹

Would this peace endure forever? By no means. Irving was on the brink of an upheaval in his career. On a morning in July the summons came. In his packet of mail was a letter from Louis McLane,⁶² offering him the secretaryship of the American Legation in London. Worse, the post for this week showered letters from relatives and friends, all bearing down upon him to accept without delay this exceptional honor. In a moment clouds darkened the Court of Lindaraxa; the lovely landscape of the Silla del Moro seemed alien, proclaiming the truth, that he was but an outsider, that the Alhambra was no longer his. He heard the din of hurrying London; felt in anticipation the friction with other personalities; enjoyed no more the solitude, so much more enriching than even the society of his friends in England. Such a demand upon him he could not put aside lightly like Newton's reproaches or Murray's editorial postures. He was forty-six years old, without an occu-

pation. It was a crisis in his life, and if he rejected this broad, easy path to worldly success, he must do so with eyes open.

Of all the necessities of life Irving most disliked difficult decisions, and here was one which must be made at once, alone. Peter was far away; Mateo could not help him, nor the Duke of Gor. At first a torrent of objections to capitulation flowed through his mind. His book, his best book, he thought, as he estimated his recent penetration into Spanish life, was still far from completion. His every letter during May and June had contained the assumption that he would remain in the Alhambra until he could ship the manuscript to England. Always vague about the value of time, he had hardly settled down to concentrated writing on *The Alhambra*. As late as June 10, he was still correcting the other manuscript, which, in 1835, was to be published as "Legends of the Conquest of Spain"; on the next day he had ended the futile sketch of Roderick.⁶³ *The Alhambra*, except for a few essays, was still a jumble of notes; on the day of the receipt of McLane's letter he had only finished, besides the tales written in Seville, the story which he now called the "MS. of Moor's Legacy."⁶⁴ He could easily use another six months in the Alhambra, writing and thus carrying out his intention of making these essays "bear the stamp of real intimacy with the charming scenes described."⁶⁵ He must have known, after he had made his decision, that his excuses to Peter were specious: "My Spanish materials," he said, "I can work up in England, where I can have all the necessary works."⁶⁶ The "necessary works" for this book of local legends were Mateo and his kind; he might as sensibly have spoken of writing *Bracebridge Hall* outside of England! He had felt, too, during these tranquil weeks, a revival of his old power; he knew that certain pages of his manuscript rivaled those in *The Sketch Book*. To do justice to his plan, he ought to stay. It is easy to believe that, had he done so, his more ambitious hopes for his writing might have been realized.

Other objections to acceptance were equally urgent. Though letters brought him the insistence of Reuben Beasley and the pushing-on of almost the entire tribe of Irvings, yet Peter himself had been silent. "You have not," Washington wrote him anxiously, "expressed your opinion or your wishes on this subject."⁶⁷ Everett's compliment that the honor was *beneath* his talents he brushed aside;⁶⁸ as an appointment it would do. But who wished appointments? The deepest and most honest deterrent of all was this: he did not wish to go. He felt truly a horror of "the bustle

and turmoil of the world.”⁶⁹ “How,” he cried out, as he strode up and down the familiar courts, which had never looked so beautiful, “shall I stand it after the delicious quiet and repose of the Alhambra?”⁷⁰ He had lived in society, but never before had he been in danger of being its paid servant. “So,” he wrote Wetherell ironically, “goes this mad world; honors and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them, and bestowed on those who have no relish for them.”⁷¹ President Jackson had just evicted Alexander Hill Everett from his diplomatic post.

Irving’s perturbation merits attention; in his career these hours of indecision were crucial. Out of the secretaryship in London evolved his later appointment to Spain,⁷² for his association with the Legation in Madrid in 1826 had been but a tenuous underpinning for a diplomatic career. It is conceivable, if this call had not brought Irving to England, within easier reach of America, that he might have remained as an idler for another decade in Europe. Between July 18 and July 20, he was tossed about by a tempest of hopes and fears. This was an ordeal not unlike that of 1818, and one from which, it must be said, he emerged without particular credit. Necessity played a significant part in the earlier decision; now the issues were more nicely balanced. *He* must choose his course. Obviously Irving was not the man to make a daring or a quixotic resolution. At the end of the three days, a time which he called one of “hard struggle,” an interim of “great confusion and uproar of mind,”⁷³ he had written to McLane the conventional letter of acceptance.⁷⁴ He had done what his friends expected of him.

What reasons determined Irving’s exit from Granada? Was the cause self-distrust? Staying would not have been what he called it, sheer self-indulgence, had it been accompanied by convictions concerning his power as a writer. The perfected *Alhambra* might easily have proved the fact that residence here was essential to the book; he had a reason, not a mere pretext, for declining the appointment. Nor did he covet preferment in the diplomatic world. His associations in the consular service had taught him how fragile was this bubble. We may dismiss as quickly his intermittent homesickness. England was closer to America, but the sailing vessels at Cádiz were nearer still. Why go? He now loved the legends of the Alhambra better than New York. No, for an explanation we must turn rather to the peremptory advice of these practical American friends. It mattered little that the origin of the appointment was absurd; his old admirer, little Jack Nicholson, had writ-

ten a letter of advice concerning him to the Secretary of State.⁷⁶ Then had followed Martin Van Buren's letter to John Treat Irving, inquiring if Washington would accept this honor,⁷⁶ and Paulding's encomium on Irving's latent talents as a diplomat.⁷⁷ Henry Brevoort had expressed himself quite as fervently.⁷⁸ Altogether it seemed a friendly conspiracy determined to reform that ne'er-do-well, Washington Irving.

What an old story was this! All his life Irving had inspired such attentions; he had played the part of the talented gentleman in politics, intelligent and inoffensive. Thus, as a free lance, unattached theoretically to any party, he appeared a natural recipient for favors, which, in the America of his day, were openly the rewards for being a discreet voter or merely a tactful friend. Once before,⁷⁹ at least, he had already declined such a stipend, less because he disapproved of the spoils system in principle than because the duties entailed would have interfered with his leisure. Now it was different. In one way extended leisure in Europe had proved annoying; there had been bitter criticism in America of his easy-going life abroad.⁸⁰ This enmity had stung him to the quick; one recalls his conversation in Madrid with Pierre Irving and his letter to Brevoort. Up to the time of his stay in the Alhambra his letters to America still showed this sore spot; he had continued to write in impassioned vein of his affection for home.⁸¹

Now his family and friends had again displayed their affection. Was it not even possible to believe that by this appointment his country had vindicated him? And was he to refuse, in order to sketch another Spanish peasant? Was he to announce publicly to friend and foe that he was truly the incapable, Europeanized pleasure-seeker? These were presumably his "private reasons"⁸² to which he alludes in a letter of July 18 to Don Juan Wetherell. Knowing Irving, his acceptance of this appointment was, perhaps, a foregone conclusion. Throughout his travels, perhaps because of that first youthful failure in the law, he had carried about with him the feeling that he was, in spite of literary triumphs, the family castaway. Without exceptional self-reliance, he was always likely to act, after a process of rationalization, upon the advice of his intimates. Possibly his friends among posterity will wish that he had taken a stand; will feel that his "self-indulgence" in the palace would really have been the higher courage. He should have stayed to finish *The Alhambra*. But such a stand would have been an anomaly in Irving's character. That battle for self-discipline had been lost many years before, after the death of Matilda Hoffman;

his struggle in the courts of the Alhambra was but a rear-guard skirmish. When he abandoned the law and turned writer and wanderer, he cast in his lot with those who look with skepticism on the rigorous conduct of life.

Everett and other friends sent up some rockets of compliment and jubilation, and Irving, having taken the smoother road, permitted himself to be pleased with his fortitude. The labors of his office, so he reasoned now, were light, and would allow him much time for literature; most of all, he repeated that the honor was "a proof of the good will of [his] countrymen."⁸³ Or, again: "I accepted this appointment . . . because it would gratify my friends, and would link me with my country."⁸⁴ And of the gossip which suggested that his name deserved even greater recognition, he declared:

If the world thinks I ought to be minister, so much the better; the world honors me, but I do not degrade myself. . . . I care not who takes the lead of me in entering an apartment, or sits above me at table. It is better that half a dozen should say why is he seated so low down, than any one should casually say what right has he to be at the top.⁸⁵

What self-flattering unction was all this! Actually, he was afraid to decline the appointment.

But to leave the Alhambra! ⁸⁶ In it he had only three days more. There were affectionate farewells to his faithful servants and a regretful adieu to Gor.⁸⁷ It was hard to leave them all, hard even to part with De Luque, with whom he had been fraternizing daily in the Court of the Lions—that "good old count who takes innocent amusement in killing a dozen or two sparrows by way of getting appetite for his breakfast."⁸⁸ Yet he must go. The Countess gave him his last parties of *tresillo*. He rummaged the old man's garret and, as a final bit of antiquarianism, carried off a sword of the Grand Captain. Even now he procrastinated until Ralph Sneyd, a young Englishman bound for London, halted momentarily at the Alhambra. It was a warning not to linger. Irving had promised McLane that he would be at the Legation by the end of August. Accordingly, he now adopted Sneyd's ready-made route, and on July 28 the two were in a *tartana*,⁸⁹ en route for England.

This bumping cart averaged about twenty-eight miles a day. Winding up among the mountains, Irving looked back to behold, for the last time in his life, the towers of the Alhambra. "Lovely Granada! City of Delights."⁹⁰ He was leaving romance behind him, and he must have remembered the beginning of this Spanish interlude, when with Peter, in 1826, he had first crossed the Cas-

tilian plain. Since that journey from Bordeaux to Madrid this was his third extended period of travel in the Peninsula. His passport was worn to ribbons and illegibility.⁹¹ Now he was heading toward years of exacting work in London. Yet he almost forgot the goal, for no American traveler in Europe ever had more zest for the road itself than Irving. Amid the ever-changing southern scenes his pencil was busy, gilding every humdrum incident for inclusion in his voracious journal,⁹² for — if he were lucky! — such might find a place in that still-unfinished manuscript in his luggage, the *Tales of the Alhambra*.

And, as the *tartana* bears Irving toward Barcelona, we may glance ahead at the finished book. I have already suggested the gradual modification of his ambitions in Spain from history to that form of writing in which he achieved distinction, the sketch or informal essay. Although his flirtation with history in the *Columbus* had not been unsuccessful, he had been more at ease, as we have observed, during his composition of *The Conquest of Granada*, with its freedom in the use of legendary material. But *The Alhambra*, he realized with pleasure, was to be akin to *The Sketch Book*.⁹³ The notebook of 1829 reflected his pleasure in being again on the literary open road, a browser in old books and old places. This "Spanish Sketch Book" was to reflect his desultory ways of writing; and it was to remain for nearly four years in manuscript. Irving had begun it in the early months of 1828, in Madrid; had hit upon its title during his first visit to the Alhambra, in March of this year; had written two or three tales before his second visit, in 1829. He was to revise it in London in 1831; but he did not actually print until his return to America in the following year.⁹⁴ Since *The Sketch Book* he had written no such leisurely, vagabond miscellany. For this very reason he loved the manuscript, even as he loved the scenes it described.

Nevertheless, we must not overemphasize *The Alhambra's* debt to the four months in the palace. Undoubtedly his first stay in Granada fixed in Irving's mind the subject of the book, and in Rich's library he had already seen his opportunity; he had resolved, if he were ever done with the interminable history, to write sketches of Spanish life. Thus to say that *The Alhambra* was the direct product of his life in Granada is inaccurate; it was rather a group of essays by a student of Spanish books, using the palace as a setting for his antiquarianism. Had chance placed Irving in the mosque at Cordova or in the halls of Ronda, still a volume of sketches would have been inevitable. In brief, *The Alhambra* derived first from Spanish lore and second from the author's personal experiences.

The student of *The Alhambra*, then, should observe its overlay of erudition. Besides blending fiction with history in almost every chapter, at least twelve of its forty-one sections⁹⁵ may be traced to material which Irving had found in Rich's library.⁹⁶ Such material, as in his other Spanish writings, he enriched, poetized. Thus he reread Mármol⁹⁷ for further details of Boabdil, heightening these into the tone of his romantic narrative; revising the book in 1848, he added particulars from Alcántara's newly published history of Granada.⁹⁸ In both these editions Boabdil is important, both as the nucleus of many historical or semihistorical events,⁹⁹ and as a unifying personality. Descriptions of him are frequent, and he is never absent from Irving's record of the last years of Moorish civilization in Granada. Elsewhere is other historical *débris* from Irving's notebooks. Primarily it was his two years' saturation in the literature of Columbus and Granada which begot *The Alhambra*.

Yet, whatever strength *The Alhambra* exhibits depends also upon the other element—Irving's personal experience. He had profited immeasurably from his association with Spaniards, particularly Fernán Caballero, who were interested students of the Andalusian peasants, and now from his friendships with these peasants themselves, such as Dolores or Mateo. With Böhl he had discussed ancient legend, but with Cecilia he had dwelt upon those native manners and habits which became also the staple of his conversations with the Duke of Gor and the Marquis of Salar. This was his continuation in Spain of that curiosity about indigenous customs which had produced for *The Sketch Book* such essays as "Rural Life in England."

Thus as Irving had identified himself with the English sentimental essay on manners, and with the German *Märchen*, so he now bound himself, by these records of his personal experience, to the Spanish *artículo de costumbres*.¹⁰⁰ Fernán Caballero believed that it was the function of the novelist "poetizar la realidad sin alterarla,"¹⁰¹ a phrase by no means inappropriate in describing Irving's purposes in *The Sketch Book* or *The Alhambra*.¹⁰² For, though his passion for the romantic depiction of history was a motivating force in his literary life; though he recorded the deeds of semihistorical heroes, a Derrick the Giant¹⁰³ or a Boabdil; he was fond of placing these in settings which had a basis of reality. *A History of New York*, despite its humorous exaggeration, contains vignettes of Dutchman, Swede, and Yankee. Irving's artist friends had praised the portraiture connected with Rip Van Winkle's village circle, the Van Tassels, the family of the tradesman in "A Sunday in Lon-

don," the rustics in "The Inn Kitchen," or with the traditional *mores* of villagers in "Rural Funerals."¹⁰⁴ The same emphasis on the particulars of daily life occurs in parts of *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller*.¹⁰⁵ Proof of Irving's unwearied concern with provincial manners exists not only in his endless notes on peasants, village girls, and innkeepers, but also in his statements preceding his published essays, as in "The Author's Account of Himself" in *The Sketch Book*,¹⁰⁶ or in such an entry as that introducing "Rip Van Winkle." Diedrich Knickerbocker's

historical researches . . . did not lie so much among books as among men. . . . Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.¹⁰⁷

It was natural, then, that *The Alhambra* should offer not merely the fabulous romantic, but also details which would not be incongruous if transferred to an *artículo de costumbres*.¹⁰⁸ "Care was taken," said Irving, "to maintain local coloring and verisimilitude; so that the whole might present a faithful and living picture."¹⁰⁹ The numerous translations,¹¹⁰ such as *Cuentos de la Alhambra*, suggest that this book owed its reception in Spain partly to such devotion to the actual scenes and persons whom Irving knew and studied. It is certain that Irving, always sensitive to the prevailing tastes of his time, was in debt to this Spanish share in a universal European literary interest, the essay on manners. What Fernán Caballero had done at Dos Hermanas he would do in the Alhambra. At least sixteen chapters of his book describe his life with Mateo, Dolores, and Doña Antonia.¹¹¹ Of these he writes, for the most part, with truth; far more than the characters in *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, or *Tales of a Traveller*, these have their roots in reality. Of this fact Irving boasted in his Preface,¹¹² and repeated it more explicitly in 1857, in a letter to Allibone: "The account of my midnight rambles about the old palace is literally true. . . . Every thing in the work relating to myself and to the actual inhabitants of the Alhambra is unexaggerated fact: it was only in the legends that I indulged in *romancing*."¹¹³ It is so. Irving's descriptions of the palace meet, for the most part, the actual conditions to-day.¹¹⁴ Comments on Mateo not designed for publication substantiate the finished sketch of this "son of the Alhambra." Irving's essay "A Ramble among the Hills" includes an account of the star of the Sierras¹¹⁵ written down at the moment, and the gentleman so

inimical to swallows in "Visitors to the Alhambra" is Count de Luque himself. In notebook and essay many passages are identical.¹¹⁶

Such, in general, was the inception of *The Alhambra*,¹¹⁷ a book which in some respects excels all other writings of Irving, especially in its brilliance of coloring and warmth of tone. Often diffuse, often trivial, and actually, as William Dunlap at once observed, "very slight stuff,"¹¹⁸ still its Oriental background creates a unity of feeling absent in *The Sketch Book* and even in *Bracebridge Hall*. Every chapter has its being within the Moorish walls of the Alhambra or in memories of the Moorish past in Spain. The opulence and grace of this life of the turbaned kings is always before us, and Irving, in casting over us his spell, seldom sins, as in *The Conquest of Granada*, by repetition and stock imagery. His months in the chambers beside the Court of Lindaraxa were so real, his fusion of these happy, languorous days with the life of the lost centuries was so honest, that *The Alhambra* attained a sincerity wanting to the bookish *Conquest of Granada*. Its spirit, from the arrival with Dolgorouki until the farewell from *el Suspiro del Moro*, is that of tender melancholy. However unattractive to modern taste, Irving's wistful moods wear gracefully this old Spanish dress, even to-day; it is easy to understand their fascination for a contemporary America, hungry for romantic tales and sentiment and ignorant of this mysterious Iberian land. Thus the historian of American literature may rightly feel that *The Alhambra* enriched Irving's total achievement.¹¹⁹ Few read the book to-day, but to do so is to comprehend how Irving's romantic tendencies mellowed from his immersion in the old chronicles and from these sunny mornings and fragrant nights in the loveliest of all palaces.

The fault, nevertheless, of *The Alhambra* is precisely this evenness of tone. No section is so insipid as "The Pride of the Village" nor so puerile as parts of *Bracebridge Hall*. On the other hand, none rises, as does "Westminster Abbey" in *The Sketch Book*, into distinguished writing. No essay is so feeble as "Traits of Indian Character," but none approaches the dignity of "Stratford-on-Avon." A little knowledge of the chronicles exposes the thinness of Irving's history, and one visit to Granada diminishes the wonder at his descriptions of the Alhambra. It was his privilege to be among the first Americans to know it intimately; with equal opportunity, N. P. Willis might perhaps have done as well. For, after all, the power of *The Alhambra* in 1832 lay in its novelty. It belonged to the travel literature which so beguiled the home-keeping American. He read, along with the sentimental writings of Longfellow and

Bayard Taylor, of these Spanish scenes which he himself could never behold. Through the "Public Fêtes of Granada" or the "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" he escaped from his shirt-sleeve democracy. Tested by their intrinsic qualities, no portions of *The Alhambra* have survived¹²⁰ as have "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "The Mutability of Literature," those sketches imbued with deeper, more elusive feeling and written with more scrupulous art.¹²¹

Such is our glance ahead. Just now the *tartana* rolled on, carrying the manuscript of *The Alhambra*, and with it Irving, toward England. On the morning of the second day he rose at three and watched the sun redden the crests of the giant mountains. Antonio, the huge Portuguese guide, strode ahead of the *tartana*, and pointed out Los Dientes de la Vieja, rendezvous of robbers. Near Guadix they enjoyed the last courtesies of the Duke of Gor, who had arranged with his administrator to meet and shelter them on his estate. The town of Gor itself they saw on the next day, and in great excitement inspected four captured bandits. Baza, with its memories of the Conquest; Cullar, with its gypsies; Vélez Rubio, with its lofty, gray hills; Lorca, with its Moorish castle and pot-bellied landlord; Murcia, with its cathedral tower—so runs the chronicle until August 4. On they journeyed in the slow *tartana*, with the stalwart, bawling Antonio in advance, through Orihuela, Elche, to Alicante. This last town was an oasis, with consuls and other hints of civilization. Irving spent hours each day in a fury of drawing and note-taking. His pencil had already caught the figure of Antonio, but less vividly than the women of Elda or, in Valencia, the "friar talking & laughing with buxom wife of a grocer—a young woman observing them from behind the curtain of an opposite shop."¹²² This material in the journal of 1829 Irving never used, but there it lies, a composite of amusing scenes in Catalan life a century ago.

The road to the capital of Catalonia lay from Valencia to Tarragona and Villafranca; at half-past six on the evening of August 14, Irving was in Barcelona. The "Yankees of Spain," however, like those of New England, he suspected; and he watched the busyness of this rebellious, alien city without approval. In the diplomatic society to which his new status gave him entry he mingled daily, and hobnobbed with the young Spanish officer De Saussaye,¹²³ whom he had known in Madrid. He had, moreover, a part in one gathering which he was to recall vividly during his stay in Barcelona when Minister to Spain. This was at the house of Count de España,¹²⁴ the

ruthless Captain General of Catalonia. Here, at first, was genial talk of the Sultan and the Turks, but De España sent a chill to Irving's heart; he was so masterful, so obviously cruel, so domineering even in this gay dinner party, so suggestive of another Spain which an older Irving was to know. "He is," Irving noted in his journal, "the Lion joking in his own den."¹²⁵ Presently the Neapolitan consul read a letter announcing that Princess Maria Christina was on her way to Barcelona. Irving was interested. He had heard something of the lady, destined to be the bride of Ferdinand VII and the mother of Isabella II. Again his interest was prophetic, for of all this distinguished group he himself was to know her most intimately, to sit at her right hand at Court, and to be quoted in histories of Spain for his letters concerning her daughter — all this was in the future.¹²⁶ At the moment he was, to De España and the Neapolitan consul, merely another American *attaché*.

On August 23, Sneyd¹²⁷ and Irving passed the border. Sneyd was in ill health; was, in fact, dying; and the journey from Barcelona to Paris, completed for his sake in nine days, was for Irving "a tremendous fag."¹²⁸ Peter had come down to Paris to meet him;¹²⁹ it was an ecstatic reunion, continued for a few days in Rouen. At last, Irving crossed the Channel, and was on English soil. He at once took lodgings near the Legation, then at Number 9 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, and thus began a phase of his career which ended completely only in April, 1846. From writer he had become amateur diplomat.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS I-XV

CHAPTER I

¹ P.M.I., I, 20.

² Autobiography of Washington Irving (J.M.). A certificate testifying to William Irving's patriotism, signed by "Blackleath Burritt, Minister of the Gospel," and dated November 15, 1783, is quoted in P.M.I., I, 21.

³ *Pennsylvania Packet*, April 17, 1783. See also the *Royal Gazette*, April 9, 1783.

⁴ See the *Pennsylvania Packet*, April 17, 1783.

⁵ William Irving's shop was later at Number 75. See *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1789*. A tablet, indicating the site of Irving's birthplace, was affixed to the building at the northwest corner of William and John Streets, in 1926, by the Maiden Lane Historical Society.

⁶ The population of New York in 1783, immediately following the war, has sometimes been estimated as only twelve thousand. See H. P. Johnston, "New York after the Revolution," *Magazine of American History*, April, 1893. The population in 1790, according to the Federal census, was 33,131.

⁷ See Livingston Rutherford, *Family Records and Events* (New York, 1894), p. 134.

⁸ In 1789 there were more than two thousand slaves in the city. See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 45. In 1790 one out of every six families in New York held slaves. See S. E. Morison, *The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1797* (London, 1927), I, 18.

⁹ See M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 283; J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History*. . . , III, 45, 48.

¹⁰ W. A. Duer, *New-York As It Was* (New York, 1849), p. 10.

¹¹ *Idem*, pp. 7-8.

¹² The date of Irving's birth (April 3, 1783) is noted twice in the Church books now in the First Presbyterian Church, New York City. This date is also recorded in the Family Bible (S.). Abroad later a rumor persisted that Irving had been born and reared in England. ". . . We have ascertained that Geoffrey Crayon was cradled in an ivy-mantled cot at the skirt of a village kirk in the county of Devon." *Englishman's Magazine*, April, 1831.

¹³ See Appendix I, The Irving Genealogy, p. 251. At the time of Irving's birth, his father was fifty-one years old (born August 31, 1731, Old Style), his mother almost forty-five (born April 14, 1738, Old Style). William Irving died on October 25, 1807; Sarah Sanders Irving, on April 9, 1817.

¹⁴ See Appendix I, p. 251.

¹⁵ William Irving left England for the last time on May 25, 1763. Autobiography of Washington Irving (J. M.). See also Family Bible.

¹⁶ The children were: (1) William[?] (December 24[?], 1762 - December 24[?], 1762); (2) William (February 22, 1764 - August 22, 1765); (3) William (August 15, 1766 - November 9, 1821); (4) John (August 8, 1768 - September 30, 1769);

(5) Ann Sarah (February 14, 1770 – May[?], 1808); (6) Peter (October 30, 1772 – June 27, 1838); (7) Catherine Rodgers (January 1, 1774 – December 23, 1849); (8) Ebenezer (January 27, 1776 – August 22[?], 1868); (9) John Treat (May 26, 1778 – March 15, 1838); (10) Sarah (June 13, 1780 – [?]1849); (11) Washington (April 3, 1783 – November 28, 1859). From the Family Bible and other authentic records. These birth dates for Ebenezer, John Treat, and Sarah are also in the records of the First Presbyterian Church. See Appendix I, The Irving Genealogy, Table III. The *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1795* (p. 110), lists "Irving, Peter, physician, 208 Broadway." In 1796 William, the son, lived at 240 Pearl Street. Published records give other dates of Peter Irving's birth, but I have accepted that in the Family Bible.

¹⁷ P.M.I., I, 26.

¹⁸ See Appendix I, p. 249.

¹⁹ After 1800 the Irvings became more prominent socially. Before this date periodicals or other records of the time seldom mention the family, save in connection with business.

²⁰ For an account of the several firms in which the Irvings had a share, see Walter Barrett [J. A. Scoville], *The Old Merchants of New York City* (New York, 1872), II, Part I, 75-77. See also manuscript recording importation in bond of sugar by William Irving, May 25, 1799 (N.Y.P.L.). An exceedingly rare bill of sale survives: "Mr^s Van Horne Sep^r 27, 1787 Dr to William Irving 1 Yard Linnin 2/3" (W.R. Benjamin, New York City).

²¹ See J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History*. . . , III, 87-106. Among the persons in this society whom the Irvings knew well after 1800 were Josiah Ogden Hoffman, James Kent, Benjamin Kissam, and the Verplancks.

²² See G. S. Hellman, *Washington Irving, Esquire* . . . (New York, 1925), p. 12, and "Abbotsford," *The Crayon Miscellany*, p. 257. When Irving was five, Ann married Richard Dodge, and moved to a frontier post fifty miles west of Albany. Dodge, who had been a surveyor on the Mohawk River, later became the author of books on the Indians. Catherine, to whom Irving wrote frequently from Spain, married Daniel Paris. Irving's favorite sister was Sarah, who became the wife of Henry Van Wart, of Birmingham, England. (See Appendix I, The Irving Genealogy, Table III.)

²³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.). See Appendix II.

²⁴ "Recollections of Washington Irving," *Continental Monthly*, June, 1862, p. 690.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ Birmingham [England], August 31, 1816 (Y.).

²⁷ Charles Lanman, *Haphazard Personalities* (Boston, 1886), p. 80.

²⁸ Irving to J. P. Kennedy, October 5, 1854 (P. I.).

²⁹ "The Widow and her Son," *The Sketch Book*, p. 151. See also passages which appear to be autobiographical in *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 118. "The purest & strongest affection that winds itself round the human heart is that between the mother & the son."

³⁰ See T. E. V. Smith, *The City of New York in the Year of Washington's Inauguration 1789* (New York, 1889), pp. 152-154.

³¹ *Ibid.* No definite proof exists that William Irving was a member of either church. The early membership records were long ago destroyed, but tradition and other testimony of the First Presbyterian Church point to his membership and his prominence in church activities. "'All the Presbyterian churches in New York were used for military purposes in some form or other'" during the Revolution. "The churches were never repaired by the British, who evacuated the City on November 25, 1783, and when Dr. Rodgers returned to the city, neither the Wall street church nor the Brick church was fit for services, but the vestry of Trinity Church courteously placed St. George's Chapel in Beekman street at the service of the Presbyterians until the latter could rehabilitate their own houses of worship."

E. H. Hall, "The First Presbyterian Church of New York," *Twenty-Second Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society* (New York, 1917), pp. 653, 655.

³² "Recollections of Washington Irving."

³³ *Ibid.*

³⁴ Journal, 1823, July 20 (T).

³⁵ P.M.I., I, 25.

³⁶ "As for Washington, he signalized his abjuration at an early age by going stealthily to Trinity Church when the rite of Confirmation was administered, and enrolling himself among its disciples by 'the laying on of hands,' that he might thereafter, though still constrained to attend his father's church, feel that it could not challenge his allegiance." *Idem*, I, 26.

³⁷ Irving to Henry Pantton, Sunnyside, February 15, 1850, *Irv.*, p. v. P.M.I. suggests that the removal to the new home was somewhat later. I, 22.

³⁸ See Charles Hemstreet, *Literary New York* . . . (New York, 1903), p. 89.

³⁹ It is certain that Irving was baptized by the Presbyterian Church. The record of his baptism is contained under the caption "Records of the First and Second Presbyterian Churches in the City of New York—Births and Baptisms" in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, July, 1885, p. 139: "IRVING, Jan^y 1st, Washington, Son of William Irving and Sarah Saunders his wife, born April 3^d, 1783." (Church Records, First Presbyterian Church.) St. George's Chapel, where Irving was baptized, was opened in 1752 at Chapel (now Beekman) Street and Cliff Street, and was part of the charge of Trinity Church. See Jonathan Greenleaf, *A History of the Churches of All Denominations in the City of New York* (New York, 1846), pp. 63-64, and also G. P. Disosway, *The Earliest Churches of New York and Its Vicinity* (New York, 1865), p. 60. Ebenezer, John Treat, and Sarah Irving "were Baptised during the War." Church Records, First Presbyterian Church. The records of Trinity Church contain no information concerning Irving's connection with it.

⁴⁰ "Recollections of Washington Irving."

⁴¹ T. E. V. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 34-35.

⁴² Barrett [J. A. Scoville], *op. cit.*, II, Part I, 76.

⁴³ P.M.I., I, 22. The house at No. 131 was destroyed long before this date, and on its site in 1846 was built a store. See *Homes of American Authors* . . . (New York, 1853), p. 42, footnote. See also R. W. Griswold, *The Prose Writers of America* (Philadelphia, 1847), p. 201.

⁴⁴ Irving to Henry Pantton, Sunnyside, February 15, 1850.

⁴⁵ A deed, securing to William Irving, Merchant, "the house and lot, '25 feet front by 156 feet deep,'" is quoted in P.M.I., I, 22.

⁴⁶ Irving to Henry Pantton, Sunnyside, February 15, 1850.

⁴⁷ P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

⁴⁸ Notebook, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵¹ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁵² *Ibid.*

⁵³ Journal, 1804, August 8 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁵⁴ P.M.I., I, 25.

⁵⁵ Irving to Emily Foster, Paris, August 23, 1825 (W.T.).

⁵⁶ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁵⁷ *Royal Gazette*, June 7, 1783.

⁵⁸ See I, 133.

⁵⁹ See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 278-280, 292-293. In 1855 Irving was to draw upon his recollections of these early leaders of the republic for his life of Washington; see, for example, his oft-quoted description of Hamilton, II, chap. xxv.

⁶⁰ See the *New York Packet*, May 3, 1784; *New York Gazetteer*, December

21, 1784. After the opening of the John Street Theater on August 12, 1786, interest in the drama began to revive. See the *New York Packet*, January 2, 1786.

⁶¹ J. P. Brissot de Warville, *New Travels in the United States of America Performed in 1788* (London, 1792), I, 160.

⁶² See I. N. P. Stokes, *The Iconography of Manhattan Island* (New York, 1926), V, 1223, 1225.

⁶³ April 16, 1787, at the John Street Theater.

⁶⁴ Supplement extraordinary to the *Independent Journal*, July 28, 1788. See also the *New York Packet*, July 29, August 1, 1788.

⁶⁵ *New York Journal*, August 31, 1791. The Society Library was founded in 1754, and a charter was obtained from George III in 1772. The Library was quartered in part of the City Hall until 1795, when it entered its own building at 33 Nassau Street, opposite the Middle Dutch Church. See A. B. Keep, *History of the New York Society Library* (New York, 1908), pp. 222, 224-226. One of the early trustees was S. L. Mitchill, whose book helped to inspire Irving's *A History of New York*.

⁶⁶ See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 333-337.

⁶⁷ *Life of George Washington*, IV, 544-547.

⁶⁸ *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1789, passim.*

⁶⁹ Charles Lanman, "A Day With Washington Irving," from an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession. P. M. Irving's version of the incident differs in several details. I, 26-27.

⁷⁰ In 1825 Irving began to collect material for this biography. See II, 227. An old print shows Washington blessing his namesake (S.). Irving also saw and recalled Citizen Genêt on his arrival from France in 1793. In 1853 Irving declared that "he remembered Gen. Washington perfectly." *New York Herald*, February 1, 1853.

⁷¹ Or 198 Fulton Street, between Broadway and West Street. Mrs. Kilmaster's school was at 13 Ann Street. See *Valentine's Manual of Old New York* (New Series, 1920), p. 269.

⁷² Another account of Romaine's school may be found in G. P. Putnam, "Memories of Distinguished Authors," *Harper's Weekly*, Supplement, May 27, 1871. See also P.M.I., I, 28-29.

⁷³ T. E. V. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 195-199. See also M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 282, 515-516.

⁷⁴ "Gives Cash for all kinds of Furs. . . ." *New York Daily Gazette*, June 3, 1794. Other authorities give the location of Astor's shop as at 81 Queen Street and at various other places. See "The Olden Time," *Old New York*, January, 1890, p. 422.

⁷⁵ G. P. Putnam, "Memories of Distinguished Authors."

⁷⁶ Manuscript Recollection of a Mr. Danberry [?] (N.Y.P.L.).

⁷⁷ *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1795*, p. 99.

⁷⁸ See chap. xiii.

⁷⁹ "Gowans' Western Memorabilia," *Old New York*, May, 1890, p. 230.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.* See also *Salmagundi*, p. 299.

⁸¹ *Irv.*, p. xxxiii.

⁸² *A History of New York*, 1809, I, 222.

⁸³ T. E. V. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 193.

⁸⁴ *Irv.*, p. xxxii.

⁸⁵ J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes (D.P., N.Y.P.L.). For Irving's relations with Carson Brevoort, Henry Brevoort's son, see II, 124.

⁸⁶ In 1799 Fiske lived at 104 Broadway. See Longworth's *American Almanack, New-York Register, and City Directory*, 1799.

⁸⁷ T. E. V. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 198-199.

⁸⁸ Peter Irving entered Columbia College in October, 1785, and was enrolled for three years, leaving at the end of his junior year without the degree of A.B. He

received the degree of M.D. in 1794. John Treat Irving entered the college in 1794 and received the degree of A.B. in 1798. Washington Irving was awarded the honorary degree of A.M. in 1821, and of LL.D. in 1829. *General Catalogue of Columbia University, 1754-1912* (New York, 1912). See in the present work, chap. ix, note 83.

⁸⁹ e.g., *New-York Mirror*, June 19, 1824.

⁹⁰ See *A History of Columbia University, 1754-1904* (New York, 1904), pp. 77, 93.

⁹¹ Autobiography of Washington Irving (J.M.).

⁹² "List of Houses and Lots Valued at £2000 and over in 1799," J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History* . . . , III, 150-152.

⁹³ For the different types of education which New England men of letters experienced, see the chapters on Williams College and Yale College in, respectively, Tremaine McDowell, *The Youth of Bryant*, and Alexander Cowie, *John Trumbull: A Biographical Study (1750-1775)*, Dissertations (Y.).

⁹⁴ "The Olden Time," p. 435.

⁹⁵ See J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History*. . . , III, 170, 180.

⁹⁶ "The prodigious interest in the teaching of French [is] shown by the steady advertising of grammars, dictionaries, and the like." H. M. Jones, "The Importation of French Literature in New York City, 1750-1800," *Studies in Philology*, October, 1931, p. 250. See also in the present work, chap. xii, note 50.

⁹⁷ Notebook, 1808-1809 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁸ Irving's Library at Sunnyside contains a copy of *The Works of Horace*, ed. C. Smart (Philadelphia, 1836). Carson Brevoort thought Irving "not a very deep classical scholar." J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes. Attacks upon Irving's inadequate education were probably justified. "As to real science and learning, his mind is a *tabula rasa*; he cannot read any of the classics in their original language; nor does he know the first elements of any science." [De Witt Clinton] *An Account of Abimelech Coody and Other Celebrated Writers of New York* . . . ([n.p.] 1815), p. 8.

⁹⁹ In preparation for *The Sketch Book*. See I, 154, 166.

¹⁰⁰ Societies bearing this name had been founded in Philadelphia and New York before 1789, but the present organization of the Columbian Order or Sons of St. Tammany was begun by William Mooney, an upholsterer, on May 8, 1789. Its principles, as stated in 1790, included "whatever may tend to perpetuate the love of freedom or the political advantage of this country." For Irving's later connection with Tammany Hall, see II, 60.

¹⁰¹ William Winterbotham, *An Historical, Geographical, Commercial, and Philosophical View of the American United States* (London, 1795), II, 315.

¹⁰² John Lambert, *Travels thru' Canada and the United States of North America in the Years 1806, 1807, 1808* (3d ed., London, 1816), II, 55.

¹⁰³ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 12, 1842 (Y.).

¹⁰⁴ See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 468, 519.

¹⁰⁵ August 9, 1791. Proceedings of the Calliopean Society Founded for the express purpose of improving Education (N.Y.H.S.).

¹⁰⁶ *Idem*.

¹⁰⁷ Longworth's *American Almanack, New-York Register, and City Directory*, 1797, p. 78.

¹⁰⁸ Proceedings of the Calliopean Society, August 9, 1791. A characteristic entry follows: "Tuesday July 26 1791. . . . Mess. Paulding & Rowe were excused, but Mr. W. Irving fined one shilling for neglect of composition." On August 2, 1791, William Irving was elected librarian. The brothers William and Peter were also prominent in Masonry, Peter being in 1797 Second Grand Master of the Washington Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and William, in 1798, First Grand Master. Directories allude to them frequently as officers in various lodges. A Holland Lodge of Free Masons was founded in New York in 1787 and employed the

Dutch language. See Mariana Van Rensselaer, *History of the City of New York* (New York, 1909), II, 148.

¹⁰⁹ Minute-book, March 23, 1799 – February 8, 1806 (N.Y.P.L.). See also R. T. Heymsfeld, *Literary Societies and Associations in New York City, 1790–1830*, Manuscript essay (N.Y.H.S.).

¹¹⁰ These early theatricals were fully described in P.M.I., I, 31–32.

¹¹¹ This songbook bears Ebenezer Irving's name and is dated March 17, 1796 (S.). The scores, written in ink, include "The Bank of the Tweed," "The Birks of Invermay," the "Prayer of the Sicilian Mariner," and various Scottish ballads.

¹¹² Winterbotham, *op. cit.*, II, 319.

¹¹³ See II, 201–202.

¹¹⁴ See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 526.

¹¹⁵ "The Columbia Academy of Painting, Is removed to No. 135, William-street. Archibald & Alexa. Robertson, Limners Paint Portraits." *American Minerva*, May 6, 1795. See also J. E. Stillwell, "Archibald Robertson, Miniaturist, 1765–1835," *The New York Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin*, April, 1829.

¹¹⁶ F. M. Burr, *Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M. D., the First American Wood Engraver* (New York, 1893), p. 62.

¹¹⁷ An early but somewhat unreliable biographical sketch in the *New-York Mirror*, June 19, 1824, says, in describing this period of Irving's life: "By way of recreation, he was advised to take lessons in drawing; and for this purpose, he put himself under the tuition of a gentleman, whose Drawing Academy still maintains a high reputation in this city."

¹¹⁸ On November 7, 1793, William Irving married Julia Paulding, sister of James Kirke Paulding (1778–1860). See the *Weekly Museum*, November 9, 1793. Paulding, the future statesman and writer, became Washington Irving's intimate friend.

¹¹⁹ *Diarium Commentarium Joannis Andersonis* [nat. 1773, ob. 1798] Anno MDCCXCIV. Novum Eboracum (N.Y.H.S.). John Anderson died of yellow fever in September, 1798.

¹²⁰ *Idem*, February 1, 1794.

¹²¹ *Idem*, February 7, 1794.

¹²² *Idem*, February 25, 1794.

¹²³ *Idem*, February 21, 1794.

¹²⁴ *Journal*, 1824, June 16 (T.).

¹²⁵ P.M.I., I, 35–36.

¹²⁶ *Diarium Commentarium Joannis Andersonis*, March 13, 1794. Irving may have seen this operatic spectacle, written by Mrs. Anne Kemble Hatton, sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and first produced at the John Street Theater on March 3, 1794. About this time Irving saw in pantomime the story of Don Juan. Cf. "Don Juan: A Spectral Research," *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 362–375. His first formal visit to the theater was with Paulding, whom he met during these years. The play was *Speculation*, and the chief actor was the older Joseph Jefferson.

¹²⁷ *Diarium Commentarium Joannis Andersonis*, November 17, 1795. Irving was later a strong partisan of Hamilton, whose policies as Secretary of the Treasury were still being feverishly debated in New York. Irving was to study for a brief period in the office of Brockholst Livingston.

¹²⁸ *Idem*. The disapproval of the alliance with France, a legacy of the Revolution, was encouraged by such leaders as John Adams and John Jay and contended in the popular mind with anti-British feeling. The Irvings inclined toward hostility to France and affection for England. See Morison, *op. cit.*, I, 46.

¹²⁹ The amusement called Rickett's Circus, on Greenwich Street, near the Battery, was opened in 1795. See T. A. Brown, *History of the New York Stage* (New York, 1903), I, 10.

¹³⁰ See "Hell-Gate," *Tales of a Traveller*, p. 422, and "The Devil and Tom Walker," *idem*, p. 453.

¹⁸¹ D. G. Mitchell, *Bound Together* (New York, 1884), p. 7.

¹⁸² *Irv.*, p. xlviii.

¹⁸³ "The Birds of Spring," *Wolfert's Roost*, p. 35.

¹⁸⁴ *Irv.*, p. xlviii.

¹⁸⁵ "To the Editor of the Knickerbocker," *Knickerbocker*, March, 1839, p. 209.

¹⁸⁶ "Sleepy Hollow," *idem*, May, 1839.

¹⁸⁷ Tour in Scotland [I, 87] (P.D.).

¹⁸⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁸⁹ Deacon William Irving's library has been scattered, and only a few volumes of those which once belonged to his sons William and Peter are to be found at Sunnyside. For evidence of Irving's familiarity with Shakespeare see *A History of New York*, ed. S. T. Williams and Tremaine McDowell (New Haven [1927]), p. xxxix; and the same work, ed. E. A. Greenlaw (New York, 1909), pp. viii-xxiii.

¹⁴⁰ For an account of the novels which were current in America in Irving's boyhood, see E. D. Finch, *The Beginnings of the American Novel, 1789-1798*, Dissertation (Y.).

¹⁴¹ "Loudon's Diary," *Old New York*, November, 1889, p. 228.

¹⁴² A. M. Painter, Burns in America before 1800, p. 155, Dissertation (Y.).

¹⁴³ "Abbotsford," pp. 257-258; Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [46, 63] (Y.).

¹⁴⁴ *Irv.*, p. xxxvi.

¹⁴⁵ "The Author," *Bracebridge Hall*, p. 11.

¹⁴⁶ Irving to P. J. Forbes, Sunnyside, October 25, 1852 (N.Y.H.S.).

¹⁴⁷ So Irving described his feelings to H. L. Ellsworth. H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [56] (Y.).

¹⁴⁸ "The Voyage," *The Sketch Book*, p. 26.

¹⁴⁹ See Morison, *op. cit.*, I, 50-54.

¹⁵⁰ "The Author," p. 8.

¹⁵¹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, March 27, 1845 (Y.).

¹⁵² "The Author's Account of Himself," *The Sketch Book*, pp. 15-16.

¹⁵³ See II, 147-148.

¹⁵⁴ "Many papers that he sent to the printer were rejected, but these assaults upon his pride did not make him unhappy." Lanman, "A Day with Washington Irving." R. H. Stoddard believed that these early contributions were poems. *The Works of Washington Irving*, ed. R. H. Stoddard [n.p. n.d.], I, xvi.

¹⁵⁵ J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes.

¹⁵⁶ W. C. Bryant, *A Discourse on the Life, Character and Genius of Washington Irving* (New York, 1860), p. 12.

CHAPTER II

¹ See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 137.

² Brown's determination "to become exclusively an author" was regarded as highly unusual, as was his bold selection of *fiction* as his medium. See *Wieland*, ed. F. L. Partee (New York [1926]), Introduction, p. x. The insignificance of writing as a profession was partly due to the timidity of publishers.

³ In the New York of 1800 Freneau's poetry was widely read. Of the "Hartford Wits," Joel Barlow enjoyed here the largest audience.

⁴ See Bibliography, Introduction, and also R. E. Spiller and P. C. Blackburn, *A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1934), Introduction, II.

⁵ *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1795*, p. 110.

⁶ Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, [Granada] June 16, 1829 (Y.).

⁷ *New-York Directory, and Register, for the Year 1795*, p. 110.

⁸ Longworth's *American Almanack, New-York Register, and City Directory*, 1797, p. 245.

⁹ P.M.I., I, 37.

¹⁰ See II, 93.

¹¹ See C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York, 1927), I, 100-102.

¹² See M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 299.

¹³ Tour in Scotland [I, 88] (P. D.).

¹⁴ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 2, 1845 (Y.).

¹⁵ M. L. Davis, *Memoirs of Aaron Burr, with Miscellaneous Selections from His Correspondence* (New York, 1837), II, 274.

¹⁶ William Dunlap, *History of the American Theatre* (New York, 1832), p. 197.

¹⁷ D. A. Ogden to Peter Irving, New York, November 24, 1802, quoted by Davis, *op. cit.*, II, 296. In 1805 Peter Irving was secretary of the Directors of the American Academy of Arts. "The City in 1805," *Old New York*, October, 1889, p. 161.

¹⁸ Giovanni Sbogarro, *A Venetian Tale . . .* (New York, 1820). This was apparently an adaptation from a French story.

¹⁹ J. W. Francis, *Old New York . . .* (New York, 1858), p. 204.

²⁰ Longworth's *American Almanack, New-York Register, and City Directory*, 1797, pp. 89, 91; 1798, pp. 75, 77.

²¹ "Biography of Captain James Lawrence," *Analectic Magazine*, September, 1813, p. 130.

²² (T.). A bond, dated February 28, 1801, and signed by Irving as a witness, is one of the few surviving records of Irving's career as a lawyer (N. F. McGirr, Ardmore, Pennsylvania). Another early legal paper is extant, dated May 14, 1801 (T.). "His name occurs on several old deeds as a witness." F. B. Hough, *A History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, New York . . .* (Albany, 1853), p. 402.

²³ M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 300.

²⁴ See I, 102-107.

²⁵ Longworth's *American Almanac, New-York Register, and City Directory . . .*, 1808, p. 185.

²⁶ See I, 24.

²⁷ See J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History . . .*, III, 139. Brown used the theme of yellow fever in his fiction. See C. B. Brown, *Arthur Mervyn* (1799-1800). See also the accounts of these epidemics, with "tables of mortality," in the *Weekly Magazine*, August 18, 25, 1798.

²⁸ M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 531-533.

²⁹ Irving's recollections of the Hudson and *The Farmer's Daughter* were published in "Sleepy Hollow," *Knickerbocker*, May, 1839.

³⁰ See "The Catskill Mountains," *A Landscape Book*, by American Artists and American Authors (New York, 1868), pp. 24-25.

³¹ "I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Tanz-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places." *Idem*, p. 24. From this conversation with the trader, Irving may have drawn material for *The Sketch Book* and *Tales of a Traveller*, Part IV.

³² From a manuscript of an unfinished article for *The Home Book of the Picturesque*. P.M.I., I, 40. The final version may be found in "The Catskill

Mountains." Nor did Irving exaggerate the charm of the unspoiled Hudson. Moore, who sailed up it in 1804, declared: "The passage up the Hudson River gave me the most bewildering succession of romantic objects that I could ever have conceived." To his mother, Saratoga, July 10, 1804, *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, ed. Lord John Russell (New York, 1857), I, 78.

³³ In *A History of New York*. See in the present work, I, 118.

³⁴ At this time William and Peter were Democrats, while the youngest brother was a mild Federalist.

³⁵ Only twelve years earlier Elkanah Watson wrote of the "low, one-story tavern on a hill in Ballston" and "an old barrel with the staves open, stuck into the mud in the midst of a quagmire, surrounded by trees, stumps, and logs. This was the Ballston Spring." The building called the "Sans Souci," modeled after Versailles, was erected in 1803. See W. L. Stone, *Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston* (New York, 1875), pp. 405-406, 407, footnote, and *Men and Times of the Revolution*. . . , ed. W. C. Watson (New York, 1857), pp. 402-404. See also the *Port Folio*, October 30, 1802.

³⁶ P. M. Irving published a few passages from this journal (Mrs. Sheldon Tilney, New York City). See also Washington Irving, *Journal, 1803*, ed. S. T. Williams (New York, 1934).

³⁷ See S. E. Morison, *The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1797* (London, 1927), I, 60-63.

³⁸ See J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History* . . . , III, 152. For an account of the speculations in land in the then newly created St. Lawrence county, see Hough, *A History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, New York* . . . , p. 245 and *passim*.

³⁹ A revelation of Ann Hoffman's vivacious character occurs in a letter from her to Matilda [n.p., 1800?] (Minn.).

⁴⁰ For letters from Irving to Mrs. Hoffman between 1807 and 1817, see P.M.I., I, 191, 217, 228, 243, 245, 251, 389.

⁴¹ Reedy, Van Rensselaer, and Brandram apparently left the party at Ballston Springs. The first of these companions was presumably David Reedy. See Grantors and Grantees (N.Y.H.S.). Stephen Van Rensselaer (1765-1835) also had large holdings of land on the Canadian frontier.

⁴² *Journal*, 1803, August 1.

⁴³ See *Journal*, 1822, August 5 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁴⁴ *Journal*, 1803, August 4.

⁴⁵ pp. 360-367.

⁴⁶ *Journal*, 1803, August 4.

⁴⁷ *Idem*, August 5.

⁴⁸ Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [74] (Y.).

⁴⁹ *Journal*, 1803, August 12.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵¹ *Idem*, August 13.

⁵² *Idem*, August 14.

⁵³ *Ibid.*

⁵⁴ *Ibid.* Ann Hoffman described this storm in a letter to her sister Matilda, Montreal, August 10, 1803 (Mrs. C. H. Neely, Bronxville, New York).

⁵⁵ The return from Montreal to New York in 1803 was apparently made by the same route. "On the 21st of January, 1805, Hoffman, by deed, released to [Stephen] Van Rensselaer his interest in the two towns [Lisbon and Madrid]." Hough, *A History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, New York* . . . , p. 245. Irving returned to Ogdensburg in 1853. See II, 211.

⁵⁶ See Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

⁵⁷ *Journal*, 1803, August 29.

⁵⁸ Part of Brevoort's fortune was accumulated on the frontier.

⁵⁹ Introduction, p. v.

⁶⁰ See chap. xix.

⁶¹ For accounts of this newspaper, see C. S. Brigham, *American Antiquarian Society Proceedings* (1917), p. 462.

⁶² W. A. Duer to E. A. Duyckinck, [New York?] December 21, 1854 (D.P., N.Y.P.L.). For allusions to the shifting politics of the Irving brothers, see chaps. v and vi, *passim*. As they became more prosperous, they inclined to conceal their early Burrite vagaries. Washington Irving, in revising the article on Peter for Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, indicated in the proof sheets of this article his wish to keep unknown Peter's association with the *Corrector* (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶³ A semiweekly paper, issued anonymously during March and April, 1804.

⁶⁴ P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

⁶⁵ Its prospectus reads: "Among the primary objects of its institution, it is contemplated, to support with firmness the present administration, and to advocate with manly freedom genuine REPUBLICAN principles. . . ." *Morning Chronicle*, October 1, 1802. A series of articles appeared "Addressed to all sincere Federalists"; e.g., November 26, 1802. Nearly all the news was editorialized; e.g., December 6, 1802.

⁶⁶ *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, ed. J. C. Fitzpatrick (Washington, 1920), p. 109.

⁶⁷ P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

⁶⁸ See II, 190-192.

⁶⁹ P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes. The *Corrector*, by Toby Tickler, Esq., ran for ten numbers, from Wednesday, March 28, 1804, to Thursday, April 26, 1804. One surviving complete set (L.C.) reveals the savageness of its attacks on the Federalists and the Democratic, or Republican, enemies of Burr. Beginning with the motto: "I Fear No Frowns, and Seek No Blind Applause," the editors announced their purpose: "to pursue a firm and energetic opposition to a faction which is invading the rights and destroying the happiness of individuals, which with views bold and wicked, is prostrating the republican party, and undermining the prosperity of the state. . . . public taste, in our country, has become vitiated and corrupted, by a Cobbett, a Callendar, a Duane and a Cheetham. . . . I shall unmask a set of villains as unprincipled as ever disgraced any nation on earth. — A mercenary, haughty, aristocratic faction, who, under the garb of republicanism, seek to betray the people." No positive clues are given to Washington Irving's share in this medley of propaganda, epigrams, doggerel, and pseudonyms, but one may conjecture that he had a hand in No. 3, signed by "An Amateur," and in No. 9, in which a favorite device of his is used: "To Toby Tickler Esq. A very singular diary was found under a dining table, about three weeks ago . . . and handed to me with permission to show it to whom I pleased. . . ." *Corrector*, April 24, 1804. Cf. *Salmagundi, A History of New York, A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, etc.

⁷⁰ To his Mother, Passaic Falls, June 26, 1804, *Memoirs* . . . Moore, I, 77.

⁷¹ M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 525.

⁷² *Ibid.*

⁷³ See H. M. Ellis, *Joseph Dennie and His Circle* . . . (Austin, Texas, 1915), pp. 148-149.

⁷⁴ This first paper was not reprinted in the London edition (1824).

⁷⁵ Francis, *Old New York* . . . , p. 204.

⁷⁶ See I, 38.

⁷⁷ Editorial note prefixed to Washington Irving, *Biographies and Miscellanies*, ed. P. M. Irving (New York [1866])[12]. In this volume is the most recent republication of these essays, pp. 13-41. P. M. Irving omitted the last four, but printed the introductory letter. For an account of Peter Irving's republication of the letters in the *Chronicle Express*, see *Washington Irving, A Bibliography*, com-

piled by W. R. Langfeld and P. C. Blackburn (New York, 1933), p. 26. No complete collection of the *Letters* exists in book form. References and quotations in this chapter are to *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* . . . (London, 1824).

⁷⁸ Originally this first work of Irving's took, for the most part, the form of communications to the *Morning Chronicle*: November 15, 20, 1802 (Nos. 39, 44, pp. 3, 2); December 1, 4, 11 (Nos. 53, 56, 62, pp. 2, 2, 3); January 17, 22, 1803 (Nos. 91, 96, pp. 2, 2); February 8 (No. 110, p. 2); April 23 (No. 173, p. 2).

⁷⁹ "Quoz" may have been Peter Irving. See Irving's letter to "Quoz," I, 48-52.

⁸⁰ *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* (London, 1824), p. 5. See the *Morning Chronicle*, November 20, 1802. Irving's descriptions of dress are only slightly exaggerated. See T. E. V. Smith, *The City of New York in the Year of Washington's Inauguration 1789* (New York, 1889), p. 95.

⁸¹ T. A. Brown, *History of the New York Stage* (New York, 1903), I, 12.

⁸² Coleman became editor and proprietor of the *Post* in 1801.

⁸³ O. S. Coad, *William Dunlap, A Study of his Life and Works and of his Place in Contemporary Culture* (New York, 1917), p. 76.

⁸⁴ James Parton, *The Life and Times of Aaron Burr* (New York, 1858), I, 308. Another letter from Burr to Theodosia, Washington, January 29, 1804, also commends the letters. Davis, *op. cit.*, II, 274.

⁸⁵ See A. H. Quinn, *A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War* (New York, 1923), p. 80.

⁸⁶ An adaptation of S. I. Arnold's *The Veteran Tar*. Hodgkinson played the part of Tom Sturdy. See G. C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (New York, 1927), II, 159.

⁸⁷ *Daily Advertiser*, July 4, 1802.

⁸⁸ For the renewal of Irving's interest in German themes, see chaps. viii, ix, x, xi.

⁸⁹ *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* (London, 1824), pp. 13, 14. See the *Morning Chronicle*, December 1, 1802. Dunlap noted with approval this attack on *The Tripolitan Prize*.

⁹⁰ For descriptions of the Park Theater, see the *Daily Advertiser*, January 29, 1798; T. A. Brown, *op. cit.*, I, 11; and *Picture of New York* (New York [1828]). "The stage is remarkably commodious — and no language will give the reader an adequate idea of the scenery, which is universally spoken of as surpassing for elegance and effect, everything of the kind heretofore seen in America." *Spectator*, February 3, 1798.

⁹¹ *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* (London, 1824), pp. 23-24. See the *Morning Chronicle*, December 4, 1802.

⁹² Various other accounts exist of the coarse manners of audiences in the early American theater; e.g., J. B. McMaster, *History of the People of the United States* . . . (New York, 1885), II, 549.

⁹³ *Memoirs* . . . Moore, I, 75. It is unlikely that Moore, as has been stated, knew Irving during this journey to America. Had they met at this time, it seems probable that this fact would have been mentioned by B. J. Lossing in his article "Tom Moore in America." See *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1877, p. 537. Irving's friendship with Moore probably began in 1820. See I, 198.

⁹⁴ Several of Irving's descriptions of Mrs. Whitlock are preserved in the Notebook, 1807-1808 (N.Y.P.L.). This actress made her first appearance in New York on October 13, 1802, in Hannah More's tragedy, *Percy*. Elaborate criticisms of her and of Mrs. Johnson appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, November 17, 1802.

⁹⁵ W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 13. See also *Irv.*, p. vi.

⁹⁶ *Morning Chronicle*, December 11, 1802. This advice of Irving's was quoted thirty years later in the *New-York Mirror*, February 2, 1833, p. 246.

⁹⁷ *History of the American Theatre*, p. 297. Dunlap explains various allusions in Irving's satire. *Ibid.*

⁹⁸ *Idem*, pp. 299-309.

⁹⁹ See the *New York Weekly Museum*, May 30, 1812.

¹⁰⁰ See the *Monthly Critical Gazette*, June, 1824.

¹⁰¹ *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* (London, 1824), Biographical Notice [iii].

¹⁰² *The Kaleidoscope* (1824) reprinted two of the letters. After the success of *The Sketch Book*, the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* obtained some reputation on the Continent through its translation by S. H. Spiker (see I, 230). See *Der Gesellschafter oder Blätter für Geist und Herz* (Berlin), 1824, Blatt 140, Supplement, p. 693; *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (Leipzig), 1824, No. 235, p. 940; *Intelligenzblatt*, No. 54, December 27, 1834, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*.

¹⁰³ The meeting between Irving and Brown, referred to in various studies of Brown (e.g., D. L. Clark, *Charles Brockden Brown*, [New York?] 1923), was first described in P.M.I., I, 47. Brown and Irving were inducted into the New York Historical Society in the same year (1809) and may have met through these affiliations.

¹⁰⁴ An unknown lady to J. E. Hall [Philadelphia, 1804?] (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁰⁵ For descriptions of the increasingly metropolitan character of New York about 1800, see Felix de Beaujour, *Sketch of the United States of North America* (London, 1814), pp. 76, 123, and J. F. Watson, *Annals and Occurrences of New York City and State* . . . (Philadelphia, 1846), p. 188. Irving refers often to the Battery as a promenade. See *A History of New York*, pp. 211-214.

¹⁰⁶ Irving's friendship with Matilda Hoffman began before his first journey to Europe. See I, 42.

¹⁰⁷ See I, 102-107.

¹⁰⁸ Irving to Major Hicks, [Bordeaux] July 24 [1804] (Y.); Irving to "Quoz," Ship *Matilda*, at sea, January 1, 1805 (Y.).

¹⁰⁹ Irving described the contest between the Clintonians, in support of Morgan Lewis, and the united Burrites and Federalists, in behalf of Burr, in a letter to Cadwallader Colden, Bordeaux, July 5, 1804 (Y.).

¹¹⁰ P.M.I., I, 46-47. Definite proof of Irving's delicate health exists in two early letters, to his parents, Johnstown, July 2, 1802, and to John Furman, Johnstown, July 26, 1802, *idem*, I, 45, 46.

¹¹¹ *Idem*, I, 63.

¹¹² *Idem*, I, 62.

¹¹³ Irving to "Quoz," Ship *Matilda*, at sea, January 1, 1805.

¹¹⁴ Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [19].

¹¹⁵ P.M.I., I, 63.

CHAPTER III

¹ For an allusion to Brevoort's journey, see I, 158.

² For records of some of the earlier travelers see R. E. Spiller, *The American in England during the First Half Century of Independence* (New York [1926]), pp. 4-13. Brevoort comments on the hardships of ocean travel in a letter to Irving, Paris, April 14, 1812 (N.Y.P.L.).

³ At this time none of Irving's family, except the parents, had been in Europe. Peter traveled through France, Italy, and Switzerland from December, 1806, to January, 1808. Some of his surviving manuscript journals (Y.; T.; University of Texas) suggest clearly the resemblance of his mind to his brother Washington's. An excellent illustration of the simple narratives of travel which found favor among American readers is the series of "Original Letters from Italy," *Port Folio*, October 18, 25, November 1, 8, 1806.

⁴ Adam Ferguson, *History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* (London, 1783); Pierre Jean Grosley, *Nouveaux Mémoires . . . sur*

l'Italie (London, 1764); Patrick Brydone, *Tour through Sicily and Malta* (Boston [1792]); John Moore, *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany* . . . (London, 1781); Henry Swinburne, *Travels in the Two Sicilies* (London, 1783–1785). Irving quoted specifically from the last three writers.

⁵ Irving made excerpts also from "Slawkenbergius's Tale," in *Tristram Shandy*. Journal, 1804, September 3 (N.Y.P.L.). The most striking illustration of Sterne's influence is in the passage on the Swiss cemetery at Gersau. See I, 182. Irving quotes also from Swift.

⁶ J. K. Paulding to Irving, New York, June 28, 1804, W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), p. 34.

⁷ L. J. Fosdick suggests that Irving studied the language under one of the "lay schoolmasters" in New Rochelle. See *The French Blood in America* (New York [1906]), p. 235. His regret concerning his failure to master French is often expressed in letters written while he was Minister to Spain (Y.). His attitude toward the study of French and Spanish is fully stated in a letter to Pierre Paris Irving (P.M.I., II, 235–236). Irving resumed the study of French in 1823, but his knowledge of the language was probably most effective during the last months of 1805. See chap. xii, note 50. In January of this year he began the study of Italian, and resumed it in 1825.

⁸ The manuscripts recording this first European journey include frequently two versions of the same events, one an imperfect draft, the other a finished narrative. A comparison of such similar versions reveals the pains taken with the revision. This practice Irving later abandoned, writing only, as in the journal of later years, the short phrases describing his first impressions. Irving probably had publication specifically in mind, for travel literature was popular. See the *Port Folio*, February 12, 1808.

⁹ See, in particular, H. R. Parish, The Sources of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, Dissertation (Y.).

¹⁰ *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson* . . . , ed. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes (Boston, 1910), September 8, 1833.

¹¹ From two passports, P.M.I., I, 75, footnote. Details disagree in descriptions of Irving's personal appearance. See I, 213, 318.

¹² Journal, 1804, July 1 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹³ Irving to William Irving, June 26, 1804, P.M.I., I, 65.

¹⁴ Proclaimed May 18, 1804; crowned December 2, 1804.

¹⁵ Irving to Major Hicks, [Bordeaux] July 24 [1804] (Y.). "There is nothing now printed in Paris, in the line of politics and history, but satires and falsehoods. Foreigners look down with pity on every thing that emanates from the capital on these matters." *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . (London, 1803), II, 475.

¹⁶ Lyons, after Paris, was generally considered the most interesting French city for the tourist. See John Moore, *op. cit.*, I, 152. Bordeaux is given scant space in the early guides for travelers; e.g., Mariana Starke, *Information and Directions for Travellers on the Continent* [Guide through Italy] (new edition, Paris, 1829), p. 349.

¹⁷ The office of the company of L. Ferrier was at Number 13, Rue du Parlement, but the location of his home, where Irving lived, is unknown. It was, however, near the Palais Gallien. Irving did not on this first visit meet Daniel Guestier, his friend in 1825, who was even now prominent in the affairs of Bordeaux. *Calendrier de commerce pour l'an 1809* (Bordeaux [1809]), pp. 144, 170. Irving resumed his acquaintance with the Ferriers in 1825. After the custom of American travelers in the early years of the nineteenth century, Irving carried numerous letters of introduction. One of the most important was to Jonathan Jones, a well-known American merchant in Bordeaux. Through him Irving was in communication with Cadwallader Colden, of New York, who was now abroad. Irving to Cadwallader Colden, Bordeaux, July 5, 1804 (Y.).

¹⁸ See Journal, 1804, July 28.

¹⁹ *The Mourning Bride*, Act II, Scene 1.

²⁰ Pierre Lafon commenced his study for the stage at the age of sixteen in Bordeaux, and died there in 1846. See I, 70.

²¹ Leffingwell was of the firm of Leffingwell and Dudley, of New York, and an old acquaintance. He returned within a few months to this city, where he was distinguished for his beauty and personal charm. He took his own life, within six months, under mysterious circumstances. See P.M.I., I, 66-68.

²² François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), whom Irving knew well in Paris in 1821. See I, 70, 199-200.

²³ See I, 40.

²⁴ See *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, IV.

²⁵ See chap. i, note 129.

²⁶ A small volume might be compiled from Irving's letters and journals of contemporary opinions concerning Napoleon. See *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), Index.

²⁷ Mrs. J. O. Hoffman. See I, 29.

²⁸ Eliza Ogden, a cousin of Thomas Ludlow Ogden. See I, 29.

²⁹ Matilda Hoffman, now thirteen years old, of whom Irving was already fond. See I, 42.

³⁰ Archibald Robertson, Irving's instructor in drawing. See chap. i, note 115.

³¹ Apparently Daniel Rodman's (d. 1799) children, who were Irving's contemporaries and who were prominent in New York society.

³² (Y.). Apparently this letter was written to "Quoz" (see chap. ii, note 79), a nickname, used in *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, which may apply to Peter Irving, to J. K. Paulding, or possibly to Henry Brevoort.

³³ One book in Irving's luggage was Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Italian* (1797). *Travelling Notes*, 1804 (N. Y. P. L.). See II, 288.

³⁴ *Journal*, 1804, August [date incomplete].

³⁵ See *Journal*, 1804, August 8. Forty-one years later Irving revisited Tonneins in memory of this incident. "As my carriage rattled through the quiet streets of Tonneins, . . . I looked out for the house where . . . I had seen the quilting party. I believe I recognized the house; and I saw two or three old women, who might once have formed part of the merry group of girls; but I doubt whether they recognized in the stout elderly gentleman . . . the pale young English prisoner of forty years since." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, November 1, 1845, P.M.I., I, 72.

³⁶ *Journal*, 1804, August 13.

³⁷ *Ibid.*

³⁸ See *Travelling Notes*, 1804, August 11.

³⁹ *Journal*, 1804, August 20.

⁴⁰ Perhaps Jean Pierre Blanchard (1753-1809), the first person to cross the English Channel in a balloon, on January 7, 1785.

⁴¹ *Journal*, 1804, August 27.

⁴² *Idem*, September 8.

⁴³ "Thomas Appleton, Esq. of Massachusetts is appointed Consul of the United States at Leghorn. . . ." *Weekly Magazine*, February 17, 1798.

⁴⁴ See chap. iii, note 16.

⁴⁵ *Travelling Notes*, 1804, September 11. A few words, as indicated, are illegible.

⁴⁶ Napoleon landed at Fréjus on October 9, 1799, from Alexandria, and hurried off to Paris without performing quarantine.

⁴⁷ *Journal*, 1804, September 14.

⁴⁸ At Nice Irving took final leave of Dr. Henry.

⁴⁹ P.M.I., I, 78-81.

⁵⁰ Irving was apparently interested in Cogoleto, reputed to be the birthplace of Columbus, whose biography he was to write. For an account of the influence of

this part of Irving's journey, see Emilio Goggio, "Washington Irving and Italy," *Romanic Review*, January-March, 1930.

⁵¹ Anthony Ashley (Cooper), Earl of Shaftesbury (1761-1811); John Lowell (1769-1840), of the Boston family, later the uncle of James Russell Lowell; Andrew Wilson (1780-1848), landscape painter, who lived in Genoa from 1803 to 1807.

⁵² Travelling Notes, 1804, October 20.

⁵³ Journal, 1804, November 8. Cf. Starke, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

⁵⁴ Irving to "Quoz," Ship *Matilda*, at sea, January 1, 1805 (Y.).

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*

⁵⁷ *Ibid.* Irving's letters refer frequently to Ann Hoffman and Eliza Ogden.

⁵⁸ Still the scandal of this year. The duel occurred on July 11, 1804. Hamilton died on the following afternoon after hours of terrible suffering.

⁵⁹ In using this title Irving alluded probably to *The Great Devil: or, The Robber of Genoa*. This play was acted at Sadler's Wells, London, in 1801. See John Cumberland, *Minor Theatre*, XIV, and, especially, "Remarks."

⁶⁰ See chap. xiii, note 105.

⁶¹ See C. E. Lester, *The Artists of America* (New York, 1846), p. 9. See discussion of *Tales of a Traveller*, in which Irving capitalized this interest (II, 292-293).

⁶² Journal, 1804, November 14.

⁶³ Journal, 1804, December [date incomplete].

⁶⁴ Brydone, *op. cit.*, p. 2.

⁶⁵ Journal, 1804, December 23.

⁶⁶ Irving to "Quoz," Ship *Matilda*, at sea, January 1, 1805.

⁶⁷ See C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York, 1927), I, 91.

⁶⁸ See Journal, 1804, December 30. Irving observes that one of these letters was to "Sir — Ball." This was Sir Alexander John Ball, an eminent naval officer and Governor of Malta. Had he presented this letter, he might have met the Governor's secretary, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Unfortunately, this meeting did not occur either here or, as has been said, in Rome. See J. B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston* (New York, 1892), p. 61. Coleridge later became an admirer of Irving's writings, particularly of *A History of New York* and *The Conquest of Granada*. See in the present work, I, 146.

⁶⁹ See Journal, 1804, December 30.

⁷⁰ In 1843 Irving wrote another account of this adventure. Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

⁷¹ Journal, 1804, December 30.

⁷² Journal, 1805, January 8 (N.Y.P.L.). On his next voyage Captain Strong died by shipwreck.

⁷³ Irving to "Quoz," Ship *Matilda*, at sea, January, 1805. This passage is dated January 20.

⁷⁴ The *Nautilus* had been in Preble's fleet, which attacked Tripoli in the summer of 1804. Her captain was John Herbert Dent (1782-1823), a friend of Irving's.

⁷⁵ Journal, 1805, January 31.

⁷⁶ The Tripolitan war, begun in 1801, ended by treaty in this year (1805).

⁷⁷ Journal, 1805, February 6.

⁷⁸ Travelling Notes, 1805, February 10.

⁷⁹ Journal, 1805, February 11. Yet Irving did not reach New York until thirteen months later.

⁸⁰ *Idem*, February 12.

⁸¹ *Ibid.*

⁸² (1855), p. 144. See also in the present work, II, 325.

⁸³ Part of the same story.

⁸⁴ See the long account of Irving's meeting with Baron Palmeria, P.M.I., I, 119-122.

⁸⁵ Nathaniel Amory. Irving had met his brother, Lieutenant William Amory, at Syracuse.

⁸⁶ Journal, 1805, February 28.

⁸⁷ *Idem*, March 7.

⁸⁸ In this Virginia family no records of this friendship survive.

⁸⁹ During his excursion to Herculaneum and Pompeii, Irving met John Hayter (1756-1818), the English antiquary, then engaged on the papyri of Herculaneum.

⁹⁰ Journal, 1805, March 25.

⁹¹ "The Inn at Terracina," *Tales of a Traveller* (1824), pp. 303-320.

⁹² *Epistle to Mr. Addison*, line 2.

⁹³ Journal, 1805, March 30.

⁹⁴ P.M.I., I, 133. This was a common error.

⁹⁵ Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt (1767-1835), elder brother of the scientist and traveler Alexander von Humboldt (1769-1859), was Prussian Minister to Rome from 1802 to 1808.

⁹⁶ Journal, 1805, April 4.

⁹⁷ "Washington Allston," an article to which Irving contributed, in E. A. Duyckinck and G. L. Duyckinck, *Cyclopædia of American Literature* (New York, 1855), II, 12-19. This essay was reprinted in *Biographies and Miscellanies*, ed. P. M. Irving (New York [1866]), pp. 174-182. It is a sentimental, vague account of Allston, but illumines Irving's relations with him. It was written in 1854, and sent to Duyckinck with the express stipulation that it should be printed unabridged and unmutated. Irving to E. A. Duyckinck, Sunnyside, November 23, 1854 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁸ See I, 151, 156.

⁹⁹ "Washington Allston," p. 15.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰¹ *Ibid.* There can be no doubt that Allston approved of Irving's natural taste in painting. "I have," said he, "so many things to tell you of - to consult you about, &c. . . . One of these subjects (and the most important) is the large picture I talked of soon beginning: The prophet Daniel interpreting the *handwriting on the wall* before Belshazzar. I have made a highly finished sketch of it, and I wished much to have your remarks on it." Washington Allston to Irving, London, May 9, 1817, P.M.I., I, 362.

¹⁰² "Washington Allston," p. 15.

¹⁰³ See I, 327, 335.

¹⁰⁴ "Washington Allston," p. 15.

¹⁰⁵ *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927). See drawings reproduced opposite pp. 26, 36, 52, 72. One small notebook, begun in Paris in 1805, contains no less than twenty sketches (N.Y.P.L.). See also illustrations in *The Journals of Washington Irving*, ed. W. P. Trent and G. S. Hellman (Boston, 1919).

¹⁰⁶ "In the evening we visited the Prussian Minister Baron Humbolt. We found there Madam De Staël the celebrated authoress of *Delphine* &c. She is a woman of great strength of mind & understanding by all accounts - we were in company with her but a few minutes." Journal, 1805, April 4. With Madame de Staël Irving dined later at Humboldt's and was "somewhat astounded at the amazing flow of her conversation, and the question upon question with which she plied him." P.M.I., I, 137.

¹⁰⁷ "The name of Washington Allston . . . set his soul all glowing with tender, affectionate enthusiasm" (1859). P.M.I., IV, 325.

¹⁰⁸ William Irving to Irving, [New York] July 8, 1805, P.M.I., I, 139-140. Irving afterwards gave a more reasonable excuse for his omission of Florence: "At the time I was in Italy a cordon of troops was drawn round Tuscany on account of a malignant fever prevalent there, and I was obliged to omit the whole of it in my Italian tour. I also failed to see Venice, which I have ever regretted." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, October 27, 1856 (Y.). In the preceding October

William had sent him a thousand dollars and an exhortation to travel slowly : "We would wish you not to hurry yourself in your journey." William Irving to Irving, New York, October 25, 1804 (S.).

¹⁰⁹ See J. C. Cabell to Fulwar Skipworth, Rome, April 9, 1805 (N.Y.P.L.): "I tarried there [Naples] till the 24 March for the company of a young Mr Irving, who like myself visits Europe for health and instruction. We reached this on the 27 March, at which time I meant to resume my journey in a few days. But on his promise to accompany me in the long and tedious road between this and Paris I have deferred my departure a couple of weeks ; we are preparing to set out, and nothing but the beginning of Holy Week will detain us till the 13th when we certainly leave Rome."

¹¹⁰ Autobiographical Notes (T.).

¹¹¹ e.g., "The Painter's Adventure," pp. 389-390. See discussion of *Tales of a Traveller*, II, 293.

¹¹² At Gersau Irving gleaned material which he used in "Rural Funerals," in *The Sketch Book* (pp. 201-202). A letter to Peter Irving shows the strong impression made by the little churchyard with its graves "marked with small crosses of carved wood." Irving to Peter Irving [n.p., 1805] (N.Y.P.L.). The journal also reveals again the influence of an author constantly at Irving's hand in 1805 : "What a rich chapter would Sterne have made of such a subject. . . ."

¹¹³ See Journal, 1805, May 19.

¹¹⁴ In the Rue de la Loi. Later Irving moved to "a genteel hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, near the Seine. Though retired from the gay, noisy part of the city, we have but to cross the Pont des Arts, and we are immediately among the amusements. This part of Paris is tranquil and reasonable, and almost all the Americans of my acquaintance reside here." Irving to Peter Irving, Paris, July 15, 1805, P.M.I., I, 148.

¹¹⁵ [Washington Irving] "Conversations with Talma . . .," *The Knickerbocker Gallery* (New York, 1855), p. 16.

¹¹⁶ Diary, 1805, June 2 (G.W.). "The first Napoleon he [Irving] never saw and greatly regretted it" (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹⁷ Diary, 1805, May 28.

¹¹⁸ *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . II, 553-560.

¹¹⁹ These nine octavo sheets are important as the chief source of knowledge of Irving during these four months (G.W.). P. M. Irving's version of these is incomplete through long and discreet omissions (I, 144-147). For the entire fragment see S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving's First Stay in Paris," *American Literature*, March, 1930. These sheets are referred to as "Diary," to distinguish them from Irving's notebooks and his more formal and complete journal. In addition, our knowledge of the stay in Paris is supplemented by a small notebook of great value in the possession of W. F. Clarke, of Scarsdale, New York, and referred to here as "Notebook, 1805." This notebook, which duplicates some of the material in the Diary, contains an account of the journey from Basel to Paris, May 19-24, 1805, of the stay in Paris, of the trip through Holland, and of the voyage to England. As a journal it is hardly more than a fragment, but contains material of real interest in the form of anecdotes, sketches, and expense accounts.

¹²⁰ About eleven pages of Irving's notes on botany, in French and English, survive in the Notebook [1805-1806] (N.Y.P.L.). These lectures at the Jardin des Plantes were famous throughout Europe. See *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . II, 447-451.

¹²¹ Notebook, 1805, June 24, August 21.

¹²² *Idem*.

¹²³ Irving to Peter Irving, Paris, July 15, 1805, P.M.I., I, 150.

¹²⁴ *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . I, 304-308, 340 ; II, 112-119, 247-249.

¹²⁵ Diary, 1805, May 25.

¹²⁶ John Vanderlyn (1776-1852), who had also studied at Archibald Robertson's school of drawing, was now living abroad.

¹²⁷ *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . , II, 13-36.

¹²⁸ Diary, 1805, May 24.

¹²⁹ *Ibid.*

¹³⁰ Notebook, 1805, May 24.

¹³¹ See *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . , II, 390-392.

¹³² Diary, 1805, June 13.

¹³³ *Idem*, May 28.

¹³⁴ *Idem*, May 27.

¹³⁵ *Idem*, May 28.

¹³⁶ Irving's payment of Vanderlyn for the portrait, whose present location is unknown, was recorded on August 12. P.M.I., I, 151. A reproduction may be seen facing I, 68.

¹³⁷ "Irving impressively said to me [c. 1850] that he deeply regretted not going Europe-ward even before my age [nineteen] although he visited it at twenty-one." Willard Fiske to C. D. Warner, Stratford, July 26, 1850, H. S. White, *Willard Fiske, Life and Correspondence; A Biographical Study* (New York, 1925), p. 349.

¹³⁸ See P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

¹³⁹ At about this time Paris contained some fifty theaters. See *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . , II, 47-78, 112-119, 262-276, 371-376, 390-394.

¹⁴⁰ Diary, 1805, May 29.

¹⁴¹ See *Paris As It Was and As It Is* . . . , II, 209, and *idem*, II, 203-210.

¹⁴² See chap. xi.

¹⁴³ Notebook, 1805.

¹⁴⁴ See *A History of New York*, pp. 194-195, and also "Broek: or The Dutch Paradise," *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 253-261. The journal, September 30, 1805, reads: "The first thing that strikes a Stranger upon entering this town [Rotterdam] . . . is the extreme cleanliness of the houses. The rage for cleaning & scouring amounts almost to a folly in Holland." Cf. "What . . . renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing." *Wolfert's Roost*, p. 254.

¹⁴⁵ Journal, 1805, September 28.

¹⁴⁶ Notebook, 1805, "Voyage to England."

¹⁴⁷ Journal, 1805, October 4 [5].

¹⁴⁸ Irving to William Irving [London, n.d.], P.M.I., I, 155.

¹⁴⁹ See I, 40.

¹⁵⁰ Charles Kemble, thirty years old, was now applauded for his performances of Norval in *Douglas* (1798), Alonzo in *Pizarro* (1799), and for such rôles as Charles Surface, Faulconbridge, and Young Mirabel. Irving was on friendly terms with Kemble in Paris in 1823 and during the latter's visit to America with his daughter Fanny (1832-1834). See II, 27, 29.

¹⁵¹ Sarah Siddons, now fifty years old, was in 1805 probably the most famous performer on the English stage.

¹⁵² Irving to William Irving [London, November, 1805], P.M.I., I, 159.

¹⁵³ John Philip Kemble, two years younger than his sister, Sarah Siddons, was now manager of Covent Garden Theater. George Frederick Cooke (1756-1811) was at the height of his London successes, a favorite in spite of his unreliability and fits of intemperance. Irving saw him again in Philadelphia in 1811. For Irving's relations with Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, see I, 98-99.

¹⁵⁴ See Notebook [1805-1806].

¹⁵⁵ A transcription of one page of this notebook illustrates Irving's persistent attendance at the theater:

"Isabella or fatal marriage

Zanga

Othello (at both houses)

Macbeth D^o

Venice preserv^d (Kemble Jaffier

Hargrave pierre

Mrs Siddons Bel

D^o — — Chas Kemble Jaffier

John Kemble Pierre

Romeo & Juliet (Drury lane

M^r Elliston — Romeo. Mrs H Siddons

Juliet

Honey Moon — D L

Rich^d III & Cooke Richard

1 Part King Henry 4. Hotspur by

Kemble — Falstaff — Cook — Prince

Henry C Kemble

Merch^t Venice. Shylock Cook

Merch^t V. Kemble. Gratiano

C Kemble. Launcelot. Mander[?]

Portia Miss Smith "

Among other plays which Irving saw in England at this time were : *The Delinquent*, *The Siege of Belgrade*, *The Country Girl*, *The Haunted Tower*, *Hamlet*, *The Mountaineers*, *John Bull*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Henry IV, Part II*, *The Soldier's Daughter*, *The Mysterious Husband*.

¹⁵⁶ See Irving to Peter Irving, London, November 7, 1805, P.M.I., I, 161-162.

¹⁵⁷ Notebook [1805-1806].

¹⁵⁸ *Idem*.

¹⁵⁹ *Idem*.

¹⁶⁰ The date of Irving's arrival is further established by the certificate of his entry of baggage, March 24, 1806, showing "one trunk, two boxes, small portmantau, one bag, bed and bedding" (Oliver Barrett, Chicago).

CHAPTER IV

¹ See *Manual of the Corporation of the City of New-York for 1857* ([New York] 1857), pp. 417-429. *Salmagundi* describes faithfully many aspects of New York in 1807.

² Dyde's London Hotel "will be conducted in the true Old English Style, the principles of which are civility, cleanliness, comfort and good cheer. . . . This house has an elegant BALL ROOM, that will accommodate about one hundred and twenty persons." *New York Commercial Advertiser*, January 29, 1806. See also the *New York Gazette and General Advertiser*, April 23, 1806.

³ *Manual of the Corporation of the City of New-York. 1868* [New York, 1869], pp. 828-840. See "The City in 1805," *Old New York*, October, 1889.

⁴ "New York contains 16 Places of Worship, has 90 Streets & Lanes . . . 17,000 houses its length is 9600 [feet?]. Breadth 9600 Feet, being the Broadest part." Note on a manuscript plan of the city in Kirkham's *Log Book* [1807] (copy, N.Y.P.L.). John Melish, in New York during these years, describes Broadway : "It commences at the Battery, on the south-west point of the city, and runs in a north-north-east direction about two miles and a half, where it forms a junction with the Bowery road. The breadth of this street, including the side pavements, is

about 80 feet, and it is regular during its whole length. It is ornamented with rows of poplar trees on each side, and a number of public buildings are situated on it; particularly, the Custom-house, Trinity church, St. Paul's church, the city public buildings, the Mechanics' Hall, and the Hospital." *Travels through the United States of America, in the Years 1806 & 1807* . . . (Philadelphia, 1815), I, 57-58.

⁵ M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 504-526.

⁶ See pp. 55-58.

⁷ John Lambert, *Travels thru' Canada and the United States of North America in the Years 1806, 1807, 1808* (3d ed., London, 1816), II, 91.

⁸ "John T. & Washington Irving Attornies at law & Public Notaries Rem^d to 3 Wall." *New York Gazette*, May 9, 1807. See also *Valentine's Manual of Old New York* (New Series, 1920), p. 88. Records concerning Irving's career as a lawyer have not survived, either in the New York State Board of Law Examiners or the Court of Appeals, in Albany, or in the Supreme Court of Judicature.

⁹ A. L. Herold, *James Kirke Paulding, Versatile American* (New York, 1926), p. 20. "Gouverneur Kemble, the sole survivor of this circle, speaks of him [William Irving] as full of apt illustration, and humor, and conceives that both his brother Washington, and his brother-in-law James, owed no little of their literary success in after-life to his original impulse of sympathy and advice." W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), p. 35.

¹⁰ William's home. Washington Irving also lived here for a brief period.

¹¹ "Recollections of Washington Irving," *Continental Monthly*, June, 1862.

¹² *Irv.*, p. xxxiv.

¹³ Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, New York, May 24, 1806, P.M.I., I, 169.

¹⁴ The title-page of this rare book bears the phrase: "Translated by an American Gentleman." Co-translators were Peter Irving and George Caines, a New York lawyer. The book is misdated by P. M. Irving, I, 219. For comments upon the circumstances of its publication (1806), see the *Bookman*, November, 1898. This book was to be one of Irving's sources for *A History of New York*.

¹⁵ I have been unable to confirm the statement of J. C. Brevoort that Irving was connected with this magazine. *Bookman*, November, 1898. Two numbers may be found in the Boston Athenæum.

¹⁶ See P.M.I., I, 50-51.

¹⁷ See I, 72. For a collection of Irving's verse see W. R. Langfeld, "The Poems of Washington Irving," *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, November, 1930.

¹⁸ The manuscript of this poem is dated, in Irving's handwriting, May 21, 1806 (L.C.). The falls of the Passaic were a popular subject for poetry. See the *Weekly Magazine*, April 21, 1798.

¹⁹ Boston, 1829. This poem continued to be reprinted in anthologies of American poetry; e.g., *Poets of America* . . . , ed. John Keese (New York, 1840), pp. 194-195.

²⁰ See I, 98-99.

²¹ It is possible that Irving belonged also to the "Belles Lettres Literary Society of the City of New York" (March 23, 1799 - February 8, 1806). John T. Irving was at one time secretary. See *Minute Book* (N.Y.P.L.).

²² Actually, "The Nine Worthies" exceeded the stated number. The nicknames, which Irving used in letters for many years, were, for Peter Irving, "the Doctor"; Ebenezer Irving, "Captain Greatheart"; Gouverneur Kemble, "the Patroon"; Paulding, "Billy Taylor"; Brevoort, "Nuncle"; Ogden, "Super-cargo"; Porter, "Sinbad"; McCall, "Oorombates." Peter Kemble was not apparently a regular member of the group.

²³ See P.M.I., I, 167-168.

²⁴ Ebenezer Irving withdrew early from the circle.

²⁵ The best account of "Cockloft Hall" may be found in the *Newark Adver-*

tiser, November 30, 1859. See also the *Independent*, May 23, 1872, New York *Evening Post*, December 12, 1859, *New York Genealogical Record*, January, 1893, p. 2, and W. H. Shaw, *History of Essex and Hudson Counties* (Philadelphia, 1884), p. 666. In the files of the New Jersey Historical Society is a letter written by Irving in 1858 describing his associations with Newark.

²⁶ Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, New York, May 26, 1806, P.M.I., I, 171.

²⁷ *Idem*, I, 173. Irving always regarded his experience as a lawyer humorously. See G. P. Putnam, "Irving," *The Cambridge History of American Literature* (New York [1917]), I, 247.

²⁸ M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 525.

²⁹ *The Columbian Muse*, a collection of American verse published in New York in 1794, included many selections from the poetry of the "Hartford Wits."

³⁰ M. L. E. Moreau de Saint-Méry, *Voyage aux États-Unis de l'Amérique*, 1793-1798 (New Haven, 1913), p. 288.

³¹ *Salmagundi* (p. 120) satirizes Thomas Moore, later Irving's intimate friend, in some vulgar verses, in which Irving possibly had a hand :

"A little pest, hight Tommy Moore,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o'er ;
Who sipp'd our tea and lived on sops,
Revel'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch — in verse."

See also Lambert, *op. cit.*, II, 81-113, and his Introduction, *Salmagundi* (London, 1811). "Party politics," said John Melish, who visited New York in 1806 and 1807, "is here, as well as in Britain, a noisy subject." *Op. cit.* I, 62.

³² Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

³³ Copy of a letter of J. H. Payne to Henry Brevoort, Schenectady, October 14, 1806 (G. A. Baker Company, New York City). Payne alludes to T. A. Cooper, J. O. Hoffman, James Fairlie, Brockholst Livingston, and, perhaps, to Stephen Watts. All except the last-named writer appear elsewhere in these pages.

³⁴ P.M.I., I, 179.

³⁵ p. 14.

³⁶ See Table of Contents.

³⁷ This name for a miscellany was not new ; e.g., George Huddesford, *Salmagundi, A Miscellaneous Combination of Original Poetry : consisting of Illusions of Fancy ; Amatory, Elegiac, Lyrical, Epigrammatical, and Other Palatable Ingredients* (London, 1791).

³⁸ See I, 77.

³⁹ See the *Port Folio*, May 16, 1807. For a discussion of *Salmagundi's* debt to Addison and Goldsmith see Ferdinand Künzig, *Washington Irving und seine Beziehungen zur englischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts* (Heidelberg, 1911), pp. 13-53.

⁴⁰ For a discussion of the sources of *Salmagundi*, see Appendix III, pp. 263-264.

⁴¹ For the *Morning Chronicle*.

⁴² See J. K. Paulding to Irving, New York, June 28, 1804, W. I. Paulding, *op. cit.*, pp. 33-34.

⁴³ For specimens of William Irving's verse, see E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, *Cyclopædia of American Literature* (New York, 1855), II, 51-52.

⁴⁴ Instances of Longworth's whimsicality occur in verses printed in his city directories for 1805 and 1806. Irving described Longworth in the Paris edition of *Salmagundi* (1824).

⁴⁵ *Salmagundi*, pp. 2, 13.

⁴⁶ Mary Fairlie to Irving, Boston, May 11 [1807], P.M.I., I, 188.

⁴⁷ *Salmagundi*, p. 14. Cf. p. 59 : "This listening incog., and receiving a hearty

praising over another man's back, is a situation so celestially whimsical, that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published."

⁴⁸ *Port Folio*, May 16, 1807. See also Mary Fairlie to Irving, Boston, May 11 [1807]: "You are all blown. A *cute* young man, an author of the *Anthology*, dined with us to-day. After having (by the way of entertaining me) been catechized by him on all points, he asked me the usual question of who was the author of *Salmagundi*? I told him that it was not absolutely *known*, but that you were shrewdly *suspected*; he said he thought so; that he had seen you in Italy; that the instant he saw the likeness of Launcelot in No. 8, he perceived it bore a strong likeness to you, indeed very striking; it had your nose and the whole contour of your face exactly; to be sure, he added, it was a little caricatured!"

⁴⁹ See *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825. John Lambert had heard of two merchants and a lawyer as the probable authors. See *Salmagundi* (1811), Introduction, and also Lambert's annotations of the essays.

⁵⁰ *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* . . . , ed. Samuel Longfellow (Boston, 1886), I, 53.

⁵¹ The twenty numbers appeared as follows: January 24, February 4, 13, 24, March 7, 20, April 4, 18, 25, May 16, June 2, 27, August 14, September 16, October 1, 15, November 11, 24, December 31, 1807, and January 25, 1808.

⁵² For a discussion of the controversy concerning *Salmagundi*, see Appendix III, pp. 264-266.

⁵³ For a discussion of the political satire in *Salmagundi*, see Appendix III, pp. 267-269.

⁵⁴ *Salmagundi*, p. 57.

⁵⁵ *Idem*, p. 26.

⁵⁶ *Idem*, p. 133.

⁵⁷ "Gotham" as a popular name for New York apparently had its origin in *Salmagundi*. See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 412.

⁵⁸ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825, p. 61. The resemblance of parts of *Salmagundi* to Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* was remarked by English critics on America. See [Isaac Candler] *A Summary View of America* . . . (London, 1824), p. 373.

⁵⁹ *North American Review*, September, 1819, p. 335. See also *idem*, July, 1822, and January, 1829.

⁶⁰ For a discussion of the reputation and authorship of *Salmagundi*, see Appendix III, pp. 269-273.

⁶¹ One legend attributes Irving's success in this ordeal to the leniency of his examiners. The exact time of Irving's admission to the bar was November 21, 1806. This date is from his manuscript Autobiography (J.M.).

⁶² See I, 101.

⁶³ This paper (December 28, 1805 - May 31, 1806) interested William Coleman, the editor of the *Post*. Irving and Payne probably met for the first time in the spring of 1806.

⁶⁴ In thirty-six numbers, February 21, 1807 - June 18, 1808. A complete set of this rare magazine is in the possession of T. T. P. Luquer, Bedford, New York.

⁶⁵ *Pastime*, February 21, 1807.

⁶⁶ See I, 268-270.

⁶⁷ Through his friendship with the bookseller Edward J. Coale, Payne derived assistance from Jonathan Meredith, Alexander Contee Hanson and William Gwynne. In 1809 he played in Baltimore and Philadelphia with great success and with a profit of about thirty-two hundred dollars. This period may be regarded as the crest of Payne's professional career. E. A. Grant, John Howard Payne, Dissertation (H.).

⁶⁸ Manuscript torn.

⁶⁹ Manuscript torn.

⁷⁰ (T.T.P.L.)

⁷¹ *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), February 4, 1837.

⁷² See II, 11.

⁷³ Irving to J. O. Hoffman, New York, February 2, 1807, P.M.I., I, 174-175.

⁷⁴ This was especially true of the Storrow family. See chaps. xi and xii.

⁷⁵ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁷⁶ Ann (b. 1790), Matilda (b. 1791), Ogden (b. 1794), and Mary (b. 1796), were the children of Hoffman's first marriage, to Mary Colden, of Coldenham, Orange County, New York, who died on February 19, 1797. On August 7, 1802, Hoffman had married Maria Fenno, of Philadelphia. They had three children, Charles Fenno (b. 1806), George Edward (b. 1808), and Julia (b. March 5, 1810). In 1807 Charles Fenno was the youngest child. He became a poet, a novelist, and the first editor of the *Knickerbocker*.

⁷⁷ Irving to J. O. Hoffman, New York, February 2, 1807. "Little old fashion" was presumably Mary Hoffman, since the letter refers to Charles as asleep upstairs.

⁷⁸ The Hoffmans now lived at 68 Greenwich Street. In 1809 the family moved to the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. "Recollections of Washington Irving."

⁷⁹ Probably Harmanus Bleecker (1779-1849), a distinguished Albany lawyer, who was for many years an intimate friend of the Hoffmans.

⁸⁰ (Minn.)

⁸¹ The country estate of Cadwallader Colden's family.

⁸² Irving to Ann Hoffman, New York, August 10, 1807 (Minn.).

⁸³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁸⁴ Matilda Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, Philadelphia, November 12, 1804, and Germantown, September 20, 1805 (Minn.). For these letters entire see S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving and Matilda Hoffman," *American Speech*, June, 1926.

⁸⁵ To Ann Hoffman, August 29 and November 20, 1807 (Minn.).

⁸⁶ Gertrude Kemble, the daughter of Peter Kemble, and the sister of Irving's lifelong friend, Gouverneur Kemble (1786-1875), became the wife of James K. Paulding. She died in 1841.

⁸⁷ This may have been the Mr. Blauvelt who published *Fashion's Analysis; or, the Winter in Town. A Satirical Poem*, by Sir Anthony Avalanche (New York, 1807). Published in the year of *Salmagundi*, it resembles it in spirit and is an interesting sidelight on the society which produced these satires.

⁸⁸ Possibly Jane Watts, the seventh child of John Watts, congressman and brigadier general, who married Jane, daughter of Peter De Lancey and Elizabeth Colden. See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, I, 502.

⁸⁹ Probably Harriet, the wife of John Rodman (1775-1847). She was the third daughter of John Fenno, of Philadelphia, and was a sister of Maria Fenno, J. O. Hoffman's second wife. C. H. Jones, *Genealogy of the Rodman Family* (Philadelphia, 1886), p. 55.

⁹⁰ See I, 89-90.

⁹¹ On July 9, 1807, Thomas A. Cooper wrote Irving from New York in regard to the remodeling of the Park Theater. See J. N. Ireland, *A Memoir of the Professional Life of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper* (New York, 1888), pp. 29, 30. On September 9, Cooper delivered an address in verse written by Irving. Cooper had arrived in New York on October 18, 1796, and in the fall of 1806 had become a lessee of the Park Theater.

⁹² Sally and Rachel were sisters of Rebecca Gratz. *Letters of Rebecca Gratz* (Philadelphia, 1929), pp. x, 2, footnote 4.

⁹³ Perhaps the daughter of Dr. Jacob Ogden, a descendant of John Ogden.

⁹⁴ Probably Mary Ann Colden.

⁹⁵ See the *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, April 29, 1809. An extremely in-

teresting picture of the two girls who so deeply interested Irving at this period of his life may be recreated from letters in the possession of Mrs. C. H. Neely, of Bronxville, New York. A singularly intense affection existed between Ann Hoffman and her father, who closely supervised her studies. Letters of J. O. Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, 1800-1807. Ann sent regular bulletins to her father concerning her own and Matilda's progress in literature, music, and French at Madame Greland's school; e.g., Ann Hoffman to J. O. Hoffman, Philadelphia, January 6, February 21, July 8, 1805. "*I will*," she writes, "*be perfect mistress of french*" (January 16, 1805). From Ann's letters the nature of Matilda's education may be deduced, and one charming schoolgirl letter of the latter depicts the younger sister as Irving first knew her:

Germantown le 15 de Septembre 1805

"Mon cher Papa

J'ai reçu votre lettre du 7 de Septembre dans laquelle vous me priez de vous écrire une lettre en Français. Je l'aurai fait avant mais Je craignais qu'elle ne serait pas bien, et J'espere comme ceci est mon premier essai vous excuser toutes les fautes. J'ai passé la Journée chez Madame Hays dimanche. On dit que la fièvre Jaune fait beaucoup de progrès à Philadelphie J'espere qu'elle n'en fait pas autant à New York. J'ai écrits à Ogden la semaine passée et Je n'ai pas encore reçu de reponse à ma lettre J'espere qu'il me repondra bientôt.

Quant à mon argent J n'en ai pas beaucoup Il y a ici une petite fille qui vend des gateaux et Je suis souvent tenté de les acheter. Adieu mon cher Papa. Cette lettre est courte mais J'espere qu'elle vous assure de l'amour

de votre fille

Matilda Hoffman "

Another valuable source of information concerning Ann and Matilda Hoffman is the large collection of letters presented by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach to the American Jewish Historical Society, of New York City. These letters, written by Rebecca Gratz to Maria Fenno Hoffman during a period of about twenty years, describe in detail the life of Ann and Matilda in Philadelphia, allude frequently to Irving's interest in them, and reflect his pleasure in the companionship of Rebecca Gratz herself. These and other letters form the basis of a biography of Rebecca Gratz by Mr. Rollin Osterweis, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has kindly permitted me to read his manuscript and to refer to copies of these letters in his possession. See *Rebecca Gratz, A Study in Charm* (New York, 1935), Index.

⁹⁶ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁹⁷ Matilda Hoffman to Ann Hoffman [n.p., 1807 ?] (Minn.).

⁹⁸ See I, 102.

⁹⁹ The Fairlies lived at 41 Cortlandt Street.

¹⁰⁰ p. 117.

¹⁰¹ June 11, 1812.

¹⁰² Matilda Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, New York, October 10, 1807 (Minn.).

¹⁰³ Irving to Mary Fairlie, New York, May 2, 1807 (Y.).

¹⁰⁴ "Fare . . . through, 5 Dollars - Way passengers, 6 cents per mile. . . ." *New York Gazette and General Advertiser*, April 5, 1805. See also *Old New York*, November, 1889, p. 228. For a graphic description of a journey by stage in America at about this time see Thomas Moore to his mother, Baltimore, June 13, 1804, *Memoirs . . . Moore*, I, 76: "Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars! . . . nothing can be more emblematic of the *government* of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all 'hail fellow well met.'"

¹⁰⁵ See S. E. Morison, *The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1797* (London, 1927), I, 21.

¹⁰⁶ *The Traveller's Directory: or, A Pocket Companion . . .* (Philadelphia, 1804), p. [1].

¹⁰⁷ See *idem*, pp. [1]–16, and also James Mease, *The Picture of Philadelphia . . .* (Philadelphia, 1811), pp. 20–28.

¹⁰⁸ p. 230. See also pp. 225–230, and J. T. Scharf and Thompson Westcott, *History of Philadelphia* (Philadelphia, 1884), II, 917.

¹⁰⁹ *Salmagundi*, pp. 164–173.

¹¹⁰ Irving's blank.

¹¹¹ Irving to Mary Fairlie, Philadelphia, March 17, 1807 (Y.).

¹¹² Mary E. Fenno to G. C. Verplanck, New York, December 29 [1810?] (Verplanck Papers, N.Y.H.S.).

¹¹³ Irving to Mary Fairlie, Philadelphia, March 17, 1807.

¹¹⁴ An unknown lady to Irving, Philadelphia, March 30, 1807, P.M.I., I, 183.

¹¹⁵ This story has long been accepted in the Gratz family and is apparently true though no written word of either Irving or Scott exists to confirm it finally. For a list of books and articles discussing the question and for an imaginative account of Scott's interest in Rebecca Gratz, see Osterweis *op. cit.*, Index; and the *Century Magazine*, September, 1882, p. 679. See also *Letters of Rebecca Gratz, passim*. For a description of Rebecca Gratz, see M. M. Cohen, "An Old Philadelphia Cemetery. The Resting Place of Rebecca Gratz," *City History Society of Philadelphia* (1920), p. 77. Her portrait was painted by Thomas Sully, who was introduced to her by Irving. Irving to Rebecca Gratz, New York, November 4, 1807 (Penn.). See letters of Ann Hoffman to J. O. Hoffman (Mrs. C. H. Neely), and in the present work, chap. vii, note 120.

¹¹⁶ Her nickname in New York.

¹¹⁷ Irving to Mary Fairlie, Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 13, 1807 (Y.).

¹¹⁸ e.g., *Salmagundi*, p. 223, or *A History of New York* (1809), I, 165. This latter reference Irving deleted in subsequent editions.

¹¹⁹ H. S. Canby, *Classic Americans . . .* (New York [1931]), p. 77.

¹²⁰ Paulding became a close friend of President Madison. For an account of his political career, see Herold, *op. cit.*, pp. 46–65, 128–141.

¹²¹ "In his early days . . . he broke with the ambitious middle class . . . because he could not bring himself to like its ways and the devastation those ways were entailing on the leisurely world he loved." V. L. Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought . . .* (New York, 1927–1930), II, 204.

¹²² See H. S. Canby, "Irving the Federalist," in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, December 25, 1926. See also his *Classic Americans . . .*, pp. 67–96.

¹²³ See chap. xxii.

¹²⁴ P. M. Irving transcribed the word "serving" as "saving" (I, 187). The misreading, often quoted, inclined to create a generalization, whereas Irving meant merely that working at the polls among negroes was distasteful to him.

¹²⁵ See II, 271.

¹²⁶ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Albany, February 26, 1810, P.M.I., I, 245.

¹²⁷ Irving to Mary Fairlie, New York, May 2, 1807.

¹²⁸ See II, 54–57.

¹²⁹ See I, 278.

¹³⁰ See II, 71.

¹³¹ See II, 112.

¹³² Irving may have met Theodosia Burr through his friend W. P. Van Ness, Burr's intimate and one of his seconds in the duel with Hamilton. Without real evidence C. F. Pidgin discusses Irving as Theodosia's lover. *Theodosia, the First Gentlewoman of Her Time* (Boston, 1907), pp. 223–227, 262–263, 270–271.

¹³³ See A. J. Beveridge, *The Life of John Marshall* (Boston, 1929), III, 456–457.

¹³⁴ Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, Richmond, July 1, 1807 (G. S. H.).

¹³⁵ See J. B. McMaster, *History of the People of the United States . . .* (New York, 1885), III, 80–81.

¹³⁶ As General Jacobus Von Poffenburgh. See Tremaine McDowell, "General James Wilkinson in the Knickerbocker *History of New York*," *Modern Language*

Notes, June, 1926. A rare copy of *A History of New York* (B. J. Beyer, New York City) contains a seventeen-line note in Irving's handwriting in which he describes the affair of Von Poffenburgh.

¹⁸⁷ See *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), pp. 114-117, and *The Sketch Book*, pp. 98-105.

¹⁸⁸ Irving to J. K. Paulding, Richmond, June 22, 1807, P.M.I., I, 194.

¹⁸⁹ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman [n.p., 1807], P.M.I., I, 191.

¹⁴⁰ Irving to J. K. Paulding, Richmond, June 22, 1807, P.M.I., I, 194-195. For the resemblance of this description of Wilkinson to Irving's burlesque sketch of General Von Poffenburgh, see McDowell, "General James Wilkinson in the Knickerbocker *History of New York*."

¹⁴¹ Peter Irving, a friend of Burr's, is said to have written favorably of him. P. M. Irving describes Irving's rôle vaguely as that of the holder of "an informal retainer from one of the friends of Colonel Burr" (I, 190). He is referred to elsewhere as "reporting the trial for a New York newspaper." S. H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode, *Aaron Burr . . .* (New York, 1925), II, 187.

¹⁴² Irving to Mary Fairlie, Washington City, July 7, 1807, P.M.I., I, 203.

¹⁴³ Copy of letter of Irving to Ann Hoffman, New York, November 17, 1807 (Minn.).

¹⁴⁴ Irving to Mary Fairlie, Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 13, 1807.

¹⁴⁵ A long explanation of an incident reminiscent of one of Irving's "transient attachments" in Italy may be found in P.M.I., I, 196-198. See also Wandell and Minnigerode, *op. cit.*, II, 187, 194-199.

¹⁴⁶ Irving's acquaintance with Virginia aided him in writing *A History of New York*. This land, he wrote Mary Fairlie, is "famous for grog drinking, horse racing and cockfighting; where every man is a colonel a captain or a negro, the first title being conferred on every man who has killed a rattle snake - where indolence is the true (& often the only) mark of gentility, and where as Gouverneur Morris once asserted, the only industrious animal is the Tumble Turf." Fredericksburg, May 13, 1807. Cf. *A History of New York*, p. 284.

¹⁴⁷ See I, 88.

¹⁴⁸ These are perhaps the worst of all Irving's verses. P. M. Irving prints them entire, I, 204-208. The manuscript is in the New York Public Library. See also *Opening Addresses . . .*, Publications of the Dunlap Society, No. 3 (New York, 1887), pp. 22-26.

¹⁴⁹ See chap. iv, note 163.

¹⁵⁰ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, December 27, 1828 (G. J. C. Grasberger, Philadelphia).

¹⁵¹ See Ireland, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

¹⁵² This law refused entrance to certain British-made articles (April 18, 1806), but did not actually become effective until the Embargo Act (December 22, 1807). See I, 133-134. The brothers' business was now in hardware.

¹⁵³ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Skenesborough, May 9, 1808 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁵⁴ Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [33] (Y.).

¹⁵⁵ Benjamin Wyncoop, the silversmith, who served at various times between 1703 and 1732 as collector and assessor. I. N. P. Stokes, *The Iconography of Manhattan Island* (New York, 1926), IV, 440.

¹⁵⁶ Of the Italian puppet show.

¹⁵⁷ Irving to "Mac" (perhaps Richard McCall; see chap. iv, note 22), New York, November 18, 1808 (Penn.).

¹⁵⁸ *Ibid.* Irving describes a "crazy party at Mary Fairlie's" in a letter to Joseph Gratz, of Philadelphia, New York, March 30, 1808, *Canadian Magazine*, January, 1923.

¹⁵⁹ *Adelgitha: or, The Fruits of a Single Error* was acted at Drury Lane Theater on April 30, 1807.

¹⁶⁰ Irving to "Mac," New York, November 18, 1808.

¹⁶¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁶² *Ibid.* Irving's ill-founded reasons for doubting Cooper's success have been carefully blotted out, by an unknown hand.

¹⁶³ Peter Irving was to represent the brothers' firm in Liverpool. There Irving joined him in 1815. Peter remained abroad until 1836.

¹⁶⁴ In December, 1808.

¹⁶⁵ "DIED . . . On Sunday morning, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Irving." *Lady's Weekly Miscellany*, October 31, 1807. See also *New York Gazette*, October 26, 1807. William Irving was buried in the vault built by him in the Presbyterian Brick Church, opposite the park. Notes in possession of Mrs. E. M. Grinnell, New York City. His father's death made little change in Irving's domestic life. He continued to live at intervals until 1815 with his mother, in the house, to which his father had removed in 1802, at the northwest corner of William and Ann Streets. Here he probably wrote parts of *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., Salmagundi*, and *A History of New York*. See *Valentine's Manual* . . . (New Series, 1920), pp. 269-270.

¹⁶⁶ Mrs. Richard Dodge. See Appendix I, The Irving Genealogy, Table III.

¹⁶⁷ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Albany, June 2, 1808, P.M.I., I, 217-218. Another friend, Mrs. John Rodman, of whom Irving was fond, also died in this year, on June 8, 1808.

¹⁶⁸ Peter Irving to Irving, Liverpool, March 9, 1809, P.M.I., I, 222.

¹⁶⁹ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

¹⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁷¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁷² Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [69].

¹⁷³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

¹⁷⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁵ See J. O. Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, Albany, January 3, 1801, and Ann Hoffman to J. O. Hoffman [n.p., 1805] (Mrs. C. H. Neely).

¹⁷⁶ "Obituary. Died on the 24th instant, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Sarah Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq. Thus another and youthful victim is added to the ravages of that relentless and invincible enemy to earthly happiness, the *consumption*. In the month of January we beheld this amiable and interesting girl in the glow of health and spirits . . ." A eulogy follows. *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, April 29, 1809. Quoted in the *Continental Monthly*, June, 1862. The date of death is again given as April 24 in a manuscript describing Matilda's character and accomplishments, possibly written by Maria Fenno Hoffman (N.Y.P.L.). No official records survive to fix finally the exact date of Matilda's death. The most probable date is April 26, which has the sanction of P. M. Irving.

The letters of Rebecca Gratz to Mrs. Hoffman reflect the intense anxiety of the Hoffmans and allude to a period in which hopes were entertained for Matilda's recovery. See Rebecca Gratz to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Philadelphia, March 7, 1809. Miss Gratz's letter of condolence to Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Philadelphia, April 28, 1809, contains an estimate of Matilda's character (copies, Rollin Osterweis).

¹⁷⁷ See, in particular, G. H. Putnam, *George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir* (New York, 1912), p. 258, and P.M.I., I, 229. A version of the last incident is told in full detail in papers left by Mrs. Charles Neely (the granddaughter of Ann Hoffman): " . . . 'Washington, do you recognize that? It was poor Matilda's work.' Irving could not reply, was struggling for control of himself, when he addressed the Judge saying, 'May I ask to be excused from dinner, I am ill,' bowed and left the house" (Minn.). G. S. Hellman has in his possession poems which, he believes, Irving wrote in memory of Matilda Hoffman. Among the Neely papers and relics is a braid woven of Irving's and Matilda Hoffman's hair.

¹⁷⁸ Many obituary articles concerning Irving referred to the romance. A typical allusion occurs in a discussion under the caption "Mr. Irving's Celibacy," in

reply to a comment in the *Portland Transcript* that: "There is perhaps one defect in this otherwise well-filled life. Mr. Irving never married." Both clippings, undated, are in a collection of Irving memorabilia in my possession. "Separated from her [Matilda Hoffman] by her untimely death, he remained all his life faithful to her memory." *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (Philadelphia, 1892), VI, 228.

¹⁷⁹ The repetition of such stories was endless. See, for example, the *Historical Magazine*, November, 1879, with a quotation from the *Albany Argus*, in which Irving's friends are accused of "an aggravating reticence" and Irving praised for his "life-long constancy"; *idem*, May, 1873; *London Society*, January, 1882; *Eclectic Magazine*, May, 1882; *New York Times*, March 13, 1904; Mary Dillon, *A Love Story of Old New York* (New York, 1911). The legend became a hydra. Julia Ward Howe recalled the story as, in her girlhood, confused with that of Rebecca Gratz. *Reminiscences* (Boston, 1899), p. 27. One instance of extravagant versions is submitted, from *Arthur's Magazine*, July, 1886:

"When young, he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family and in wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife as too slender to maintain the luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Episcopal Church, despite his Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whom Irving was so desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered together with his heart. Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene, and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave his preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event of such a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance at her estate on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there. These terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may have been the result of hereditary disease, or of the effort to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. A few years ago the unfortunate woman was still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks might be heard ringing shrilly along the banks of the river — almost audible, too, at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart but his own knew how much the sad event may have tinged his life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrance of his own disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshiped, and, singularly enough, read the burial service for his former rival."

¹⁸⁰ (N.Y.H.S.). For a description of Matilda Hoffman's personal appearance, see "Recollections of Washington Irving," p. 694.

¹⁸¹ Matilda Hoffman to Ann Hoffman, Germantown, September 20, 1805.

¹⁸² See S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving, Matilda Hoffman, and Emily Foster," *Modern Language Notes*, March, 1933.

¹⁸³ P. M. Irving, though less explicit in his biography, was informed by Irving that the passages on death in "Rural Funerals" and "St. Mark's Eve" were inspired by Matilda Hoffman. Manuscript Notes (G.W.). Rebecca Gratz discovered paragraphs in "The Broken Heart" which referred directly to Matilda. Rebecca Gratz to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman [n.p., 1820?] (copy, Rollin Osterweis). See also the lines

written about thirty years later: "How tenderly and mournfully does he recall, in after years, the feelings awakened in his youthful and inexperienced bosom by this impassioned, yet innocent attachment." "Newstead Abbey," p. 373.

¹⁸⁴ *Journal*, 1824 [n.d.] (T.). See also *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), p. 117, footnote 2.

¹⁸⁵ It is probable that P. M. Irving withheld material pertaining to Irving's love affair with Emily Foster. See chap. x. In any case he sanctioned and encouraged the story, popular throughout the nineteenth century, that Irving never married because of his loyalty to the memory of Matilda Hoffman. See chap. iv, notes 177, 178, 179, 183. In 1925 Mr. George S. Hellman, in his valuable biography of Irving (*Washington Irving Esquire, Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old*, New York, 1925, chaps. iii and vii) advanced his theory concerning Irving's proposal of marriage to Emily Foster in 1823. This theory was of the utmost importance in qualifying P. M. Irving's attitude and in lending perspective to this side of Irving's life. It destroyed the myth that Irving never quite recovered from this bereavement, and it drew attention to the later episode. Though the fact that Irving actually proposed marriage to Emily Foster is still elusive, Mr. Hellman's studies and the recently discovered journal of Emily Foster (see chap. x, note 187) demonstrate the warmth of his affection for this lady, and render the fact of a proposal extremely probable.

It should be noted, however, that despite Irving's later experiences in love and despite P. M. Irving's exaggeration, the influence of Matilda Hoffman upon Irving was of great significance. We may recognize the importance of his affair in Dresden at the age of forty without minimizing the impact of this grief upon him at the age of twenty-six.

The facts which emerge from these associations of Irving with Matilda Hoffman and Emily Foster seem to me to be chiefly four: (1) that Irving did not remain a bachelor out of fidelity to the memory of Matilda Hoffman; (2) that her death influenced over a considerable period of years his moods and his writings; (3) that, in 1823, Irving probably proposed marriage to Emily Foster; (4) that his relations with the latter did not deeply affect his life or his writings. For a full discussion of this matter see chap. x.

¹⁸⁶ *Bracebridge Hall*, p. 152. The allusion is to Matilda Hoffman, as is that in "Rural Funerals," *The Sketch Book*. P. M. Irving. Manuscript Notes.

¹⁸⁷ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

¹⁸⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁸⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁹⁰ Notebook, 1810 (Y.).

¹⁹¹ Rabenhorst, *Dictionary* (London, 1814). This book, which bears Irving's autograph, is at Sunnyside.

¹⁹² Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

¹⁹³ Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [37-39]. See published edition of this notebook, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), Introduction.

CHAPTER V

¹ Tour in Scotland [I, 48] (P.D.). Irving stayed at the home of Judge William P. Van Ness.

² Irving to Henry Brevoort, Kinderhook, May 11, 1809 (N.Y.P.L.).

³ Manuscript Notebook [1808-1809] (N.Y.P.L.). This passage is the first draft of a letter. Irving's despair is vividly reflected in the letters to Mrs. Hoffman of Rebecca Gratz, who was repeatedly concerned, even before this bereavement, over Irving's moods of dejection. See Rebecca Gratz to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Philadelphia, January 11, 1807, and, especially, Philadelphia, June 1 and June 18 [?], 1809 (copies, Rollin Osterweis, New Haven, Connecticut).

⁴ Irving to James Renwick, New York, September 10, 1811 (C.).

⁵ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, May 19, 1809 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Kinderhook, May 20, 1809, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, ed. G. S. Hellman (New York, 1918), pp. 11-13.

⁸ Notebook [1808-1809]. This passage is the first draft of a letter.

⁹ *The Sketch Book*, p. 199. The original of this passage was probably written many years earlier, possibly in 1809 or 1810. See Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [32] (Y.).

¹⁰ Merwin's identity with the Yankee schoolmaster of *The Sketch Book* is proved conclusively by a manuscript note in Irving's own hand. P.M.I., IV, 81. Irving described him in a letter to W. P. Van Ness, New York, December 18, 1809, *Athenæum* (London), May 18, 1889. A long account of the days at Kinderhook with Jesse Merwin is contained in a letter from Irving to Merwin, Sunnyside, February 12, 1851 (Seymour van Santvoord, Troy, New York). See also Irving to Henry Brevoort, Kinderhook, May 11, 1809. It is possible that from Irving's associations with Merwin arose the legend that the former acted as a tutor in Van Ness's home. See H. D. Eberlein, *The Manors and Historic Houses of the Hudson Valley* (Philadelphia, 1924), p. 218.

¹¹ See Irving to W. P. Van Ness, New York, December 18, 1809.

¹² See I, 112-113.

¹³ Manuscript Register of Members, p. 4 (N.Y.H.S.). Irving never held office in the Society. See R. H. Kelby, *The New York Historical Society; 1804-1904* (New York, 1905), pp. 83 ff. Irving was one of the subscribers to the reading room of the Society Library, which was opened in November, 1809. A. B. Keep, *History of the New York Society Library* (New York, 1908), p. 314. It is probable that Irving used at this time many of the books in the library of the Historical Society, but, unfortunately, records of those having access to the library in this year do not exist.

¹⁴ See I, 114-119.

¹⁵ See *Salmagundi*, p. 274, and *A History of New York* (1809), I, 114.

¹⁶ *The Picture of New-York* was mentioned derisively in *Salmagundi* (p. 265).

¹⁷ J. W. Francis, *Reminiscences of Samuel Latham Mitchill, M.D., LL.D.* (New York, 1859), pp. 26-28. See also the allusion to Mitchill's foibles in the *Port Folio*, January 30, 1802. For an account of a conversation between Mitchill and Irving, see E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, October 1, 1857 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁸ Francis, *Reminiscences of Samuel Latham Mitchill*, pp. 87-96.

¹⁹ M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 513.

²⁰ J. W. Francis, *Old New York . . .* (New York, 1858), p. 95.

²¹ Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

²² *A History of New York* (revised edition [New York, 1848]), Author's Apology, pp. 17-18. An examination of this clear account of the composition of the book and an inspection of Mitchill's small volume will correct the current impression that Irving depended upon *The Picture of New-York* for his methods or materials. As long as the scheme was for "nothing more . . . than a temporary *jeu d'esprit*" (*A History of New York* [1848], p. 17), Mitchill served Irving, but no further.

²³ See I, 99-107.

²⁴ *A History of New York* ([1848]), p. 17.

²⁵ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Philadelphia, October 23, 1809 (N.Y.P.L.). It is possible that Paulding read over critically sections of the manuscript.

²⁶ See the *New-York Mirror*, February 1, 1834. Charles Fenno Hoffman complained in 1809 of "the grotesque associations" which Irving had fastened upon the name of Peter Stuyvesant. H. F. Barnes, *Charles Fenno Hoffman* (New York, 1930), p. 214.

²⁷ New York *Evening Post*, November 16, 1809. See also *idem*, November 29, 1809, and the *American Citizen*, December 6, 1809. These notices Irving reprinted in the revised edition of 1848.

²⁸ A city authority proposed seriously to John T. Irving that a reward be offered for the discovery of Diedrich. See P.M.L., I, 235. Göller, a German editor of Thucydides, referred to the book as a genuine authority, in the words: "Addo locum *Washingtonis Irvingii Hist. Novi Eboraci*, lib. vii, cap. 5." See the *Classical Museum*, October, 1849. George Kennan, a traveler, declared that he had found the book read, as an actual history of America, among the Circassians. *Harper's Weekly*, "Supplement," May 27, 1871, p. 495, footnote. "The original Diedrich Knickerbocker is dead, or rather Hon. Herman Knickerbocker, of Schaghticoke, N. Y., is dead. He was Washington Irving's original Diedrich. He was very aged, 75, and a true representative of the sturdy class of Dutch burghers." *Weekly Argus and Democrat* (Madison, Wisconsin), February 12, 1855.

²⁹ For various studies of New York under the Dutch, see the *American Historical Magazine*, January—November, 1907.

³⁰ Charles Lanman, "A Day with Washington Irving," from an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

³¹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Philadelphia, October 23, 1809. This new material may possibly have been manuscript selections from *Korte Historiae, ende Journaels aenteyckeninge van verscheyden Voyagiens in de vier deelen des Wereldts-Ronde . . .* (t'Hoorn and Alckmaer, 1655). See *A History of New York*, ed. S. T. Williams and Tremaine McDowell (New Haven [1927]), pp. xxvi, xxvii.

³² Irving to Henry Brevoort, Philadelphia, October 23, 1809.

³³ Irving to an unknown correspondent, London, August 20 [1819?] (N.Y.P.L.).

³⁴ Autobiographical Notes (T.).

³⁵ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, September 1, 1841 (Y.).

³⁶ For a detailed study of Irving's preparatory reading see Williams and McDowell, *op. cit.*, pp. xxxviii-lx. One pasture for Irving's browsing was in books concerning the early discovery of America, an interest which he was to resume eighteen years later in Madrid. *A History of New York* shows, also, Irving's familiarity with works on the Swedish discoverers. See A. B. Benson, "Scandinavians in the Works of Washington Irving," *Scandinavian Studies and Notes*, August, 1927. See also M. R. Small's discussion of Irving's debt to Richard Graves's *The Spiritual Quixote* (London, 1773), *American Literature*, March, 1930.

³⁷ Many characters of *A History of New York* reappear in Irving's later writings; e.g., Oloffe, the Dreamer, in *Tales of a Traveller*, p. 455.

³⁸ *A History of New York*, p. 333.

³⁹ See *idem*, pp. 361-362.

⁴⁰ See Williams and McDowell, *op. cit.*, pp. xlii-xliii.

⁴¹ "The Mutability of Literature."

⁴² *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (1828); *The Conquest of Granada* (1829); "Rip Van Winkle" in *The Sketch Book*.

⁴³ One instance of the curious books which fell at this time under Irving's observation was "a small volume of Dutch poems in manuscript, very neatly copied out, relating to personages and events in New Amsterdam in the early times of the Settlement. . . . The author of the poems was H. Selyns; the earliest poet of the province." Irving to James Lenox, Sunnyside, December 4, 1854 (N.Y.P.L.). Irving refers to Dominie Hendricus Selyns. See H. C. Murphy, *Anthology of New Netherland* (New York, 1865).

⁴⁴ For a discussion of the sources of *A History of New York*, see Appendix III, pp. 273-274.

⁴⁵ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Kinderhook, May 20, 1809: "I have done little more than copy off from my original scrawls." The manuscript of the edition of 1809 has disappeared, except for a few sheets (N.Y.P.L.; A. S. W. Rosenbach, New York City). Four notebooks, all written between 1807 and 1809, used by

Irving in the preparation of the history have survived (T.; H.E.H.; N.Y.P.L.). These reveal chiefly Irving's concern with history. One (H.E.H.) is composed altogether of historical notes. These include observations on the Indians, which Irving probably used in the editions published after 1809.

⁴⁶ For a discussion of Irving's use of these notebooks, and for a comparison of the versions in notebooks and the edition of 1809, see Williams and McDowell, *op. cit.*, pp. lii-lvi. An interesting hint of Irving's carelessness occurs in the legend concerning Peter Force, who, when a printer's boy, added names to the text. These, it is said, Irving allowed to stand. See J. S. Bassett, *The Middle Group of American Historians* (New York, 1917), pp. 233-234.

⁴⁷ For an account of Irving's revisions see Williams and McDowell, *op. cit.*, pp. lvi-lix.

⁴⁸ Irving was careful not to speak, as in the first edition, of "that nation of genuine grumblers, the British," or to use indiscreetly the words "bull," "Vatican," or "pontiff." For details of these changes, see *idem*, pp. lvi-lviii. Yet Irving retained in the revised edition a series of Dutch words, probably because he thought that America's knowledge of the language was too slender to understand their real meaning. See C. M. Webster, "Irving's Expurgation of the 1809 *History of New York*," *American Literature*, November, 1932.

⁴⁹ See P.M.L., III, 165; Fanny Kemble, *Records of a Girlhood* (New York, 1879), p. 564; W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 17; M. A. De W. Howe, *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft* (New York, 1908), I, 148; *The Works of Lord Byron, Letters and Journals*, V (London, 1901), 341; C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), pp. 226-228. See also *The Literary Remains of the Late Willis Gaylord Clark . . .*, ed. L. G. Clark (New York, 1844), pp. 278-279.

⁵⁰ This identification of well-known places with the deeds of Manhattan's ancient heroes was a factor in the success of the book. See J. H. Payne to Jonathan Meredith, New York, December 12, 1810 (T.F.M.).

⁵¹ See J. F. Jameson, *The History of Historical Writing in America* (Boston, 1891), p. 98. See also Bassett, *The Middle Group of American Historians*, p. 22. Travelers of the time declared that *A History of New York* described accurately such details as the old Dutch houses of Albany. See I. Finch, *Travels in the United States of America and Canada* (London, 1833), p. 53.

⁵² Walter Scott to Irving, Abbotsford, April 23, 1813 (E.W.H.).

⁵³ February, 1810.

⁵⁴ July, 1850.

⁵⁵ Political satire exists, presumably, in other parts of *A History of New York*. Book III seems to contain allusions to President Adams, and Book V to President Madison. See Williams and McDowell, *op. cit.*, p. lxi, footnote 1, for a discussion of this and of incidental satire, such as that of the Long-pipes and Short-pipes.

⁵⁶ *A History of New York* (1809), p. 202.

⁵⁷ *Idem*, I, 197, 198.

⁵⁸ *Idem*, I, 217.

⁵⁹ *A History of New York* ([1848]), p. 242.

⁶⁰ *A History of New York* (1809), I, 202.

⁶¹ See *Idem*, I, 194, 196.

⁶² *Idem*, I, 199.

⁶³ *Idem*, I, 198.

⁶⁴ Henry Adams, *History of the United States of America* (New York, 1889-1891), III, 464.

⁶⁵ See *A History of New York* (1809), II, 59, 60. The parallel between General Von Poffenburgh and General James Wilkinson (see I, 97-98) is fully discussed by Tremaine McDowell, "General James Wilkinson in the Knickerbocker *History of New York*," *Modern Language Notes*, June, 1926, pp. 353-359. The hint of this

analogy was first offered by John Neal (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825, p. 62).

⁶⁶ J. H. Payne to P. H. Nicklin, New York, December 24, 1810 (T.F.M.). It was rumored that Irving's total receipts from the first edition were three thousand dollars.

⁶⁷ *Irv.*, p. xxxiv.

⁶⁸ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁶⁹ Henry Brevoort to Irving, Mackinac, June 28, 1811 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁷⁰ For a discussion of the history and reputation of *A History of New York*, see Appendix III, pp. 274-277.

⁷¹ See the *Columbian*, May 9, 1810, and the *New York Gazette & General Advertiser*, May 24, 1810. In this year the population of Manhattan Island was 96,373. *13th U. S. Census Bulletin* (1910).

⁷² Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁷³ In a long letter to Irving, Payne described the popular interest in a new edition of *A History of New York*. "We all wish very much for a Life of your illustrious Hero, Mr Knickerbocker, believing that it would give excellent scope to your powers of fancy & satire." J. H. Payne to Irving, Baltimore, September 2, 1810 (H.).

⁷⁴ Notebook, 1810 (Y.). This is one of the earliest of Irving's notebooks, and is unpublished. Its one hundred and forty-two pages contain extracts from Irving's reading (notes used later in *The Sketch Book*) and personal records. Irving illustrated some descriptions of Hudson River landscapes with pencil sketches.

⁷⁵ See "Job Seekers at Albany a Century Ago," *State Service*, February, 1919. One minor event of this year was Irving's election to St. Andrew's Society. See *History of Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York* (New York, 1925), II, 20-22.

⁷⁶ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Johnstown, February 12, 1810, P.M.I., I, 244. Irving referred to Anson Dickinson (1779-1852), portrait-painter in miniatures and oils, who, by 1811, was a leader of his profession in New York.

⁷⁷ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Albany, February 26, 1810, P.M.I., I, 246.

⁷⁸ Notebook, 1810.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.* The quotation is from *Paradise Lost*, IV, 677-678.

⁸⁰ Irving to J. E. Hall, New York, September 26, 1810 (Francis Edwards, London).

⁸¹ See I, 156.

⁸² See S. G. Goodrich, *Recollections of a Lifetime* (New York, 1857), II, 103ff.

⁸³ Now Ann Hoffman's husband.

⁸⁴ See Bibliography.

⁸⁵ Notebook, 1810.

⁸⁶ *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* . . . , by a Gentleman of New-York (Philadelphia [1810]), "Biographical Sketch of the Author."

⁸⁷ J. H. Payne to Irving, Baltimore, September 2, 1810.

⁸⁸ See *Bolster's Quarterly Magazine*, February, 1826.

⁸⁹ e.g., in the *Analectic Magazine*, March, 1815, and in Washington Irving, *Biographies and Miscellanies*, ed. P. M. Irving (New York [1866]), pp. 141-173. The essay was reprinted as late as 1841 in W. L. Stone, *The Poetry and History of Wyoming: Containing Campbell's Gertrude, with a biographical sketch of the author, by Washington Irving* . . . (New York, 1841), pp. ix-xxiv.

⁹⁰ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825. Contemporary criticism of the edition of Campbell was meager. See John Bristed, *The Resources of the United States of America* . . . (New York, 1818), pp. 359-360.

⁹¹ See I, 138-139.

⁹² Cf. "Biographical Sketch," pp. 1, 2, with "The Poor-Devil Author," *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 152-179. Irving repeated in *The Sketch Book* the diction and even the figures of speech of the "Biographical Sketch." Cf. the metaphor of the

stream, p. 24, with "Roscoe," *The Sketch Book*, p. 32. Cf. also "Biographical Sketch," pp. 16-17, with *The Sketch Book*, pp. 75-87.

⁹⁸ See "Biographical Sketch," *passim*.

⁹⁴ At about this time argument was widespread among writers concerning the suitability of this theme for romantic poetry. Irving showed in *A History of New York* and in *The Sketch Book* (e.g., "The Author's Account of Himself" and "Rip Van Winkle") that he was interested in this question, but he had already subordinated it to his love of English subjects. Nationalism in literature was expressing itself not merely in writings reflecting democratic America, but also in such beliefs as Drake's that the beauties of our own surroundings were proper subjects for poetry. From the development of this tradition of the early Knickerbocker group, continued in such books as Paulding's *The Backwoodsman* or Cooper's Leatherstocking novels, Irving was, for good or ill, isolated by his departure for Europe in 1815. See N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck . . .* (New York, 1930), p. 44.

⁹⁵ pp. 15-16. For other illustrations of Irving's point of view toward American literature, see in the present work, II, 31, 51-52, etc.

⁹⁶ See I, 190.

⁹⁷ Notebook, 1810.

⁹⁸ See I, 168-169.

⁹⁹ J. H. Payne to P. H. Nicklin, New York, December 24, 1810.

¹⁰⁰ Notebook, 1810.

¹⁰¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰² See *The Sketch Book*, p. 441.

¹⁰³ Several booksellers were eager to publish a volume from Irving's hand. J. H. Payne to Irving, Baltimore, September 2, 1810.

¹⁰⁴ *Irv.*, p. ix.

¹⁰⁵ Irving's next notebook was dated 1815.

¹⁰⁶ Irving has several times been cited as the author of this pamphlet. See William Cushing, *Initials and Pseudonyms* (New York, 1885), p. 265. A few copies of the pamphlet still survive. In the margin of the most interesting copy (E.W.H.) are written in an unknown hand the names of persons satirized. These include Colden, Verplanck, and Irving. The pamphlet consists of thirty-seven pages, and is in the form of letters. Cushing and Sabin ascribe to Irving also *A Word in Season, Touching the Present Misunderstanding in the Episcopal Church, by a Layman* (New York, 1811). For this ascription no evidence exists. See Bibliography. Apropos of Irving's prominence in these years, the following description of him has interest: "I have spent an evening in his company, and find him barren in conversation, and very limited in information. His physiognomy is intelligent, and I should, upon the whole, think favourably of him, had he not attempted to play the Joe Miller at a great man's table." [De Witt Clinton] *An Account of Abimelech Coody and Other Celebrated Writers of New York . . .* ([n.p.] 1815), p. 8.

¹⁰⁷ *Fragment of a Journal of a Sentimental Philosopher . . .*, pp. 11-12.

¹⁰⁸ J. H. Payne to Mr. Ritchie, New York, December 13, 1810 (T.F.M.).

¹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁰ A copy of the *New-York Review* is in the Ticknor Collection (Boston Public Library).

¹¹¹ The Ticknor copy of the *New-York Review* bears the ascription "By Washington Irving," apparently in the handwriting of Mrs. Pierre Munro Irving, Irving's niece, who aided in the disposition of his papers. This is, then, probably Irving's own copy. It was believed in the family that he had written parts of this article.

¹¹² *New York Gazette*, March 1, 1811. Prior to this date Ebenezer Irving had been a partner of Nathaniel Paulding. He then formed the partnership with his brothers, Washington and Peter, as "P. & E. Irving & Co., 162 Front Street."

¹¹³ P.M.I., I, 261, 265.

¹¹⁴ See I, 144.

¹¹⁵ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Philadelphia, March 16, 1811, P.M.I., I, 274. Jarvis, whose work was now popular, especially in Baltimore, had, in 1809, painted a portrait of Irving.

¹¹⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, City of Washington, January 13, 1811 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁹ Louis-Marie, Baron Turreau de Garambourville (1756–1816) was Minister to the United States from 1804 to 1811.

¹²⁰ Benjamin Henry Latrobe (1764–1820), the architect, who removed to Washington in 1808.

¹²¹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Washington, February 7, 1811 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²² Irving to William Irving, Washington, February 9, 1811, P.M.I., I, 271.

¹²³ Joel Barlow (1754–1812), was appointed Minister to France in 1811. This was apparently the first of many attempts on the part of Irving's friends, even in these early years, to associate him with the diplomatic service.

¹²⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Philadelphia, March 16, 1811 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁵ At Mrs. Ryckman's, in Broadway, near Bowling Green. Charles Hemstreet, *Literary New York* . . . (New York, 1903), p. 96. See *Valentine's Manual of Old New York* (New Series, 1920), p. 270.

¹²⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, New York, June 8, 1811 (copy, G.S.H.).

¹²⁷ (C.). Some of these letters were printed for private distribution. *Letters from Washington Irving to Mrs. William Renwick, and to her son, James Renwick* . . . [n.p., n.d.] (copy of C. Smedburg, New York City).

¹²⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, New York, July 8, 1812 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, New York, June 8, 1811.

¹³⁰ Now fully embarked, as representative of Kentucky, on his career of strong nationalism.

¹³¹ Irving to W. P. Van Ness, Washington, February 20, 1811, *Literary Collector*, August, 1901.

¹³² Irving to James Renwick, New York, September 10, 1811. Contrast these opinions with accounts of his religious life, such as that which describes "the influence of the Church and her system upon his whole nature." *Church Journal*, December 7, 1859. See in the present work, II, 232–233.

¹³³ J. H. Payne to Irving, Baltimore, September 2, 1810.

¹³⁴ See Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck* . . . , pp. 26–49.

¹³⁵ Irving to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Baltimore, January 6, 1811 (N.Y.P.L.). "Have you seen Walsh's Review? If you have, you no doubt think it an honor to American literature." Miss Sedgwick to her father, New York, February 22, 1810, *Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick*, ed. M. E. Dewey (New York, 1871), p. 86.

CHAPTER VI

¹ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

² P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

³ "The Federalists, with a truer vision of national honour than the party in power, saw that the great issue was that of Napoleon and military despotism against the Allies and the liberty of nations. . . . A war for 'free trade and seamen's rights,' forced by a section that had neither ships nor sailors, and accepted by a party that refused appropriations for the navy, could only be regarded with loathing in maritime New England." S. E. Morison, *The Oxford History of the United States, 1783–1797* (London, 1927), I, 284.

⁴ See I, 142.

⁵ Randolph's speech, December 10, 1811, said in part: "Will you call upon England to leave your ports and harbour untouched, only just until you can return from Canada to defend them? The coast is to be left defenceless, whilst men of the interior are revelling in conquest and spoil. . . . Go! march to Canada! . . . You have taken Quebec — have you conquered England?" *Idem*, I, 285. See the discussion of Quincy's attitude in M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 588-589.

⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Albany, September 26, 1814 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁷ Madison, in his message to Congress on June 1, 1812, recommended war on four grounds: impressment, violation of the three-mile limit, paper blockades, Orders in Council. See Morison, *op. cit.*, I, 283.

⁸ e.g., New York, September 10, 1811 (C.).

⁹ The subject of Burns's lyrics "When first I saw fair Jeanie's face" and "The Blue-Eyed Lassie." Jean Jeffrey married William Renwick in 1791 and a few years later came to New York with her husband. She was now a widow and thirty-eight years old. Irving's relations with Mrs. Renwick have been a subject for speculation. Toward her he maintained an attitude of gallantry not unlike that toward other married women with whom he was intimate at various periods of his life, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Foster. See *Letters from Washington Irving to Mrs. William Renwick, and to her son, James Renwick* . . . [n.p., n.d.].

¹⁰ Brevoort's gift to Scott of *A History of New York* inspired the well-known letter from Scott to Irving on this book (see chap. v, note 52). On his tour Brevoort met many of the English men of letters who became Irving's friends between 1815 and 1820. On June 24, 1813, he wrote Irving from London, urging him to be hospitable to Francis Jeffrey, who was then about to visit America. Irving heralded the approach of the critic by a notice in the *Analectic Magazine* (July-December, 1813, p. 346) and probably met Jeffrey for the first time in this year (1813). See P.M.L., I, 302.

¹¹ This plan was never carried out. In this year Paulding published his *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, which influenced Irving's essay "John Bull."

¹² Pearl Street, Broad Street, and Hanover Square. William and Pearl Streets were still the principal market for retail dry goods. Water, Front, and South Streets were occupied by many warehouses. Favorite sites for private residences were Broadway, below Leonard Street, and Greenwich Street, as well as Wall and State Streets. The population of the city was now about ninety thousand.

¹³ R. S. Guernsey, *New York City and Vicinity during the War of 1812-15* . . . (New York, 1895), I, 150, 339.

¹⁴ *Idem*, I, 374. William Irving, though a Democrat, was a protectionist, and favored nonimportation laws.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Idem*, I, 378.

¹⁷ *Idem*, II, 6. The election of William Irving was considered an indication of New York's desire to continue the war. *Idem*, II, 7-8. William Irving was, however, too retiring to go far in politics. See William Irving to Irving, New York, October 24, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁸ See Walter Barrett [J. A. Scoville], *The Old Merchants of New York City* (New York, 1872), I, 349. William Irving was a partner in both firms. Irving and Smith were auctioneers. See *idem*, II, 76. The property holdings of the family were at this time substantial. See Grantors and Grantees (N.Y.H.S.); see also Guernsey *op. cit.*, I, 348-349. In 1814 William Irving was a director of the City Bank, and in 1815 the valuation of Ebenezer Irving's property in the City Taxpayers' list was \$25,000.

¹⁹ William Irving as a Democrat supported the war, but as a merchant was opposed to modification of the nonimportation laws. See *idem*, II, 53-54.

²⁰ See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 261, footnote 1.

²¹ Irving to James Renwick, Washington, November 24, 1812 (C.).

²² *Ibid.*

²³ Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte on December 24, 1803. In Paris, in 1805, this marriage was annulled.

²⁴ Irving to James Renwick, Washington, December 18, 1812 (C.).

²⁵ See I, 332; II, 35. William Irving, too, was an ineffective public speaker. After an animated discourse from him in private conversation, Lowndes once cried out: "Why, in the name of God, will you not speak in this way in the House?" P.M.I., I, 323.

²⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, New York, January 2, 1813 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁷ Irving to the American Minister to France, Madrid, December 7, 1844 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁸ The official correspondence of Clay and Irving is preserved in the State Department, Washington, and in the American Embassy, Madrid. An interesting personal letter has also survived. Irving to Henry Clay, New York, November 1, 1812 (N.Y.H.S.).

²⁹ So Irving told J. B. O'Neill, the author of *Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of South Carolina* (Charleston, 1859), I, 134.

³⁰ Irving to James Renwick, Washington, December 8, 1812 (C.).

³¹ P.M.I., I, 321-323.

³² See F. L. Mott, *A History of American Magazines, 1741-1850* (New York, 1930), pp. 175-176, 279-283. See also the *North American Review*, March, 1818, p. 38.

³³ See *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* and the various sea stories in *Wolfert's Roost*.

³⁴ See II, 67.

³⁵ Irving to Peter Irving, New York, December 30, 1812, P.M.I., I, 291.

³⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, New York, January 2, 1813.

³⁷ Irving to Charles Prentiss, New York, April 4, 1814 (American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts).

³⁸ Irving to James Renwick, Washington, December 18, 1812.

³⁹ *Ibid.*

⁴⁰ See A. H. Smyth, *The Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors, 1741-1850* (Philadelphia, 1892), pp. 123, 145, 178-80, 187-188.

⁴¹ For an account of Byron's influence in America in these years, see W. E. Leonard, *Byron and Byronism in America* (Boston, 1905).

⁴² Paulding contributed, in all, some thirty articles. See A. L. Herold, *James Kirke Paulding, Versatile American* (New York, 1926), p. 43.

⁴³ See Journal, 1823, July 13 (T.).

⁴⁴ *Analectic Magazine*, February, 1814, pp. 145-156; June, 1814, pp. 502-515.

⁴⁵ *Idem*, January-June, 1813, pp. 208-226; July-December, 1813, pp. 235-242; March, 1814, pp. 242-252; July, 1814, pp. 68-72.

⁴⁶ *Idem*, July-December, 1813, pp. 394-402, 129-148, 486-504; September, 1814, pp. 225-243.

⁴⁷ A collation of the edition of 1810 and the text in the *Analectic Magazine* (March, 1815) shows that Irving's revisions were slight. This revised form of the essay was prefixed to the new edition of Irving's *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* (Philadelphia, 1815). See the review of this edition, *Columbian* (New York), May 2, 1815.

⁴⁸ All the known contributions of Irving to the *Analectic Magazine*, except those on Paulding and Byron, were reprinted by P. M. Irving, *Biographies and Miscellanies* (New York [1866]), pp. 45-173, 363-404.

⁴⁹ *Analectic Magazine*, January-June, 1813, p. 208. For contemporary esti-

mates of Robert Treat Paine, see the *Monthly Review*, February, 1833, p. 159, and *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, February, 1825, p. 198.

⁵⁰ Edwin C. Holland, a Charleston lawyer, published in 1814 a volume of *Odes, Naval Songs, and Other Occasional Poems*. See the *Analectic Magazine*, March, 1814, p. 242.

⁵¹ *Idem*, December, 1814, p. 523. Probably *The Excursion*.

⁵² *Idem*, January-June, 1813, p. 209.

⁵³ "We do not profess the art and mystery of reviewing, and are not ambitious of being either wise or facetious at the expense of others." *Idem*, March, 1814, p. 242.

⁵⁴ See II, 108-111.

⁵⁵ *Analectic Magazine*, July-December, 1813, pp. 142, 143, 395, 399.

⁵⁶ *Idem*, July-December, 1813, p. 502.

⁵⁷ *The History of the Navy of the United States of America* (Philadelphia, 1839), II, 172 ff.

⁵⁸ See *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Bk. III.

⁵⁹ See I, 176.

⁶⁰ *Biography of James Lawrence, esq.* . . . , (New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1813).

⁶¹ i.e., biography. See the story of Emmet, the Irish patriot, in "The Broken Heart."

⁶² See I, 56.

⁶³ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825.

⁶⁴ J. H. Payne to Irving, Baltimore, September 2, 1810 (H.).

⁶⁵ Thomas Campbell to Irving, Sydenham, Kent, December 21, 1813 (Y.).

This long letter urged Irving to assist Campbell in the American publication of his "Selections of British Poetry from the reign of Edw^d 3^d to the present time — with critical & biographical notices."

⁶⁶ 1815 (III, 434).

⁶⁷ March, 1821, p. 131. See also, as indicative of Irving's reputation about the year 1815, H. B. Adams, *The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks* (Boston, 1893), II, 513: "'That gentleman is Mr. Washington Irving.' So I went on my way rejoicing that I had seen the author of 'Knickerbocker,' and took care to tell it to my classmates when I returned to college. This happened on the 2d of May, 1812. . . . Jared Sparks." See, in addition, *Celebrated Writers of New York, January, 1815* (New York, 1869), and Daniel Carthy to Mayor Thomas Coles, Newburg[h], March 21, 1811 (Lee Papers, N.Y.H.S.).

⁶⁸ Irving to G. C. Verplanck, Philadelphia, January 17, 1815 (G. A. Baker Company, New York City). See also Irving to the same, Philadelphia, January 21, 1815 (T.).

⁶⁹ *Ibid.* The *Analectic Magazine* was continued under the editorship of Thomas Isaac Wharton.

⁷⁰ "We joy, indeed, in seeing the flag of our country encircled with glory, and our nation elevated to a dignified rank among the nations of the earth . . . we have heard our country ridiculed and set at naught by other nations . . . our ears still rings [*sic*] with the galling terms in which even British statesmen have derided us, as weak, pusillanimous and contemptible." *Analectic Magazine*, July-December, 1813, pp. 487-488.

⁷¹ *Idem*, July-December, 1813, pp. 489-490.

⁷² Exemption from military service extended only to men under eighteen and over forty-five years of age, members of fire companies, and to a few other special classes. See Guernsey, *op. cit.*, II, 146-147.

⁷³ Ebenezer Irving, Junior, served as inspector. See *idem*, II, 164.

⁷⁴ This event made an enduring impression upon Irving. When, later in England, he met two British officers who had taken part in the destruction of Washington, he carefully noted down every detail of their story. Manuscript (T.).

⁷⁵ P.M.I., I, 311.

⁷⁶ Daniel D. Tompkins (1774-1825), was Governor of New York State (1807-1817) and Vice-President of the United States (1817-1825). An account of Tompkins, Irving's lifelong friend, may be found in the *Public Papers of Daniel D. Tompkins Governor of New York, 1807-1817* (New York, 1898-1902), I, 3-22. See Journal, 1824, January 21 (T.).

⁷⁷ See Martin Van Buren's tribute to Tompkins' patriotism, in Guernsey, *op. cit.*, II, 417.

⁷⁸ P.M.I., I, 312.

⁷⁹ *Idem*, I, 318-320.

⁸⁰ *Idem*, I, 321.

⁸¹ Philadelphia, 1809. Irving's copy is at Sunnyside.

⁸² For a record of orders issued by Irving as aide-de-camp, see *Public Papers of Daniel D. Tompkins*, I, 509-511, 513-516. See also *idem*, III, 552, 553. An interesting letter appointing William Dunlap (1766-1839), dramatist and critic, to the rank of captain in the militia, is in the Library of Nantes, France (MS. 6F6, 81). A similar document is in the New York State Library, Albany, New York. "Colonel Washington Irving, aid-de-camp to the Governor, arrived at this station [Sacketts Harbor] October 5, 1814 with orders to the commanding officer to make such requisitions on the militia as he might deem necessary." F. B. Hough, *A History of Jefferson County* . . . (Albany, 1854), p. 514.

⁸³ J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes (D.P., N.Y.P.L.). Brevoort may have confused this anecdote with that of 1803. See I, 33-34.

⁸⁴ Signed on December 24, 1814. For a remarkable description of scenes in the city at the reception of the news, see J. G. Wilson, *Memorial History* . . . , III, 295-297.

⁸⁵ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁸⁶ See M. J. Lamb, *op. cit.*, II, 665 ff.

⁸⁷ At the corner of Greenwich and Rector Streets. Irving and Brevoort had moved there from Mrs. Ryckman's, at 16 Broadway, soon after Brevoort's return from Europe, apparently late in 1813.

⁸⁸ Irving to G. C. Verplanck, Philadelphia, January 17, 1815. One attack from a reviewer, "Abimelech Coody," was especially virulent. Irving to Ebenezer Irving, [New York] January 26, 1815 (G.W.).

⁸⁹ An interesting manuscript concerning the firm's trade has survived: "Entry of Merchandise Imported by P & E. Irving & Co. on board the Brig *Æolus*—Gummenga [?] master for Liverpool New York May 15, 1815 One cask containing cordwire One ditto containing Chissels Eb. Irving" (W. R. Benjamin, New York City).

⁹⁰ This, he repeated, was a principal reason for his second journey to Europe. See I, 146.

⁹¹ For a description of Irving at about this time, see the *Port Folio*, January, 1812, pp. 31-34.

⁹² Irving to William Bainbridge, New York, January 20, 1814 (sold by the American Art Association, March 18, 1925).

⁹³ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, August 19, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Sandy Hook, May 25, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁵ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁹⁶ So Irving later told his friend Preston. W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography (University of South Carolina).

⁹⁷ Dated May 25, 1815, and apparently Irving's earliest will (sold at the Anderson Art Galleries on April 9, 1929).

⁹⁸ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

CHAPTER VII

¹ "The Voyage," *The Sketch Book*, p. 20.

² *Idem*, p. 21.

³ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, July 5, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁴ Probably on June 20, 1815.

⁵ *The Sketch Book*, p. 27.

⁶ This friendship was a result of Irving's biography and of his efforts to secure publication for Campbell's poetry in America. See I, 120-121.

⁷ Although no record exists of a previous meeting in America, Irving speaks as if he had already made Jeffrey's acquaintance. See I, 158-159.

⁸ The first English edition of *Salmagundi* had appeared in 1811, and had attracted some attention. See II, 269-270. Most of the reviews of Irving's first writings appeared in conjunction with notices of *The Sketch Book* and later volumes. For an early review of *Salmagundi* see the *Monthly Review*, August, 1811, pp. 418-424.

⁹ See S. I. Prime, *The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse* (New York, 1875), pp. 53-54, and George Bancroft, *History of the Battle of Lake Erie and Miscellaneous Papers* (New York, 1891), p. 195. It was believed in America that Byron pilfered from Irving for a passage in *Don Juan*. See the *Port Folio*, August, 1824, pp. 95-96.

¹⁰ Peter left New York in 1808 during the composition of *A History of New York*. See I, 101. During this first week in Liverpool Irving renewed his friendship with Charles Kemble. See Fanny Kemble, *Records of a Girlhood* (New York, 1879), pp. 564-565.

¹¹ In Icknield Street West, at one time called Ladywood Lane. The house, with beautiful grounds, stood about midway between Monument Lane Canal and Spring Hill. Humfrey Westhurst, *Old Birmingham, the Historic Parish of St. Pauls* [n.d.], in a scrapbook in the possession of W. I. Wilson, of Birmingham. In 1818 Van Wart moved to "Camden Hill," Newhall Hill. Neither house is standing. The site of the latter, in which tradition says the sketches were written, was probably at the corner of Legge Lane and Frederick Street. See also T. E. Pemberton, "Washington Irving in England," *Munsey's Magazine*, January, 1904, pp. 552-558.

¹² This name, a survival of his interest in Dutch nomenclature, occurs repeatedly in Irving's letters of this period.

¹³ Irving's youngest sister.

¹⁴ The senior partner was William Irving. This firm was in the Mohawk Valley trade, and had offices at 142 Pearl Street, New York, and in Brown Street, London. It dealt among other things in tea trays, merino wool, wine, and sperm candles. *New-York Gazette & General Advertiser*, September 21, 1814.

¹⁵ A picture of Henry Van Wart (1783-1873) still hangs in the Birmingham Exchange, which he helped to found. He was apparently appointed consul for the United States in 1821, a fact which probably gave rise to the rumor that Irving once held this position. During Van Wart's lifetime and after his death, many tributes were paid to him in the Birmingham newspapers. See "Washington Irving in Birmingham," in a volume called "Newspaper Cuttings," in the Birmingham Library, and *Midland Notes and Queries*, Vol. CXLIX. He became in 1815, by special act of Parliament, a naturalized British citizen. In 1838 he was one of Birmingham's first aldermen; he became a director of the Birmingham Banking Company; and was, in many other ways, a distinguished citizen. Irving's association with the Van Warts and Birmingham is still well-known. See also R. K. Dent, *The Making of Birmingham* . . . (Birmingham, 1894), pp. 274-277.

¹⁶ Pemberton, *op. cit.*

¹⁷ See *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), Index.

¹⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, July 5, 1815.

¹⁹ The battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815.

²⁰ P.M.I., I, 331.

²¹ See letter of Irving [to Cadwallader Colden?], Birmingham, July 29, 1815 (G.S.H.); also Irving to Ebenezer Irving, [Birmingham] July 21 [1815], P.M.I., I, 331.

²² *Ibid.*

²³ Campbell was not at home. "It is unfortunate for Campbell," said she [Mrs. Campbell], "that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron." I asked why. "Oh!" said she, "they write so much and so rapidly. Now Campbell writes slowly, and it takes him some time to get under way; and just as he has fairly begun, out comes one of their poems, that sets the world agog and quite daunts him, so that he throws by his pen in despair." *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, ed. William Beattie (New York, 1850), "Introductory," p. xiii. Campbell was still urging Irving to act as his literary agent in America. On May 6, 1817, he wrote to him a long, beseeching letter on this subject (T.). Another letter, dated Sydenham, May 11, 1818, requested Irving to secure him a professorship in the United States (sold at the Anderson Art Galleries, February 8, 1928). See also letters of Irving to Henry Brevoort, 1817, 1818, *passim*.

²⁴ Irving to Mrs. Jean Renwick, Birmingham, July 27, 1815 (C.).

²⁵ *Ibid.* The Church Albums, in the library at Shakespeare's birthplace, record visits by Irving on July 25, 1815, September 10, 1821, and December 20, 1831. This seems to limit the time of first note-taking for the essay "Stratford-on-Avon" to this visit with Renwick. Yet the narrative of the hostess of "The Red Horse Inn" describes Irving as alone when the incident occurred of the chambermaid tapping at the door (*The Sketch Book*, p. 346). See N. P. Willis, *Loiterings of Travel* (London, 1840), I, 108-110. This account, however, may have been Willis' fancy, or the hostess'. It is probable that Irving visited Stratford at another time, in 1818 or 1819, or that the essay was written from recollections of the journey with Renwick. The "little parlor" of Geoffrey Crayon's alleged meditations, with his "throne" and "sceptre," is at the left of the entrance of "The Red Horse," and contains a modest collection of Irvingiana, including portraits, autographs, and copies of *The Sketch Book*. See also C. F. Adams, *R. H. Dana, a Biography* (Boston, 1890), II, 77, and the *New-York Mirror*, October 26, 1833, which published a verse written by Irving in a Stratford album:

"Of mighty Shakespeare's *birth*, the room we see,

That where he *died* in vain to find we try;

Useless the search! — for all immortal he!

And those who are immortal never die!

"Washington Irving."

²⁶ *Journal*, 1815, July 31 — August 14 (N.Y.P.L.). These entries describe the tour in Wales.

²⁷ See II, 81.

²⁸ Renwick (1792-1863) was Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry at Columbia University from 1820 to 1853.

²⁹ *Journal*, 1815, August 10, 12, 13.

³⁰ (T.). This manuscript, undated and unpublished, based on this Welsh tour, may have been written for inclusion in *Tales of a Traveller*.

³¹ See J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

³² Irving to Mrs. Jean Renwick, Liverpool, April 5, 1816 (C.).

³³ M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress* (New York [1877]), II, 665; *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 299.

³⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, August 23, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁸⁵ See S. E. Morison, *The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1797* (London, 1927), I, 303, 314.

⁸⁶ See I, 134.

⁸⁷ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁸⁸ Quoted by Edward Everett, in an undated newspaper clipping in my possession.

⁸⁹ "Autobiographical Notes of Washington Irving," a newspaper clipping, undated, in my possession. The facts in this article were obtained directly from Irving on May 16, 1857.

⁹⁰ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, October 17, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹¹ E. Lord, Manuscript Notes (N.Y.H.S.). Lord saw Irving frequently in Birmingham during the winter of 1817-1818. Irving now acquired a knowledge of transatlantic trade which proved useful to him as Minister to Spain. He later wrote a manuscript called "Loose Memoranda Respecting American Commerce" which referred to business experiences in Liverpool (G.W.).

⁹² Irving was abroad from 1815 to 1832, and from 1842 to 1846. During these twenty-one years he found recreation, almost daily, in painting, music, and the drama. A separate volume might be written on Irving as a playwright and critic of the stage. Now, in 1815, he continued his interest in the drama under favorable circumstances. His connections with the English, French, and Spanish theaters will be mentioned incidentally.

⁹³ William Roscoe (1753-1851), the historian and antiquarian, was now at the height of his fame. E. Lord, who was present at the meetings of Roscoe and Irving, attributes the commencement of *The Sketch Book* to Roscoe's encouragement (Manuscript Notes). At the centenary of Roscoe's birth, Irving's essay on Roscoe was reprinted: *Sketch of William Roscoe*, by Washington Irving (Liverpool [1853]). This pamphlet is one of the rarest of Irving items. See Bibliography.

⁹⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, August 19, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁵ On both these excursions Irving made notes which later served him in *The Sketch Book*. A letter describing the former trip uses nearly the same language as that of part of "The Angler." Cf. Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, July 16, 1816 (N.Y.P.L.), and *The Sketch Book*, pp. 444-446.

⁹⁶ The third edition (1819). Allston's best contribution was the picture of Wouter Van Twiller's decision; Leslie's most amusing picture was the Dutch Courtship. See Washington Allston to Irving, London, May 9, 1817, P.M.I., I, 362-364; and Irving's reply, Birmingham, May 21, 1817 (H.W.L.D.); see also P.M.I., I, 365-368.

⁹⁷ P.M.I., I, 347.

⁹⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, May 9, 1816, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, ed. G. S. Hellman (New York, 1918), pp. 175-178.

⁹⁹ Irving to William Irving [n.p., 1816], P.M.I., I, 357.

¹⁰⁰ "Autobiographical Notes of Washington Irving." This item is described in note 39.

¹⁰¹ The death of Matilda Hoffman in 1809.

¹⁰² "Sarah, relict of William d. Apl 9, 1817 æ 79 41 Ann St." *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, April 10, 1817.

¹⁰³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.). Until his mother's death Irving had intended to return within a few months to America. This event strengthened his determination to remain indefinitely in Europe.

¹⁰⁴ Manuscript Fragment (Y.). The quotation is from Proverbs 18.14.

¹⁰⁵ Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [6] (Y.).

¹⁰⁶ William Irving to Irving, New York, October 24, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁰⁷ Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [29].

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁹ *Idem* [73].

¹¹⁰ See B. C. Nangle, Articles Relating to Germany Appearing in the *Edinburgh*

Review, the *Quarterly Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* before the Year 1836 (unpublished, in his possession). See F. W. Stokoe, *German Influence in the English Romantic Period, 1788-1818* (Cambridge, 1926), pp. 33-60; V. Stockley, *German Literature As Known in England, 1750-1830* (London, 1929), pp. 1-13.

⁶¹ Manuscript Fragment (Y.). It should be noticed that this serious study of the German language was subsequent to his visit to Scott.

⁶² See the *New England Quarterly*, January, 1929.

⁶³ Tour in Scotland [I, 96] (P.D.).

⁶⁴ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

⁶⁵ See I, 283.

⁶⁶ For Emerson's opinion of Irving, see II, 48.

⁶⁷ See *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), Introduction, pp. 13-23. See also Notebook, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶⁸ H. T. Peck, *William Hickling Prescott* (New York, 1905), p. 57.

⁶⁹ James Ogilvie to Irving, London, July 22, 1817, P.M.L. I, 369-370.

⁷⁰ Irving took lodgings at Mrs. Holloway's, in Cockspur Lane. Mrs. Holloway's son informed E. A. Duyckinck that here Irving wrote *The Sketch Book*. Some essays, however, were composed at Van Wart's in Birmingham. See E. A. Duyckinck, *Manuscript Diary*, May 20, 1839 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁷¹ Kemble, *op. cit.* pp. 564-565.

⁷² At this dinner he also met John Miller, later the publisher of *The Sketch Book*.

⁷³ On the back inside cover of *Tour in Scotland*.

⁷⁴ See *Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1880), III, 12-15.

⁷⁵ Thomas Carlyle, *The Life of John Sterling*, chap. viii.

⁷⁶ Manuscript notes of Lewis Gaylord Clark on conversations with Irving (Clive Mecklen, New York City). Cf. Emma Willard's account of her visit to Coleridge, *Journals and Letters* (Troy, New York, 1833), pp. 311-312.

⁷⁷ In 1820, in the list of city taxpayers, William Irving's estate was valued at only \$8,000. R. S. Guernsey, *New York City and Vicinity during the War of 1812-15 . . .* (New York, 1895), II, 520. See also Grantors and Grantees (N.Y.H.S.).

⁷⁸ Peter Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, November 27, 1817 (Grenville Kane, New York City).

⁷⁹ See Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray . . .* (London, 1891), II, 126.

⁸⁰ See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, January 28, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁸¹ *The Sketch Book*, p. 316.

⁸² "London Antiques" and "Little Britain."

⁸³ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, March 15, 1816 (N.Y.P.L.). It is probable that at this time Irving did not intend republishing "Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket." It is more likely that he planned other essays on similar themes. The notebooks of 1817, as well as his letters to Brevoort, show that he was now reading colonial legends and early American history.

⁸⁴ (T.). Various other records of Irving's search in London for material have survived. He apparently planned to use the following notes for essays in either *The Sketch Book* or *Bracebridge Hall*: "Memoranda of the Tower," "Notes of a Visit to the Tower" (W. R. Benjamin).

⁸⁵ "The Author's Account of Himself," *The Sketch Book*, p. 17.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*

⁸⁷ See I, 145.

⁸⁸ These were probably "The Voyage," "Roscoe," "The Wife," "The Widow and her Son," "The Angler," "Stratford-on-Avon," "A Sunday in London," "London Antiques," and "Little Britain." To date precisely the composition of each essay is impossible. These nine were almost certainly drafted before January 1, 1818, since allusions to them occur in the notebooks prior to that date, except in

the case of "Stratford-on-Avon." Yet it is likely that this was conceived on the visit there with James Renwick, in 1815. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was probably finished in the summer of 1818.

⁸⁹ For a detailed account, with map, of this journey, see *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), and its Introduction.

⁹⁰ At this time Edinburgh was a favorite objective for American tourists and students. See R. E. Spiller, *The American in England during the First Half Century of Independence* (New York [1926]), pp. 36-37.

⁹¹ (T.).

⁹² No evidence exists that he met Thomas Hogg, John Wilson, or Henry Mackenzie, all of whom Ticknor knew during his visit here a few years later. See *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 276-282.

⁹³ Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) was then the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He had left the United States on January 22, 1814, and ever since had discoursed freely on America. See H. T. C. Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey . . .* (Edinburgh, 1852), II, 183-185.

⁹⁴ Henry Brevoort to Irving, Edinburgh, December 9, 1812 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁵ Tour in Scotland [I, 15].

⁹⁶ Henry Brevoort to Irving, Edinburgh, March 1, 1813 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁷ See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Edinburgh, August 28, 1817, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, pp. 257-268.

⁹⁸ Tour in Scotland [I, 16]. Within the last three years had appeared *Waverley*, *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*. *Rob Roy* was published in 1818.

⁹⁹ Journal, 1824, March 18 (T.).

¹⁰⁰ Scott, above all other English or Scottish men of letters, was the lodestone for American visitors. Many descriptions of him at Abbotsford exist in American literature of the nineteenth century. See, in particular, *Life . . . George Ticknor*, I, 276, 280-284.

¹⁰¹ For a study of the growth of this influence, see G. H. Orians, *The Influence of Walter Scott upon America and American Literature before 1860* (Urbana, Illinois, 1929).

¹⁰² See H. A. White, *Sir Walter Scott's Novels on the Stage* (New Haven, 1927), pp. 27, 45, and *passim*.

¹⁰³ R. W. Emerson, *The American Scholar*.

¹⁰⁴ Tour in Scotland [II, 80].

¹⁰⁵ ". . . he [Scott] receives him in his ordinary dress, recognizing him as a kindred mind, with whom he had been long familiar. . . ." *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan* (London, 1844), III, 289.

¹⁰⁶ Tour in Scotland [I, 94]. "Scott's family," says his biographer, "will remember the delight with which he received this announcement — he was at breakfast, and sallied forth instantly, dogs and children after him as usual, to greet the guest, and conduct him in person from the highway to the door." [J. G. Lockhart] *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* (Edinburgh, 1837), IV, 88.

¹⁰⁷ See "Abbotsford," p. 245.

¹⁰⁸ *Idem*, pp. 260-261.

¹⁰⁹ *Irv.*, p. viii.

¹¹⁰ See Walter Scott to William Blackwood [Abbotsford, September 21, 1817], *The Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. H. J. C. Grierson (London, 1933), p. 521.

¹¹¹ Irving to an unknown correspondent, London, August 20 [1819?] (N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹² *The Vision of Don Roderick* (Edinburgh, 1811). See in the present work, I, 357.

¹¹³ All evidence points to the fact that Irving did not begin seriously the study of German until after his meeting with Scott.

¹¹⁴ *The Chase* and *William and Helen* (Edinburgh and London, 1796). Scott had made translations from some of the German books in his own library, and

he wrote for English reviews concerning German literature. See the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, July, 1817, pp. 61-98. In 1817 he was engaged upon a play, *The House of Aspen*.

¹¹⁵ Notebook, 1818.

¹¹⁶ "Derselbe [Scott] erzählte ihm die alte Sage von Thomas von Ercildoune [cf. "Abbotsford," p. 298] und zeigte ihm auch die Stelle, wo der sogenannte Thomas der Rhymer von der Elfenkönigin in eine Bergschlucht gelockt und dort sieben Jahre festgehalten wurde." Karl Knortz, *Geschichte der nordamerikanischen Literatur* (Berlin, 1891), I, 157. G. H. Orians advances a similar opinion in his unpublished study *Scott and America* (University of Toledo).

¹¹⁷ S. G. Goodrich, *Recollections of a Lifetime* (New York, 1857), II, 198.

¹¹⁸ Irving's first attempt at a novel. His second was *The History of an Author*. See II, 289-292. For a discussion of "Rosalie" see *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams, pp. 93-94. The scene of the tale is laid in the Kentucky mountains, in Philadelphia, and in Richmond at the time of the great fire of 1811. Other fragments of the story may be found in the notebook of 1818.

¹¹⁹ See Walter Scott to John Richardson, [Abbotsford?] September 22, 1817, in [Lockhart] *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, IV, 87, footnote. See also Margaret Ball, *Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature* (New York, 1907), p. 143.

¹²⁰ Although there exists evidence to support the theory, I am not convinced that a conversation occurred concerning Rebecca Gratz, at least at this time. Such a discussion may, of course, have taken place at a later meeting of Scott and Irving. For Scott's alleged debt to the character of Rebecca Gratz, see John Sar-tain, *Reminiscences of a Very Old Man* (New York, 1899), p. 183; Joseph Jacobs, "The Original of Scott's Rebecca," *Publications of the American-Jewish Historical Society*, 1914, No. 22, pp. 53-60; *Jewish Record*, of Philadelphia, April 6, 1877; Gratz Van Rensselaer, "The Original of Rebecca in Ivanhoe," *Century Magazine*, September, 1882, pp. 679-682; H. F. Barnes, *Charles Fenno Hoffman* (New York, 1930), pp. 55-56, footnote 15; *Letters of Rebecca Gratz* (Philadelphia, 1929), pp. 32, 59, footnote; and Rollin Osterweis, *Rebecca Gratz, A Study in Charm* (New York, 1935). See in the present work, chap. iv, note 115.

¹²¹ Irving to Peter Irving, Abbotsford, September 1, 1817, P.M.I., I, 381.

¹²² Irving to David Wilkie, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 22, 1828 (Y.).

¹²³ William Campbell Preston (1794-1860), the son of General Francis Preston. It has been said that Irving's friendship with Preston dated from 1813, when young Preston was at the White House as the guest of President and Mrs. Madison. It is possible, however, that they first met in London in 1815. See *The Land We Love*, August, 1868. For the continuation of this friendship, see chap. xvii, note 135. For the "Excursion to Runcorn," the little riverport sixteen miles from Liverpool, see *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams, pp. 75-79. A large collection of material relative to W. C. Preston is in the possession of Preston Davie, of New York City. See also Preston to Irving, Rome, March 16, 1818 (Mrs. W. C. Hopkins, Richmond, Virginia).

¹²⁴ *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan*, II, 228.

¹²⁵ Irving set down many of these anecdotes. See Notebook, 1818; *Tour in Scotland* [II, 57-58].

¹²⁶ W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography (University of South Carolina). Portions have been published by M. C. Yarborough, "Rambles with Washington Irving. Quotations from an Unpublished Autobiography of William C. Preston," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, October, 1930. See also *The Reminiscences of William C. Preston*, ed. M. C. Yarborough (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1933).

¹²⁷ W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography.

¹²⁸ *Ibid.*

¹²⁹ See I, 122.

¹³⁰ W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography.

¹³¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁸² *Ibid.*

¹⁸³ See chap. viii, note 108.

¹⁸⁴ W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography.

¹⁸⁵ John Home's play *Douglas* (1756) was still popular, and Irving refers many times in his notes to its hero.

¹⁸⁶ W. C. Preston, Manuscript Autobiography. This contains a detailed account of the excursion through Scotland. Peter Irving apparently took the same tour in the following year (1818). See Manuscript Journal (University of Texas).

¹⁸⁷ Along the Doon, the Lugar, the Nith, the Tilt, Irving read Burns and quoted from him in his notebooks. "Alloway church-yard lolling on grass by church door—Stone mason telling stories of Burns Soft mild day. . . . Mason had drank with Burns." Tour in Scotland [I, 106].

¹⁸⁸ The descriptions of Ayr and Abbotsford reappeared in *The Crayon Miscellany* (1835).

¹⁸⁹ This first draft of the letter to Scott appears in Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [64]. The final form, dated Hawick, September 23, 1817, was printed in *Familiar Letters of Walter Scott* (Boston, 1894), I, 441-442. Irving sent Sophia Scott a copy of the American edition of Scott's works. See P. R. Frothingham, *Edward Everett* . . . (Boston, 1925), p. 52.

¹⁹⁰ Notebook, 1818.

¹⁹¹ P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

¹⁹² Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, October 10, 1817 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁹³ Notebook, 1818.

¹⁹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁹⁵ See *ibid.*

¹⁹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁹⁷ *Ibid.* See J. K. Riesbeck, *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787), I, 140-142.

¹⁹⁸ J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes.

¹⁹⁹ By this English publication Irving secured the English rights to *The Sketch Book* and obtained for these £467. He now understood more clearly the difficulties besetting an American author under the lack of international copyright. The American law denied protection to foreigners. The English law on this point was ill defined. Citizenship, which was the determining factor in America, was irrelevant here. The essential for an American to secure copyright in England was priority of publication or priority of announcement. The goal was to attain English publication, English copyright, and so an English reputation. To this fact, as well as to the more personal reasons, must be ascribed Irving's long stay in Europe, within reach of English publishers. At the same time he aimed to secure American copyright. After the establishment, therefore, of his reputation through *The Sketch Book*, he hoped always to achieve, first, prior publication in England (if only by a day), and almost simultaneous publication in America and, whenever possible, in other countries. Whenever he published his major books in Europe, we shall observe these two purposes. See Bibliography, Introduction. From this situation arose also his intercession with English publishers in behalf of American writers. Though actuated by self-interest, Irving thus led the struggle for protection of American books abroad, and was an indirect agent in the ultimate solution of an intolerable problem, through international copyright. The full history of these anomalous conditions, so important in their repressive influence upon American authors in the first half of the nineteenth century, is still unwritten, but an excellent initial discussion may be found in R. E. Spiller and P. C. Blackburn, *A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1934), Introduction. See in the present work, II, 213-215.

²⁰⁰ See I, 173-191.

CHAPTER VIII

¹ E. Burritt, "The Birthplace of Rip Van Winkle," *Packard's Monthly*, November, 1869, p. 333.

² *Idem*, pp. 333-334. To Henry Van Wart also has been ascribed the suggestion for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." See Clarence Cook, "A Glimpse of Washington Irving at Home," *Century*, May, 1887. Yet Irving apparently told N. P. Willis that he conceived this story during a conversation with his brother Peter in London. *Irv.*, p. xlvi.

³ Charles Lanman, "A Day with Washington Irving," from an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

⁴ Irving now lived for a time at 21 Edward Street, Portland Place.

⁵ See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, November 6, 1816 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶ Irving pleaded with him to stay, perhaps foreseeing that the life of this Europeanized artist would be, in America, merely "hope deferred." See the account of Allston's death in *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), July 12, 1843. See also J. B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston* (New York, 1892), p. 139.

⁷ H. T. Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists* (New York, 1867), p. 175. Allusion has been made to Irving's association with painters (see chap. vii, note 46). See Tuckerman, p. 65, and Irving to Washington Allston, Birmingham, May 21, 1817 (H.W.L.D.).

⁸ See chap. viii, note 108.

⁹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, June 21, 1841 (Y.).

¹⁰ Such was the result of Irving's intimacy with Decatur in 1815. Irving evidently planned to write an essay concerning his friend. The unfinished manuscript is extant (T.).

¹¹ Benjamin Williams Crowninshield (1772-1851), a weak and vacillating politician, appointed Secretary of the Navy in 1814, resigned this post in November, 1818.

¹² Peter Irving. The "engagement" was the scheme for the publication of English books in America. See I, 157.

¹³ James K. Paulding, who in April, 1815, had been appointed Secretary of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and was living in Washington.

¹⁴ (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁵ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

¹⁶ His appointment as Secretary of Legation in London when he was engaged upon *The Alhambra* in Granada in 1829. See I, 368-372.

¹⁷ Irving had been hurt also by Verplanck's severe criticism of *A History of New York*, which he read just as he was finishing "Rip Van Winkle" (see II, 275). See C. P. Daly, *Gulian C. Verplanck; his Ancestry, Life, and Character* (New York, 1870). "It is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humour in a coarse caricature." G. C. Verplanck, *An Anniversary Discourse, Delivered before the New-York Historical Society, December 7, 1818* (New York, 1818), p. 88.

¹⁸ D. G. Mitchell, *American Lands and Letters, The Mayflower to Rip-Van-Winkle* (New York, 1897), p. 309.

¹⁹ D. G. Mitchell, *Dream Life* . . . (New York, 1876), "A New Preface," p. ix.

²⁰ Irving to Ebenezer Irving, London, March 3, 1819, P.M.I., I, 412-414.

²¹ H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [59] (Y.).

²² H. W. Longfellow to his mother and sister [1819] (H.W.L.D.).

²³ The separate numbers of *The Sketch Book*, which Irving originally intended for American publication only, are now rare and expensive. One should look at them to understand the way in which this book appeared in the days of sailing vessels and hand presses. The contents of the other issues were as follows:

No. II, sent from England April 1, 1819: "English Writers on America," "Rural Life in England," "The Broken Heart," "The Art of Book-making."

No. III, May 13, 1819: "A Royal Poet," "The Country Church," "The Widow and her Son," "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap. A Shakespearian Research."

No. IV, August 2, 1819: "The Mutability of Literature. A Colloquy in Westminster Abbey," "Rural Funerals," "The Inn Kitchen," "The Spectre Bridegroom." "John Bull" was designed for this number. It was "afterwards reserved for the sixth, and the essay on Rural Funerals was substituted for it." "Rural Funerals" was sent on August 16. P.M.I., I, 428-430.

No. V, October [28?], 1819: "Christmas," "The Stage-Coach," "Christmas Eve," "Christmas Day."

No. VI, December 29, 1819: "John Bull" (sent August 16), "The Pride of the Village," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

No. VII, June 28, 1820: "Westminster Abbey," "The Angler," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Little Britain."

The first English volume (February, 1820), published by Miller, contained "The Author's Account of Himself," "Roscoe," "The Wife," "Rip Van Winkle," "English Writers on America," "Rural Life in England," "The Art of Book-making," "The Broken Heart," "A Royal Poet," "The Country Church," "The Widow and her Son," "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap," "The Mutability of Literature," "Rural Funerals," and "The Spectre Bridegroom." The second volume, published in July, 1820, contained the residue of the sketches, besides the two Indian tales, which were not published in the American serial numbers.

Such lists help us to conjecture concerning the actual dates of composition of various essays. Irving himself says that almost all the contents of the second English volume were composed between August, 1819, and June, 1820. These facts are assembled from a curious document in Irving's hand in the form of a questionnaire, in which he described the details of publication (T.), and from the manuscript Autobiography of Washington Irving (J.M.).

²⁴ Ebenezer Irving to Henry Brevoort, Long Branch, October 3, 1819 (Grenville Kane, New York City).

²⁵ Irving [to Henry Van Wart, London, May, 1819?] (W. R. Langfeld, Philadelphia).

²⁶ Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, August 15, 1819, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, ed. G. S. Hellman (New York, 1918), pp. 324-325.

²⁷ The price was high in relation to those of English works published in America. These, in the absence of international copyright laws, yielded no royalties to their authors. See S. T. Williams, "Authorship in Irving's Day," *Saturday Review of Literature*, December 29, 1934.

²⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, July 28, 1819, August 12, 1819 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁹ Ebenezer Irving to Henry Brevoort, Long Branch, October 3, 1819.

³⁰ James Fenno to Mrs. J. O. Hoffman, Savannah, October 20, 1819, in a privately printed pamphlet [1900?], p. 76 (E. F. Hoffman, Philadelphia).

³¹ Ebenezer Irving to Henry Brevoort, Long Branch, September 28, 1819 (Grenville Kane).

³² See I, 189.

³³ Irving to C. R. Leslie, London, September 13, 1819, P.M.I., I, 434-435.

³⁴ Irving was surprised and pleased that Coleman reviewed *The Sketch Book* favorably in the New York *Evening Post*, August 3, 1819.

³⁵ The *Kaleidoscope*, a Liverpool paper, offered probably the first version of parts of *The Sketch Book* in Great Britain. It reprinted "The Wife" on August 24, 1819, with an editorial note, including the phrase "that elegant scholar, George

Washington Irving." The *Literary Gazette* printed selections in its issues of September 25, October 5, and later numbers. The first selection was prefaced by this absurd note: "The following production has been handed to us by an able friend, who tells us that it is the work of a very intelligent native of America, just arrived from New York. . . ." For an account of the publication in the *Literary Gazette*, see *Autobiography of William Jerdan* (London, 1852), II, 288. Irving owed in part to Jerdan the idea of republication of the essays as a separate volume. See Charles Lanman, *Haphazard Personalities* (Boston, 1886), pp. 228-231.

³⁶ John Murray to Irving [October 27, 1819] (G.W.). For the published version of this letter, see *The Sketch Book*, "Preface," p. 8. On the back of this manuscript Irving wrote: "Letter from Murray declining the publication of the Sketch Book—of which I had sent him the three or four first numbers of the American Edition in print—comprising the first volume."

³⁷ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, April 4, 1829 (H.E.H.).

³⁸ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Port St. Mary's, October 18, 1828 (T.).

³⁹ See I, 263.

⁴⁰ J. W. Croker to John Murray, [London?] January 18, 1825, Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . (London, 1891), II, 258-259.

⁴¹ See II, 22-23.

⁴² Irving had brought to Constable a letter of introduction from John Miller.

⁴³ P. R. Frothingham, *Edward Everett* . . . (Boston, 1925), p. 52.

⁴⁴ Walter Scott to Irving, [Abbotsford and Edinburgh] November 17, 1819 (Y.); Irving to Scott [London, November 20, 1819]; Scott to Irving, Edinburgh, December 4, 1819. These three letters are quoted by P. M. Irving, I, 439-445. The first letter offered Irving a post on a weekly anti-Jacobin publication, at £500 per annum. Irving's refusal was based on his desultory ways of life and on his aversion to politics. Irving was Scott's second choice for this post; he had previously suggested John Ballantyne. Andrew Lang, *The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart* (London, 1897), I, 227.

⁴⁵ John Miller to Archibald Constable, Burlington Arcade [London], February 5, 1820, quoted in Thomas Constable, *Archibald Constable and His Literary Correspondents* . . . (Edinburgh, 1873), II, 429-430.

⁴⁶ *The Sketch Book*, p. 12.

⁴⁷ See P.M.I., I, 451.

⁴⁸ C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 217. See also p. 218.

⁴⁹ *The Sketch Book*, p. 13. For further accounts of Murray's transactions with Irving, see chaps. ix, xiii, xiv, xvi.

⁵⁰ Robert Southey to John Murray, Keswick, June 29, 1822 (Y.).

⁵¹ *Irv.*, p. xxxvi.

⁵² *The Spirit of the Age, The Collected Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover . . . (London, 1902), IV, 362. Hazlitt and Irving always disliked each other. "He is," once remarked the former, "a mere trifler—a filigree man—an English *littérateur* at second hand." William Hazlitt, *Conversations of James Northcote, R. A.* (London, 1894), p. 108.

⁵³ Frothingham, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

⁵⁴ See Ferdinand Künzig, *Washington Irving und seine Beziehungen zur englischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts* (Heidelberg, 1911), pp. 56-72.

⁵⁵ See the *Dublin University Magazine*, January-June, 1835, p. 554.

⁵⁶ Irving quotes in the essay from Browne. See *The Sketch Book*, pp. 243-244. Cf. *Urn-Burial*, chap. v.

⁵⁷ The resemblances are striking. See James Hervey, *Meditations and Contemplations* (Boston, 1857), pp. 85-87. Cf. "Westminster Abbey," pp. 231-232. Hervey's book (1746-1747) passed through many editions and was widely read.

⁵⁸ F. L. Pattee, *The Development of the American Short Story* (New York, 1923), pp. 7-8.

⁵⁹ Beginning with the earliest journal (1803), one finds practically no allusions to Addison, Goldsmith, or other writers of the eighteenth century.

⁶⁰ The following passage probably alludes to Wordsworth: "There is an endeavour among some of the writers of the day . . . to introduce into poetry all the common colloquial phrases and vulgar idioms - In their rage for simplicity they would be coarse and commonplace. Now the Language of poetry cannot be too pure and choice." *Tour in Scotland* [I, 32] (P.D.). Wordsworth returned Irving's dislike, referring on one occasion to "Mr. Washington Irving, whose taste I have no great opinion of, if I may judge from his Sketch book, which tho' a work of talent, is disfigured by abundance of affectation." William Wordsworth to Allan Cunningham, London, November, 1823 (T. W. McGregor, Washington, D. C.).

⁶¹ See Künzig, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-12. A minor but interesting indication of the extent of Irving's reading is in the extraordinary number of his quotations. It is extremely difficult to locate the sources of many of these. See *Notes and Queries*, August 5, 12, 19, September 2, 9, 30, 1911; January 6, 1912.

⁶² See C. A. Smith, *The American Short Story* (Boston, 1912), pp. 13-15.

⁶³ See S. H. Goodnight, *German Literature in American Magazines prior to 1846* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1907), pp. 106ff. See also H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Sources in *The Sketch Book*," *Studies in Philology*, July, 1930, pp. 482-483. It should be recalled that Irving had long been interested in Kotzebue. See in the present work I, 38.

⁶⁴ F. W. Stokoe, *German Influence in the English Romantic Period, 1788-1818* (Cambridge, 1926), p. 175.

⁶⁵ See chaps. xiii, xiv, xv.

⁶⁶ *Literarisches Conversationsblatt*, 1824, No. 136, p. 544.

⁶⁷ See I, 162. See also Pattee, *op. cit.*, pp. 7-13.

⁶⁸ *The Sketch Book*, pp. 17-18.

⁶⁹ *Idem*, p. 17.

⁷⁰ This is evident from a manuscript (T.), in which Irving records his feelings during a visit to the Abbey. In inspecting the "tombs that contain the ashes of conquerors & Kings" he experienced "the strongest emotion."

⁷¹ See chap. iv, note 183.

⁷² In the *Tour in Scotland* [I, 39] is a personal passage on the relations of mother and son. This Irving expanded and included in "The Widow and her Son," pp. 143-152. For Irving's method in the composition of this essay, see *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 119, footnote 2.

⁷³ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, April 3, 1845 (Y.).

⁷⁴ Some of the rough notes made during these rambles about London survive (T.). See also chap. vii, note 84. The source material of nearly every essay of *The Sketch Book* is discussed more fully by the author of the present work in *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 and Tour in Scotland* (New Haven, 1927).

⁷⁵ *Tour in Scotland* [I, 45].

⁷⁶ See I, 66.

⁷⁷ For the first draft of this essay, with a discussion of Irving's sources, see *Tour in Scotland*, ed. Williams, pp. 114-118.

⁷⁸ See the *Quarterly Review*, July, 1863, p. 162. Byron wrote the first canto of *Don Juan* in the summer of 1818, printed it privately in 1819, and published it in September of this year. Some of the spirit of the passages on love may have crept into *The Sketch Book*. Definite parallel passages, however, do not exist.

⁷⁹ Cf. "A Royal Poet," p. 118, and George Buchanan, *The History of Scotland* (London [n.d.]), p. 232.

⁸⁰ Paulding sent Irving this book on September 5, 1812. See also G. E. Hastings, "John Bull and his American Descendants," *American Literature*, March, 1929.

⁸¹ See *The Sketch Book*, p. 110.

⁸² See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, July 16, 1816, and January 29, 1817 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁸³ The husband in the story is named "Leslie," but the incident is said to have been taken from the married life of Allston. See John Neal, *Randolph* ([n.p.] 1823), II, 128, footnote. A detailed study of the composition of "The Wife," as an example of Irving's method in writing *The Sketch Book*, has been made in *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. Williams, pp. 15-23. Parallel passages of the first draft and the revised version illustrate the nature of Irving's revisions from notes to essay.

⁸⁴ Notebook, 1815 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁸⁵ Possibly from Scott's translation (1796).

⁸⁶ For the first draft of portions of this essay, see *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. Williams, pp. 55, 57, 59, 66.

⁸⁷ See *The Sketch Book*, p. 198. In the Notebook, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.), is the record of a dream: ". . . in my native home everything around me looked as in my happier days. The mother that had so fondly cherished my childhood was hanging over me with looks of fondness—I awoke in a strange land—poor, sick, solitary, desolate." Mrs. Hoffman wrote Irving that she recognized a scene in this essay, which describes the death of Matilda (p. 199).

⁸⁸ See chap. iv, note 183.

⁸⁹ A principal source was Increase Mather. Others were: Thomas Hutchinson, *The History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay* . . . (London, 1760), I, 219, footnote; *A New and Further Narrative of the State of New-England* [March to August, 1676] (London, 1676), p. 10; Cotton Mather; and others. A full discussion of these sources and Irving's dependence on colonial writing may be found in *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. Williams, pp. 51-53. Irving read widely in colonial and Indian histories after his arrival in England in 1815.

⁹⁰ Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, April, 1820 [date incomplete] (N.Y.P.L.). Irving told N. P. Willis that he first thought of the story while walking one Sunday with Peter over Westminster Bridge. "He got to telling the old Dutch stories which he had heard at Tarrytown, in his youth—when the thought suddenly struck him:—'I have it! I'll go home and make memoranda of these for a book!' And, leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down all the data; and, the next day—the dullest and darkest of London fogs—he sat in his little room and wrote out 'Sleepy Hollow' by the light of a candle." *Irv.*, p. xlvii. On May 19, 1846, Martin Van Buren signed a certificate that Jesse Merwin was the original of Ichabod Crane (G. D. Merwin, Hartford, Connecticut). See also William Wart, "Originals of Washington Irving's Characters," *Four-Track News*, July, 1906; *New Jersey Standard*, November 24, 1852; *New York Herald*, November 17, 1852.

⁹¹ The early parts of this story are drawn from American legend, but for other portions Irving relied upon German sources. See Pattee, *op. cit.*, p. 11, footnote 1, and Pochmann, "Irving's German Sources in *The Sketch Book*," pp. 498-504. See also O. S. Coad, "The Gothic Element in American Literature," *Journal of English and German Philology*, January, 1925, pp. 83-85. Both the incident of the chase and that of the hurling of the "head" may be found in the Rubezahl legends. See J. A. Musäus, *Volksmärchen der Deutschen*, ed. C. M. Wieland (Gotha, 1805). Ichabod Crane, Irving drew from the schoolmaster whom he knew in 1809 (see I, 109). It is probable, also, that this caricature derives traits from Fielding's Partridge and from the schoolmaster in *The Deserted Village*. The old Mott house and the Adam Van Alen house, near Kinderhook, have been said to be that of Katrina Van Tassel (Van Alen). See J. T. Scharf, *History of Westchester County*,

New York (Philadelphia, 1886), II, 266. Brom Bones was also identified with Brom Van Alstyne, a character in the village of Kinderhook, and it was even rumored that Irving planned to marry the original of Katrina Van Tassel. (From information in possession of the grandson of Jesse Merwin, G. D. Merwin, of Hartford, Connecticut.) In the village of Catskill, Green County, one is told that Rip Van Winkle was the "chronic optimist" of the local tavern, and Dutchess County also claims him.

⁹² See I, 168-169.

⁹³ Manuscript (T.). Irving first visited Germany in 1822.

⁹⁴ The German influence upon "Rip Van Winkle" was at once noted and is still discussed. See R. Sprenger, in *Programm des mit Realabteilungen in Tertia und Sekunda verbundenen Progymnasiums zu Northeim . . . No. 344* (Northeim, 1901). Irving probably used the popular Otmar. Obviously he could not have seen, during his composition of the story, the material in J. G. Büsching, *Volks Sagen, Märchen und Legenden* (Leipzig, 1821).

⁹⁵ "The Haunted House," *Works of Washington Irving* (New York [n.d.], P. F. Collier), III, 571, footnote.

⁹⁶ Published at Bremen in 1800, and almost certainly accessible to Irving.

⁹⁷ "The Genesis of the Rip Van Winkle Legend," *Harper's Monthly*, September, 1883. The sources of "Rip Van Winkle" and its many cognates were discussed throughout the century. See *Notes and Queries*, August 7, October 23, 1897, and "Legends from the Ardennes," *Once a Week*, November 18, 1865.

⁹⁸ See Pochmann, "Irving's German Sources in *The Sketch Book*."

⁹⁹ *Idem*, p. 494. It is barely possible that Irving saw a translation of the Musäus legend, though this tale is not in the Beckford edition of 1791, and the first translation would appear to be, as Professor Pochmann says, after the appearance of Irving's story. Professor Walter Reichart believes that Irving either had access to an unknown translation or received aid in rendering the German version. See B. Q. Morgan, *A Bibliography of German Literature in English Translation* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1922), pp. 376-378. For an interesting discussion of "Rip Van Winkle" see Karl Knortz, *Geschichte der nordamerikanischen Literatur* (Berlin, 1891), I, 156-162. See also Adolf Laun, *Washington Irving, Ein Lebens- und Charakterbild* (Berlin, 1870), II, 277-280 (data from the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, October 29, 1869). See R. Sprenger, *op. cit.*

¹⁰⁰ e.g., "Roderick the Goth." See I, 357.

¹⁰¹ See the account of Epimenides in Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*, with an English translation by R. D. Hicks (London, 1925), p. 115. For another possible cognate story, see also *Petronii saturae . . . recensuit Franciscus Buecheler . . . adiectae sunt Varronis . . . reliquiae* (Berlin, 1912), pp. 237-239.

¹⁰² A source admitted by Irving. He declared also that he had been influenced by Indian legends concerning Manitou. *The Sketch Book*, pp. 73-74. These, however, were not the most important sources of the story. Other legends, more or less related to the general theme of a long interval of sleep, which will, of course, occur to the reader, are those in Sir John Mandeville, the Koran, the Talmud, and the Indian Puranas. Various sources of this remote kind were suggested during the story's contemporary popularity. See the *New-York Mirror*, December 17, 1836: "This story was probably suggested by the account given of Epimenides, one of the Grecian worthies, who was said to have slept in a cave fifty-seven years." See also *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, May, 1821, p. 225. For a comparison of the various sources see Tiemen De Vries, *Dutch History, Art and Literature for Americans* (Grand Rapids [Michigan, 1912]), pp. 157-210. Irving may have become first interested in the theme at a performance of a play called *Doldrum*. See G. O. Seilhamer, *History of the American Theatre* (Philadelphia, 1891), III, 384, 391.

¹⁰⁸ "This [said Scott] is the haunted glen of Thomas the Rhymer. . . Here . . . is Huntley Bank, on which Thomas the Rhymer lay musing and sleeping

when he saw, or dreamt he saw, the Queen of Elfland. . . . It is a fine old story, . . . and might be wrought into a capital tale.' "Abbotsford," pp. 285-286. Although Irving on the Scottish tour did not visit Inverness, where is the rock Tom-na-Hurich—the Hill of the Fairies—he may possibly have heard in the Highlands its story, that of the two fiddlers of Strathspey. These were decoyed into the hills by Thomas the Rhymer, and remained there for a hundred years. "Rip Van Winkle" resembles this legend in the details of Rip's return after his sleep and in the cleft of the rock through which he had entered the amphitheater and which, on his awakening, he found closed, as if by enchantment.

¹⁰⁴ *Taraes de un solitario* (Madrid, 1829). See in the present work, II, 126-127.

¹⁰⁵ Bismarck, fond of Irving, blended the tale in his mind with the old legends or folklore: "Wenn ich das Glockenspiel höre, und mit einer langen Thonpfeife im Munde durch den Mastenwald über die Canäle auf die in der Dämmerung noch abenteuerlicheren, verwirrten Giebel und Schornsteine im Hintergrunde sehe, so fallen mir alle holländischen Gespenstergeschichten aus der Kinderzeit ein, von Dolph Heylinger [Heyliger—in 'Bracebridge Hall'] und Rix [Rip] van Winkel [Winkle] und dem fliegenden Holländer." *Bismarckbriefe 1844-1870* (Bielefeld, 1877), p. 50.

¹⁰⁶ *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, "Sunday."

¹⁰⁷ The Dutch characters are in debt to Hendrik Hudson and other types in *A History of New York*.

¹⁰⁸ For this influence upon *The Sketch Book*, and upon Irving's art in general, an interest connected with his own drawing and his lifelong association with artists, see I, 164-165. See also William Dunlap, *Diary* (New York, 1931), Index. See, for the influence of painting upon "Rip Van Winkle," R. Sprenger, *op. cit.*, pp. 9ff., and, in particular, *Skizzenbuch*, ed. K. D. Gaedertz (Leipzig [n.d.]), Introduction, p. 10: "Man glaubt eines jener köstlichen Gemälde des berühmten niederländischen Meisters Adrian von Ostade vor sich zu haben. Den Hintergrund nimmt eine niedrige holländische Dorfschenke ein, über deren halboffener Thür ein altertümlicher Schild einladend hängt. Vor der Kneipe sitzt auf rauher Holzbank an morschem Tische beim Krüge Ale der biedere Rip, mit breitem gutmütigem Gesicht und baurisch grober Kleidung, um die Welte mit dem dicken Wirt starke Dampfvolken aus der Thonpfeife blasend. Sie scheinen die Ereignisse neugierig anzuhören welche der kleine Dorfschulmeister mir gar wichtige Miene aus einen alten Zeitungsblatte zum Besten giebt. Die Zweige eines von manchem Sturm arg mitgenommenen Baumes Gewähren Schatten vor den hier und da eindringenden Sonnenstrahlen und kühlen das ehrbare Trio in mystisches Halbdunkel." Cf. *The Sketch Book*, pp. 55-56.

¹⁰⁹ Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.). Of all Irving's sketches "Rip Van Winkle" suffered the least revision. In the edition of 1848 only one phrase was changed (Manuscript, H.). After 1820 the Catskills became a region of literary interest. See J. M. Duncan, *Travels through Part of the United States and Canada in 1818 and 1819* (New York, 1823), I, 313, footnote, and I. Finch, *Travels in the United States of America and Canada* (London, 1833), pp. 13, 14.

¹¹⁰ See Bibliography.

¹¹¹ *Journal*, 1823, December 7 (T.).

¹¹² This essay was a culmination of Irving's opinions on the subject, discussed on I, 122.

¹¹³ Pattee, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

¹¹⁴ Irving was censured as one of the first to create in fiction a misleading impression of the Indian. See the *New-York Mirror*, July 4, 1840.

¹¹⁵ *The Spirit of the Age*, Works, IV, 367-368.

¹¹⁶ This is generally Latin in origin, but some interesting experiments reveal a broad use of native words. See G. P. Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language* (New York, 1860), pp. 129-131.

¹¹⁷ *Graham's Magazine*, May, 1842, p. 298.

¹¹⁸ For instances of Irving's deletions and substitutions of words see *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. Williams, *passim*.

¹¹⁹ *The Sketch Book*, pp. 353-354.

¹²⁰ "Why should I go home. . . . Why return to see the changes from places in desolation . . . to knock at the doors . . . and be received by strange faces . . . to enquire for the abode of youth . . . and to be led to the tombstone." Tour in Scotland [I, 70-69].

¹²¹ *The Sketch Book*, p. 159.

¹²² *Idem*, p. 185.

¹²³ *Idem*, p. 186.

¹²⁴ A minute analysis of this essay, with identifications of many persons, and much discussion of places described, occurs in the rare volume *Stratford-upon-Avon* . . . , ed. Richard Savage and W. S. Brassington, F.S.A. (Stratford-upon-Avon, 1900).

¹²⁵ *The Sketch Book*, p. 369.

¹²⁶ *Works of Lord Byron, Letters and Journals*, V (London, 1901), 94. S. A. Allibone (*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors* . . . , Philadelphia, 1891, I, 322) prints an extraordinary conversation of Byron's concerning Irving, at variance with the more credible comment already quoted. It contains the most fulsome praise of Irving and of "The Broken Heart," over which Byron wept as it was read aloud to him. See C. E. Lester, *The Glory and the Shame of England* (New York, 1845), I, 128-130.

¹²⁷ See E. W. Gosse, "Irving's 'Sketch Book,'" *Critic* (New York), March 31, 1883.

¹²⁸ "On the Writings of Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving," *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, February, 1820. This article was suggested by Scott.

¹²⁹ June 26, August 3, September 13, 1819.

¹³⁰ "Reflections on Irving's *Pride of the Village*," *New York American*, April 8, 1820. Two of West's paintings were inspired by this essay and by "Annette Delarbre" (see chap. xii, note 35). Cincinnati Art Museum *Bulletin*, July, 1932.

¹³¹ For an account of the influence, through the magazines, of British animosity to America, see A. H. Smyth, *The Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors, 1741-1850* (Philadelphia, 1892), p. 13. One reason for the composition of "English Writers on America" was to mollify this mutual ill-feeling.

¹³² See the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Supplement*, September, 1819, p. 207; *British Critic*, June, 1820.

¹³³ *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, September, 1820; *British Critic*, November, 1820. The latter considered "Westminster Abbey" "altogether a very childish and indifferent performance." The *Investigator* (May, 1820) declared that "English Writers on America" had "too much truth," but the *Literary Gazette and Journal of the Belles Lettres* (April 8, 1820) said that in this essay Irving "complains . . . without reason, boasts without foundation, and threatens without effect." Lockhart's praise included especially "A Royal Poet." "Roscoe" had a marked but passing popularity. See *Letters of Asa Gray* (Boston, 1893), II, 808; H. T. Tuckerman, *Characteristics of Literature* (Philadelphia, 1849), pp. 105ff.; T. F. Dibdin, *Library Companion* (London, 1824), p. 530, footnote.

¹³⁴ See the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1821; *Retrospective Review*, IX (1824), 316. Irving replied to such criticisms in the introduction to *Bracebridge Hall*. His skill in writing was often attributed to training in England. See *Bolster's Quarterly Magazine*, February, 1826, and the *Monthly Magazine*, October, 1824.

¹³⁵ November, 1820.

¹³⁶ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, February, 1820, p. 559.

¹³⁷ September, 1819, p. 207.

¹³⁸ August, 1820.

¹³⁹ November, 1820.

¹⁴⁰ "When, some twenty years since, I lived in a retired village of merry old England — a village which had the sole use of one copy of a weekly newspaper . . . did I not, in this said newspaper, read an extract from . . . the 'Sketch Book' of GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent'? Can I forget the emotions which it enkindled in my mind?" "Anglo-Americanus," *Knickerbocker Magazine*, August, 1839. Irving, wrote Mary Howitt, threw over the English village "a new and poetic light." *Mary Howitt, An Autobiography*, ed. Margaret Howitt (Boston, 1889), I, 148. Miss Mitford, however, described *The Sketch Book* as "a pack of maudlin trash." *Life of Mary Russell Mitford* . . . , ed. Rev. A. G. L'Estrange (London, 1870), II, 297.

¹⁴¹ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825.

¹⁴² There were occasional malicious attacks on *The Sketch Book*. A foolish, sneering little pamphlet was published in New York in 1819, called *Brief Remarks on the "Wife" of Washington Irving*. See *National Advocate*, December 3, 1819. Its author was Judge Egbert Benson. An abusive review, which long disturbed Irving, compared his style in *The Sketch Book* to that of "a boy moving awkwardly on stilts, who is straining every nerve to prevent a downfall!" Quoted in *The Literary Remains of the Late Willis Gaylord Clark* . . . , ed. L. G. Clark (New York, 1844), p. 279.

¹⁴³ *North American Review*, September, 1819, pp. 322-356; July, 1822, p. 208 and *passim*.

¹⁴⁴ Representative American reviews were: the *New York American*, November 24, 1820, and August 1, 1821; *North American Review*, January, 1829. Instances of reprintings are "The Wife," *Roberts' Semi-Monthly Magazine*, January 15, 1841; "An Old Fashioned Christmas," *Independent*, April 13, 1918; "English Writers on America," *Chautauquan*, November, 1907. Spurious pieces similar to those in *The Sketch Book* were sometimes attributed to Irving. See the *Literary Harvester*, January 16, 1843. A picture of Ichabod Crane was exhibited in New York in 1828. See the *Morning Courier*, June 13. The school texts in different languages based on *The Sketch Book* are very numerous. See Bibliography. Several of the sketches won a place on the stage, notably, of course, "Rip Van Winkle," whose history in the drama is extended and varied. Thomas Flynn was probably the first actor in America to play the part, in a version at Albany on May 26, 1828. The play was acted in Philadelphia in October, 1829, and Hackett began his rendering of it in New York on April 22, 1830, playing in it regularly until 1847. After 1850 the play began its long career under the guidance of Joseph Jefferson. See G. C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (New York, 1927), Index. See E. C. Stedman's poem, *Rip Van Winkle and His Wonderful Nap* (Boston, 1870).

¹⁴⁵ See Bibliography. See also *Washington Irving. A Bibliography*, compiled by W. R. Langfeld and P. C. Blackburn (New York, 1933).

¹⁴⁶ See the *Nation* (New York), October 4, 1866.

¹⁴⁷ For a discussion of the history and reputation of *The Sketch Book*, see Appendix III, pp. 277-280.

CHAPTER IX

¹ C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, December 24, 1820, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 230.

² Irving to John Murray, Paris, October 31, 1820, Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . (London, 1891), II, 132.

³ Lord Byron to John Murray, Ravenna, October 12, 1820, *Works, Letters and Journals*, V (London, 1901), 94.

⁴ "Mr. John Murray's Drawing Room, like Wills' Coffee House, in the Spec-

tator's day, is at present the resort of many of the wits and scholars of the orthodox party, particularly those whose works are published by him. It is there, as I am informed, the fiery dragon of criticism, the renowned William Gifford, holds his state, and condemns authors, by dozens, to the rack of modern criticism, to which all the tortures of the inquisition are but cakes and gingerbread." [J. K. Paulding] *A Sketch of Old England* (New-York, 1822), II, 135. Gifford (1756-1826), the first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was later hostile to Irving's writings. See in the present work, I, 263.

⁶ Irving to J. K. Paulding, London, May 27, 1820, P.M.I., I, 455. Later Irving once saw on this sofa Gifford, Moore, and Scott in earnest conversation together. Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

⁶ See R. B. Clark, *William Gifford* (New York, 1930), pp. 183-187. Gifford's work was well known to Irving through the critic's American fame. See the *Port Folio*, September 25, October 2, 1802.

⁷ R. B. Clark, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

⁸ See Smiles, *op. cit.*, II, 159.

⁹ Concerning *Tales of a Traveller*, Gifford wrote Murray of his authorship of an unsympathetic review of this book: "If my name be mentioned, let it be tenderly, for he [Irving] is a real favourite of mine." Smiles, *op. cit.*, II, 158.

¹⁰ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," December 1, 1818.

¹¹ He knew Hazlitt, but never met Leigh Hunt. Of the latter he said: "Never liked him — a dash of vulgar flippancy about his writings — belonged to a Cockney Clique for whom [I] had no respect (Hazlitt among them — a low fellow) — Their vulgar junkettings for which Mrs. Holloway had to pay." P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

¹² *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 410.

¹³ See *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," June 13, 1819.

¹⁴ See J. F. Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe*, ed. R. E. Spiller, II (New York, 1930), p. viii.

¹⁵ See *idem*, p. ix.

¹⁶ *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*, ed. Thomas Sadler (Boston, 1869), I, 486, April 4, 1823.

¹⁷ *Memoirs . . . Moore*. See Index.

¹⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, August 15, 1820, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort* (New York, 1918), p. 345. Henry Hallam's (1777-1859) *State of Europe during the Middle Ages* had been published in 1818. Southey wrote Murray: "I do not wonder at Irving's success. He is a remarkably agreeable writer, — & writes with a feeling & temper which ought to conciliate every reader." Keswick, June 29, 1822 (Y.).

¹⁹ Lady Caroline Lamb's (1785-1828) novel *Glenarvon*, with its caricature of Byron, appeared anonymously in 1816. She was now writing her second novel, *Graham Hamilton* (1822).

²⁰ During this year (1820) Giovanni Battista Belzoni (1778-1823) published the record of his Egyptian discoveries.

²¹ These references to Lady Caroline Lamb, Byron, and Belzoni are contained in a letter to Henry Brevoort, London, August 15, 1820.

²² See N. S. Wheaton, *A Journal of a Residence during Several Months in London . . . in the Years 1823 and 1824* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1830), pp. 185, 270, 277.

²³ Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, August 15, 1820.

²⁴ *Journal*, 1820, August 18, 19 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁵ *Idem*, August 19.

²⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁷ Beasley remained as United States consul at Havre from 1818 until 1848 (G. P. Beecher, British Vice Consul, Havre). Irving alludes to him frequently in his letters and journal. Beasley married into the Bordeaux family of the Guestiers,

with whom Irving later became intimate. His house is still standing, and may be reached through an arch bearing the number 55, Rue de Montevilliers. See illustration facing I, 290.

²⁸ The scene of "Annette Delarbre." See *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 357-386.

²⁹ Journal, 1820, August 22.

³⁰ *Ibid.*

³¹ See I, 289.

³² *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 169-170.

³³ This house is no longer standing. It was within easy reach of the Place de la Concorde.

³⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, September 22, 1820, and March 10, 1821 (N.Y.P.L.). See also Irving to William Irving, Paris, September 22, 1820, P.M.I., II, 14-16. Beasley and Church, perhaps influenced by Robert Fulton's experiments at Havre, were honestly convinced of the potential wealth in their steamboat company. At Havre all traces of the company have disappeared. Beasley's family is apparently extinct.

³⁵ The Irving brothers invested repeatedly in mining companies. Very recently evidence of such investments has come to light in the effort to locate unidentified shareholders of the dissolved New York Mining Company. These included Ebenezer Irving. See *New York Times*, February 19, 1931.

³⁶ *Giovanni Sbogarro, A Venetian Tale*, by Percival G—— (New York, 1820).

³⁷ "You urge me to return to New York — and say many ask whether I mean to renounce my country? . . . as far as my precarious and imperfect abilities enable me, I am endeavouring to serve my country — Whatever I have written has been written with the feelings and published as the writing of an American — Is that renouncing my country? How else am I to serve my country — by coming home and begging an office of it . . . ?" Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, March 10, 1821.

³⁸ Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, November, 1820 [date incomplete] (N.Y.P.L.).

³⁹ See J. F. Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe*, ed. Spiller, I (New York, 1928), 60-74.

⁴⁰ Irving's consequent financial embarrassment is described in letters to Henry Brevoort; e.g., Paris, April 14, 1821 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁴¹ See Gustave Vallat, *Étude sur la vie & les œuvres de Thomas Moore* (Paris, 1887), p. 123.

⁴² *Op. cit.* See also Vallat, *op. cit.*, pp. 139-141, and A. B. Thomas, *Moore en France* (Paris, 1911), pp. 1-13.

⁴³ See *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," 1820. Irving continued his intimacy with these persons during his third stay in Paris, in 1823-1824. See chap. xi. His relative indifference to Parisian and French life, customs, and manners is very noticeable, in contrast to his eager absorption in the English, German, and Spanish civilizations. His French journals and letters add comparatively little to the vast travel literature dealing with France. He never seems to have been moved, like Cooper, to write a book about the France of those years, or to imitate the literature on the subject from such friends and acquaintances as Moore, Rogers, Luttrell, Kenney, Hazlitt, and Lamb.

⁴⁴ *Idem*, December 21. For a description of the first meeting, see P.M.I., II, 33.

⁴⁵ Moore (1779-1852) had been made admiralty registrar in Bermuda in 1803. He was now living abroad because of his liabilities for £6000 by reason of the defalcations of his deputy in Bermuda. His *Lalla Rookh*, which Irving once thought fit only for schoolgirls, had been published in 1817. He had, when Irving knew him, been traveling with Lord John Russell in Italy, where Byron had entrusted him with his memoirs. Irving's friendship with Moore continued until his return to America in 1832. See Thomas, *op. cit.*, pp. 1-13, and Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, June 7, 1817 (N.Y.P.L.). Irving's friendship with the man ameliorated his opinion of the poet.

⁴⁶ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," December 21, 1820.

⁴⁷ This essay closes with Moore's lines on the betrothed of Robert Emmet.

⁴⁸ Moore's friend and biographer, first Earl Russell (1792-1878), the statesman.

⁴⁹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, March 10, 1821.

⁵⁰ G. P. Putnam, "Recollections of Irving," *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1860.

⁵¹ e.g., *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," December 28, 1820.

⁵² Gallatin was Minister to France from 1816 to 1823.

⁵³ George Canning (1770-1827), in 1822 Foreign Secretary during Lord Liverpool's administration, was now in Paris.

⁵⁴ E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, December 15, 1852 (N.Y.P.L.). Later Irving discussed Lady Holland with Emily Foster: "She seems by a sort of spell to collect wit, & talent for the purpose of blasting it—He has heard good stories, anecdotes, jokes, wither away under her haughty glance, she gave Irving the most fascinating smile woman ever wore, but he took care she have no opportunity of withdrawing her sunshine by keeping strange. Singular tyranny, to escape it it must be defied, kindness & yielding temper she tramples down & domineers over with her uncomfortable eye—" Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823 [108]. For a description of this Journal see chap. x, note 187.

⁵⁵ (1765?-1851), the society poet. His *Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme*, appeared in 1820.

⁵⁶ Irving to Thomas Moore [London, July, 1821?] (N.Y.P.L.). James Kenney (1780-1849), the friend of Rogers and Lamb, was the author of the successful farce *Raising the Wind* (1803). He and Irving were again intimate in the winter of 1823, the year of Kenney's popular play *Sweethearts and Wives*. During this first acquaintance Kenney, living in the offices of the old Château Bellevue, was engaged in adapting French plays for the English stage. Irving described Kenney in his *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* (see P.M.L., II, 51). See Journal, 1823-1824, *passim* (T.).

⁵⁷ Irving [to Mrs. Story, Paris] May 4, 1821 (T.).

⁵⁸ A delightful account of Irving's chat with Lady Granard, the mother of Ladies Adelaide and Caroline Forbes, is contained in a loose leaf of Irving's journal dated May 5, 1821 (G.W.).

⁵⁹ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," March 19, 26, 1821.

⁶⁰ See Thomas Moore to his mother, Baltimore, June 13, and Saratoga, July 10, 1804, *Memoirs . . . Moore*, I, 76, 78.

⁶¹ Journal, 1820, November 8-20. Irving's itinerary included Mantes, Vernon, Louviers, Rouen, Pont-Audemer, Honfleur (where he spent some time at the Chapelle de Grâce of "Annette Delarbre"), Pont-l'Évêque, Caen, Argentan.

⁶² Storrow advised Irving in matters of business, Mrs. Storrow was devoted to his every interest, and the four children, Thomas Wentworth, Susan Clark, Charles Storer, and Ann Louisa ("Minnie"), offered a natural outlet for Irving's domestic affections. The intimacy with this family, now living in the Rue Dauphine, lasted from this date until Irving's return to America and constituted an essential part of his private life. The details of Irving's relations with Storrow are told in sixty-two letters of his to various members of the family (H.). See *Washington Irving and the Storrows. Letters from England and the Continent 1821-1828*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1933). See, in particular, Irving to Mrs. Storrow, London, August 26, 1821, and to T. W. Storrow, London, February 1, 1822. See also Journal, 1823, 1824, *passim* (T.; N.Y.P.L.).

⁶³ J. H. Payne to Irving, London, January 27, 1820 (G.S.H.). This letter recounts Payne's financial embarrassments, suggests Irving's prejudice against him, and offers to review *The Sketch Book*. Payne describes himself as "pressed down by a Mountain of Calumny and Debt." Irving's reply, January 28, 1820 (T.T.P.L.), marks the resumption of their friendship: ". . . I confess I did once think you were acting inconsiderately and unjustifiably, in depending upon the casual assistance of others, without having any laudable object or definite pursuit—but this opinion

was at once and completely destroyed by your telling me of your having a tragedy in preparation. You have no idea what an agreeable revolution took place at that moment in my feelings." On February 23, 1820, Irving lent Payne five pounds and advised him to return to the United States (T.T.P.L.).

⁶⁴ Ten letters from Peter Irving and one from Henry Brevoort show the assistance rendered Payne in commencing his theatrical career abroad. March 17—November 22, 1813 (T.T.P.L.).

⁶⁵ "It is said that Thomas Moore asked Washington Irving, what all this bustle was, about Payne and *Brutus*."

"'Why' replied Irving, 'Payne has given credit for his play to six authors from whom he has taken hints; but, because he has included a seventh, from whom he has borrowed nothing, they have raised against him a hue and cry for plagiarism.'" Gabriel Harrison, *The Life and Writings of John Howard Payne* (Albany, 1875), p. 69.

⁶⁶ An interesting account of theatrical society in which Payne and, later, Irving moved may be found in T. T. P. Luquer, "When Payne Wrote 'Home! Sweet Home!'" *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1915.

⁶⁷ Between 1815 and 1830 Payne lived alternately in London and Paris, selling and producing plays. For an example of Irving's counsel to Payne concerning his dramas, see Harrison, *op. cit.*, p. 103.

⁶⁸ "Conversations with Talma," pp. 17-18. A sketch of Talma during these years was published in Paris in *Galignani's Literary Messenger*, September, 1822.

⁶⁹ "*The Spectre Bridegroom; or a ghost in spite of himself*. A farce founded on a story of the same name, in the Sketch-Book. By W. T. Moncrief, Esq. author of *Giovanni* in London, etc. New-York." Under "Late Publications," *Literary and Scientific Repository and Critical Review*, January, 1822, p. 251.

⁷⁰ See the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, October 7, 1820. Lockhart, in his review of *The Sketch Book*, had urged Irving to write a novel, and in America it was believed that his next book would take this form. See the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, June 8, 1822, and the *Port Folio*, March, 1821, p. 136: "And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes, duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory."

⁷¹ This essay was probably "St. Mark's Eve," *Bracebridge Hall*.

⁷² M. A. De W. Howe, *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft* (New York, 1908), I, 106-110.

⁷³ *Idem*, I, 108.

⁷⁴ *Idem*, I, 110. See also *idem*, I, 148; II, 105.

⁷⁵ August, 1820.

⁷⁶ The letters concerning this incident are quoted in P.M.I., II, 20-24.

⁷⁷ *Works of Lord Byron, Letters and Journals*, V, 318. See also *idem*, V, 472.

⁷⁸ P.M.I., II, 24.

⁷⁹ In 1820 no translations of Irving's writings had been made, except one of "The Wife." See C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 217. His reputation in France was just beginning. See in the present work, I, 257. For an account of Irving's reputation in France, see S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930, p. 185, footnote 2. See also in the present work, I, 282.

⁸⁰ *Galignani's Literary Gazette*, March 11, 1821. *The Sketch Book* was reviewed in this periodical on October 29, 1820.

⁸¹ Quotation from the London *Times*, as of December 5, 1820, in an unidentified newspaper clipping in an Irving scrapbook (Y.). Irving to John Murray, Paris, October 26, 1820 (J.M.). A review of this edition of *A History of New York* appeared in the *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, February, 1821. A spurious edition was printed by William Wright, of Fleet Street, in 1820.

⁸² "[Murray] is delighted with Allston's picture of 'Wouter Van Twiller'. . . .

He talks a great deal about you whenever I see him in terms of the highest praise and friendship. The 'Sketch Book' is entirely out of print." C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, December 3, 1820, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 226.

⁸⁸ See the *New York American*, October 4, 1821. In 1820 Irving had been elected a "counsellor" in the new American Institute of Literature, but he declined this honor. Irving to W. L. Cardell, London, August 14, 1820 (T.). On August 6, 1821, he accepted the degree of Master of Arts from Columbia College. *A History of Columbia University, 1754-1904* (New York, 1904), p. 108.

⁸⁴ Irving to John Murray, Paris, October 31, 1820.

⁸⁵ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Paris, December 19, 1820, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 228. The relations of Irving and Leslie in their respective crafts were now intimate. Leslie altered a passage in "The Widow and her Son." C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, December 3, 1820. "Irving was sketched as the Spectator in Leslie's Sir Roger De Coverley Picture — at the Church door." E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, December 1, 1859.

⁸⁶ C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 228.

⁸⁷ Peter Powell, a humorist and amateur dramatist, reappears frequently in Irving's letters and journal from 1820 to 1823. He, Leslie, Newton ("the Childe"), an Irish painter, Willis ("Father Luke"), and Irving were cronies in this circle. An amusing account of their life together in London may be found in C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 220.

⁸⁸ See Journal, 1820, November 11-18.

⁸⁹ See *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," March 19, 1821.

⁹⁰ *Ibid.* See also *idem*, January 2, 19, 24; February 3, 4, 5, 24; March 22, 26, 31; April 10, 16, 19, 23, 25, 29; May 16, 24; June 1, 5, 16, 25; July 2.

⁹¹ *Idem*, June 21, 1821. See also *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore* (London, 1841), VIII, p. xi.

⁹² *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," July 9, 1821. Moore later introduced Irving to the Longmans.

⁹³ J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁴ Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, July 9, 1821 (M. T. Pleadwell, Honolulu, Hawaii).

⁹⁵ Payne was aware that he imposed on Irving in such matters. J. H. Payne to Irving, Paris, June 22, 1822 (H.).

⁹⁶ Irving to Thomas Moore [London, July, 1821 ?].

⁹⁷ So Irving described, with many more details, the coronation in a letter to Susan Storrow, London, February 28, 1822 (H.).

⁹⁸ P.M.I., II, 53.

⁹⁹ At 41 Great Marlborough Street.

¹⁰⁰ Irving to J. H. Payne, London, August 1, 1821 (T.T.P.L.).

¹⁰¹ Minister from the United States to England (1817-1825).

¹⁰² (1784-1834). Politician and writer. In 1821 he urged Moore to write a play based on *Lalla Rookh*.

¹⁰³ Irving to J. H. Payne, London, August 1 and August 23, 1821 (T.T.P.L.).

¹⁰⁴ "Buckthorne and His Friends; or, the Young Man of Great Expectations" appeared in *Tales of a Traveller*. Irving altered it materially during the winters in Dresden and Paris (1822-1823, 1823-1824). See I, 235, 272, 275.

¹⁰⁵ *Irv.*, p. xxxi.

¹⁰⁶ See *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 60.

¹⁰⁷ See the opening pages of "The Stout Gentleman," *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 84-85.

¹⁰⁸ C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 43.

¹⁰⁹ See *idem*, pp. 43-44.

¹¹⁰ e.g., "Aston Hall. Gateway to the park. Lion head knocker. Studded nails squirrel on top of Gateway — gateway & porters lodge sheltered under trees. . .

church spire rising above . . . Old oak gallery of great extent . . . figures of knights in armour with banners." Notebook, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹¹ Notes at Haddon Hall &c 1821 (S.). This notebook Irving also used in 1828, during his first visit to Granada. It contains other interesting material, such as a rough draft of his introduction to *Bracebridge Hall*, his reply to the notices about plagiarism in "Rip Van Winkle," some observations on alchemy, and a list of books.

¹¹² Van Wart now lived at Number 13 Calthorpe Street, Edgbaston. About 1825 he built "The Shrubbery" in Hagley Road. Irving stayed at intervals in both these houses.

¹¹³ Quoted from the *Evening Post* in the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, New York, April 27, 1822.

¹¹⁴ Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, Birmingham, December 10, 1821 (H.).

¹¹⁵ Ebenezer Irving to General Dodge, New York, September 13, 1821 (N.Y.H.S.). "William Irving d. Nov 9. 1821 Res[idence] 17 State St." *New York Gazette*, November 10, 1821. See also the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of the same date.

¹¹⁶ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Edgbaston, November 2, 1821, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 241. See also Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, Birmingham, December 10, 1821.

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁹ Moore's debt to the admiralty was paid in 1822.

¹²⁰ Irving to Ebenezer Irving, London, January 29, 1822, P.M.I., II, 71-73.

¹²¹ Irving to Charles Wiley, London, March 6, 1822, *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, ed. J. F. Cooper (New Haven, 1922), I, 89.

¹²² For an account of Cooper's difficulties with Murray, see H. W. Boynton, *James Fenimore Cooper* (New York [1931]), pp. 96-97.

¹²³ Autobiographical Notes (T.).

¹²⁴ Irving to Thomas Moore [London, July, 1821 ?].

¹²⁵ Irving emphasized frequently the European interest in American literature; e.g., his letter to J. E. Hall, London, June 30, 1822 (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁶ Irving to Charles Wiley, London, March 6, 1822.

¹²⁷ See II, 22-23.

¹²⁸ Autobiographical Notes (T.). Rumors of Irving's financial success had reached America. See the *New-York Spectator*, May 31, 1822. "When he heard that I was writing Tales of a Traveller he wrote and offered any sum I chose to name. — This I believe was fixed at 1500 guineas. — Columbus I got 3000 guineas for." Autobiographical Notes (T.). *Bracebridge Hall* was published in New York on May 21, and in London on May 23, 1822.

¹²⁹ For a discussion of the sources of *Bracebridge Hall*, see Appendix III, pp. 280-286.

¹³⁰ November, 1822, p. 436.

¹³¹ See *The Sketch Book*, p. 347.

¹³² See chap. viii, note 91.

¹³³ *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 430-434.

¹³⁴ Maria Edgeworth to an American lady, quoted in the *Port Folio*, July-December, 1823, p. 85.

¹³⁵ *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1822.

¹³⁶ *Leeds Correspondent*, July, 1822. As an instance of the sensitive morality of the New York critics the following passage is cited from the *Literary and Scientific Repository* and *Critical Review* (May, 1822) concerning "The Stout Gentleman": "There is a half hidden looseness, an indelicacy of allusion in the story, which should have no place in a book destined, if not designed, as an ornament to the sofa, and as a modest companion at the parlour window."

¹³⁷ "The Stout Gentleman," however, was popular. It is possible that at least two essays in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* were adaptations of Irving's idea: "The Man with the Nose," August, 1826, and "The Man with the Mouth," May,

1828. Cf. also Longfellow's sketch: "The Wondrous Tale of a Little Man in Gosling Green," *New-Yorker*, November 1, 1834. See J. T. Hatfield, "An Unknown Prose Tale by Longfellow," *American Literature*, May, 1931.

¹³⁸ *Port Folio*, July-December, 1823, p. 85.

¹³⁹ *The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*, ed. Alexander Carlyle (London, 1909), I, 59, 60, 61.

¹⁴⁰ R. W. Emerson to an unknown correspondent, Boston, July 27, 1822, M. S. Withington, "Early Letters of Emerson," *Century Magazine*, July, 1883. See also Margaret Fuller to Timothy Fuller, Cambridge, December 22, 1822 (H.).

¹⁴¹ October 18, 1823.

¹⁴² March, 1823.

¹⁴³ Some reviews considered particular parts of *Bracebridge Hall*, such as "Annette Delarbre," as superior in the pathetic vein to any essays in *The Sketch Book*; e.g., *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June, 1822, p. 691.

¹⁴⁴ Edward Everett to Thomas Campbell, August 7, 1822, P. R. Frothingham, *Edward Everett* . . . (Boston, 1925), p. 69.

¹⁴⁵ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June, 1822.

¹⁴⁶ *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, May 25, 1822.

¹⁴⁷ *European Magazine*, July, 1822.

¹⁴⁸ *Monthly Literary Register*, I (1822), 192.

¹⁴⁹ *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1822.

¹⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁵¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁵² In America this story was very popular, even inspiring poetry on its theme. See the *New York American*, December 10, 1828.

¹⁵³ See *The Literary Speculum. Original Essays, Criticism, Poetry*, II (London [1822]), 120.

¹⁵⁴ *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1822.

¹⁵⁵ Irving to Peter Irving, [Paris] September 4 [1823], P.M.I., II, 166.

¹⁵⁶ "His portraits, drawn as they were by a stranger, were exceedingly flattering to our national vanity, and 'Bracebridge Hall' is full of the same affectionate and generous feeling towards his 'father land.'" *New-York Spectator*, August 2, 1822.

¹⁵⁷ See I, 177-178.

¹⁵⁸ See F. Künzig, *Washington Irving und seine Beziehungen zur englischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts* (Heidelberg, 1911), pp. 56-74. As in the case of Squire Bracebridge, this interest had expressed itself in English literature in such types as the country preachers of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, the village school-master of Goldsmith and others. Irving is not at variance with this general purpose in the ideal stated in *Bracebridge Hall* (p. 13): ". . . looking at things poetically, rather than politically; describing them as they are, rather than pretending to point out how they should be."

¹⁵⁹ Note the following comment: "In it [*Bracebridge Hall*] is the only account we have, which gives anything like a true picture of the life of an English country gentleman of our own day." *Dublin University Magazine*, May, 1835.

¹⁶⁰ "The Stout Gentleman," said Miss Edgeworth, "—the Inn Yard—the Rookery—are all exquisite paintings in the high finish of the Flemish school." *Port Folio*, July-December, 1823.

¹⁶¹ Other representative reviews of *Bracebridge Hall* occur in the *Monthly Censor*, August, 1822; *Scottish Episcopal Review and Magazine*, September, 1822; *Literary Melange*, July 10, 1822; *Album*, July, 1822; *Literary Gazette*, June 1, 1822; *New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, July, 1822, p. 65; *British Critic*, September, 1822, pp. 300-311; *Monthly Review, Enlarged*, August, 1822; *Ladies' Monthly Museum*, July, 1822; *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*, July 31, 1822; *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1822; *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825, p. 66; *Quarterly Review*, March, 1825. See also, among Ameri-

can periodicals, the *Albion*, August 9, 1823; New York *Evening Post*, January 20, 1823; *North American Review*, July, 1822; *Richmond Compiler*, June 5, 1822; *Charleston City Gazette*, June 13, 1822; *idem*, July 1, 1822. Abroad, *Bracebridge Hall* was soon translated into German and French. See *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (Stuttgart and Tübingen), 1827, No. 59. See also *Hermes, oder Kritisches Jahrbuch der Literatur* (Leipzig), 1824, III, 305-330; *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (Leipzig), 1822, No. 257, p. 1028.

¹⁶² *Idem*, No. 258, p. 1032.

¹⁶⁸ Thomas Carlyle to Jane Baillie Welsh, Edinburgh, July 13, 1822, *Love Letters . . . Carlyle . . .*, I, 68.

¹⁶⁴ Evidence of Irving's popular identification with the sentimental essay or tale is furnished in the general ascription to him of a magazine article on the theme of his "The Broken Heart." John Neal thought this autobiographical. See the *New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal* (London), VII (1823), 205-210.

¹⁶⁵ J. F. Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe*, ed. Spiller, II, 294.

¹⁶⁶ February 12, 1828.

¹⁶⁷ Irving to Mary Kennedy, Sunnyside, March 19, 1853 (W. R. Cooke, Galveston, Texas).

¹⁶⁸ P.M.I., IV, 322.

¹⁶⁹ Letter of Edward Molton to George Stafford, in John Neal, *Randolph* ([n.p.] 1823), I, 137.

¹⁷⁰ *Idem*, p. 138.

¹⁷¹ *Port Folio*, January-July, 1825, p. 440.

¹⁷² *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," June 17, 1824.

¹⁷⁸ Francis Jeffrey to Mrs. Colden, Mardocks, May 6, 1822, *Life of Lord Jeffrey . . .* (Edinburgh, 1852), II, 206.

¹⁷⁴ O. P. Hiller, *English and Scottish Sketches* (London, 1857), p. 337.

¹⁷⁵ Neal, *Randolph*, I, 137-138.

¹⁷⁶ See illustration facing I, 202. William E. West "used to say that Irving had an odd obliquity of eye which no one but himself had dared to paint." N. P. Dunn, "An Artist of the Past," *Putnam's Monthly*, September, 1907, p. 658.

¹⁷⁷ C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

¹⁷⁸ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," April 22, 1822. See *idem*, April 27, 30; May 1, 2, 4, 6.

¹⁷⁹ From the manuscript letters of Lady Holland, J. F. Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe*, ed. Spiller, II, p. xiii.

¹⁸⁰ See *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," May 5, 1822.

¹⁸¹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, June 11, 1822 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁸² George Crabbe's (1754-1832) poems of humble life may have influenced Irving's sketches of rural characters. *The Borough* was published in 1810. *Tales of the Hall* had just appeared (1819).

¹⁸³ See J. G. Wilson, *Thackeray in the United States 1852-3, 1855-6* (New York, 1904), I, 365.

¹⁸⁴ Irving to Peter Irving, [London] June 30, 1822, P.M.I., II, 89.

¹⁸⁵ Mathews (1776-1835) visited America in the season of 1822-1823, armed with letters of introduction from Irving. Various records of their friendship exist, as in a letter of Mathews to Irving, [London] June 5 [1821] (Y.); Irving to Mathews, London, June 6, 1822 (T.); Irving to William Wood, London, July 5, 1822 (Penn.). See also the letters listed in "Verzeichniss der von dem verstorbenen . . . J. von Radowitz. . ." *Autographen-Sammlungen* (Berlin, 1864), p. 654.

¹⁸⁶ The reputation of Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867) was now well established. *The Croaker Papers*, in which he collaborated, appeared in 1819 and *Fanny* in 1821. For an account of Halleck's relations with Irving, see N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck . . .* (New York, 1930), Index. William Coleman's letter is

dated New York, June 30, 1822 (N.Y.H.S.). See also Fitz-Greene Halleck to Irving, [New York?] April 3, 1837 (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York.)

¹⁸⁷ See II, 55.

¹⁸⁸ (1770?-1831). *Anastasius* had appeared in 1819.

¹⁸⁹ Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, The Deepdene, Surrey, June 21, 1822 (Y.).

¹⁹⁰ The verses in the Deepdene Album, dated June 24, 1822, have been frequently reprinted. See *Historical Magazine*, June, 1830.

¹⁹¹ Irving to Peter Irving, [London] June 30, 1822.

CHAPTER X

¹ See Adolf Laun, *Washington Irving, Ein Lebens- und Charakterbild* (Berlin, 1870), I, 103.

² See I, 38.

³ *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* . . . , by a Gentleman of New-York (Philadelphia [1810]), p. 8. A brief manuscript (G.W.) survives, apparently in Irving's hand, dealing with German travel. This sketch, revised, was inserted in the *Analectic Magazine*, March, 1811.

⁴ Notebook, 1810 (Y.).

⁵ See S. H. Goodnight, *German Literature in American Magazines prior to 1846* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1907), pp. 122-126. The German influence upon Irving's writings was at this time indirect. For a study of this question, see H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Sources in *The Sketch Book*," *Studies in Philology*, July, 1930.

⁶ Yet it is probable that Irving knew at second hand a good deal about the general temper of German literature. He lacked certainly the enthusiasm which prompted his friend William Dunlap to master German, but he was aware of the many translations of Kotzebue which Dunlap introduced upon the American stage. It is unlikely that he was unfamiliar with all of some fifty translations of this dramatist's works published in America between 1799 and 1815. See F. H. Wilkens, *Early Influence of German Literature in America* (New York [1900]), Bibliography. German fiction, including translations of Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, was easily accessible. *Idem*, p. 87.

⁷ See I, 162.

⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Liverpool, May 19, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹ Tour in Scotland [II, 93-91] (P.D.).

¹⁰ *Idem* [II, 93].

¹¹ e.g., Journal, 1827 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹² The exceptions were: "Rip Van Winkle," "The Spectre Bridegroom," "Traits of Indian Character," "Philip of Pokanoket," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Annette Delarbre," "Dolph Heyliger," "The Student of Salamanca."

¹³ *Prescott: Unpublished Letters to Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), p. 68.

¹⁴ Journal, 1824, *passim* (T.; N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁵ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, November 23, 1854 (Y.).

¹⁶ These consisted of revisions of "Buckthorne," and his translations of the operas *Abu Hassan* and *Der Freischütz*. See I, 269-271.

¹⁷ See I, 272-274.

¹⁸ Journal, 1823, May 26 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁹ "Does not the continent continually present pictures of customs and manners such as formerly prevailed in England - The Kings Chapel at Dresden is quite a picture of ancient hunting in Q[ueen] Elizabeths reign - The *Table d'Hôte* at Heidelberg - Munich - Mayence etc. - was the old Hosts table in England - The manners of the guests are similar - The mixture of civil and military at these

tables—The soldiers who have been in Russia—Egypt—etc—may vie with the Crusaders." *Idem*, January 25.

²⁰ Irving to Peter Irving, Dresden, March 10, 1823, P.M.I., II, 138.

²¹ The influence of Dutch painting upon Irving's essays was noted by the magazines. See in the present work, chap. ix, note 160.

²² Manuscript (T.). This nine-page fragment (page 2 is missing), dated "Amsterdam July 1822," is written in the form of a letter.

²³ (1625-1654). The Dutch painter.

²⁴ In English characters in "The Italian Banditti."

²⁵ A word is illegible.

²⁶ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Haerlem, July 11, 1822 (H.). A. H. Everett was United States *Chargé d'Affaires* at The Hague from 1818 to 1824. Irving's acquaintance with him here and in Paris led indirectly to his connection under Everett with the American Legation in Madrid, in 1826. See I, 296.

²⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁸ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Wiesbaden, August 19, 1822, P.M.I., II, 95.

²⁹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Aix-la-Chapelle, August 2, 1822, P.M.I., II, 92.

³⁰ See I, 29.

³¹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Wiesbaden, August 19, 1822, P.M.I., II, 97. See Journal, 1822, August 1-12 (N.Y.P.L.). For an account of this period of Irving's stay in Germany, see E. Arens, "Washington Irving im Rheinland, 1822," *Eichendorff-Kalendar, 1927-1928, Ein romantisches Jahrbuch*, ed. Wilhelm Kosch (Aix-la-Chapelle, 1927), pp. 93-120.

³² See *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 7-10.

³³ Journal, 1822, September 21.

³⁴ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Mayence, September 2, 1822, P.M.I., II, 101.

³⁵ p. 7. See also Arens, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

³⁶ During 1822, 1823, and 1824 Irving read widely in Goethe and Schiller. His copy of *Faust*, dated Stuttgart, 1821, is in the library at Sunnyside.

³⁷ See Baroness Staël Holstein, *Germany* (London, 1814), Vol. I.

³⁸ H. G. von Treitschke, *History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, translated by E. and C. Paul (London, 1916), II, 234.

³⁹ *Idem*, II, 258.

⁴⁰ See R. M. Wernaer, *Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany* (New York, 1910), chap. xiii, "Romanticism and the Fairy Tale."

⁴¹ See F. L. Pattee, *The Development of the American Short Story* (New York, 1923), pp. 13-14. Hoffmann died in 1822, the year of Irving's entering Germany.

⁴² Journal, 1822, August 7.

⁴³ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Heidelberg, September 18, 1822, P.M.I., II, 106.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵ See I, 331.

⁴⁶ Journal, 1822, September 7.

⁴⁷ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Heidelberg, September 18, 1822, P.M.I., II, 104-105. See also Journal, 1822, August 13-September 21.

⁴⁸ See Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Heidelberg, September 18, 1822, P.M.I., II, 102-106.

⁴⁹ Irving probably refers to their size.

⁵⁰ Journal, 1822, October 3.

⁵¹ "Self-Reliance."

⁵² *Ibid.*

⁵³ See II, 286-294.

⁵⁴ George Hamilton (1666-1737), Earl of Orkney, commanded at Blenheim, in 1704, an infantry brigade under Marlborough.

⁵⁵ Journal, 1822, October 10.

- ⁵⁶ See *idem*, 1822, October 10-13.
- ⁵⁷ *Idem*, 1822, October 10.
- ⁵⁸ Irving to Thomas Moore, Munich, October 16, 1822 (Penn.).
- ⁵⁹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Vienna, October 27, 1822, P.M.I., II, 119.
- ⁶⁰ Irving to Susan Storrow, Vienna, November 10, 1822 (H.).
- ⁶¹ See I, 274.
- ⁶² Journal, 1822, October [19?].
- ⁶³ Richard I was captured by Leopold of Austria on December 20, 1192, and confined in this castle until 1193, when Leopold was forced to surrender him to the Emperor, Henry VI.
- ⁶⁴ See Journal, 1822, November 2.
- ⁶⁵ Staël Holstein, *op. cit.*, I, 81.
- ⁶⁶ Now eleven years old, known as Napoleon II and King of Rome. He had been made Duke of Reichstadt in 1818.
- ⁶⁷ Journal, 1822, November [12?].
- ⁶⁸ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Vienna, October 27, 1822, P.M.I., II, 124. This particular passage was dated November 10.
- ⁶⁹ Journal, 1822, November 18-22.
- ⁷⁰ *Idem*, November 24.
- ⁷¹ *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 492.
- ⁷² For an interesting character sketch of Frederick Augustus, see Artur Brabant, *Im Banne Napoleons* (Dresden [1928]), pp. 15-64.
- ⁷³ See André Bonnefons, *Un Allié de Napoleon: Frédéric-Auguste . . .* (Paris, 1902), pp. 500-501.
- ⁷⁴ See A. L. Herrmann, *Friedrich August, König von Sachsen, eine biographische Skizze* (Dresden, 1827).
- ⁷⁵ Staël Holstein, *op. cit.*, I, 139.
- ⁷⁶ Journal, 1822, December 29. See also Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823, April 9, 1823 [119].
- ⁷⁷ See Brabant, *op. cit.*, p. 285.
- ⁷⁸ *Idem*, p. 77.
- ⁷⁹ *Idem*, p. 80.
- ⁸⁰ See P. Apetz, "Washington Irvings Aufenthalt in Dresden," *XL. Jahresbericht des Königlichen Gymnasiums zu Dresden-Neustadt* (Dresden, 1914), pp. 1-11. This record suggests the interest of Irving's account of life in Dresden in 1822-1823, but is little more than a compilation and translation of the journal for these years. Another slight study of Irving in Germany is Arens, *op. cit.*
- ⁸¹ Journal, 1823, January 1 (N.Y.P.L.).
- ⁸² Not unlike the English dance "Sir Roger de Coverley."
- ⁸³ In the Neumarkt, in the old part of Dresden. See R. and W. A. Lindau, *Merkwürdigkeiten Dresdens und der Umgegend . . .* (Dresden, 1841), p. 62.
- ⁸⁴ John Philip Morier (1776-1853) was Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Saxony from 1816 to 1825. Irving knew another of the famous brothers, David Richard Morier (1784-1877), in Paris, during the next year. See I, 258.
- ⁸⁵ See Eduard Busse, *Friedr. Wilh. Weber als Übersetzer und Vermittler englischer Dichtungen* (Münster, 1912), p. 14.
- ⁸⁶ *Literaturblatt*, 1821, No. 5, p. 20, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*. (From *Edinburgh Review*, August, 1821.)
- ⁸⁷ *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (Leipzig), 1822, No. 257, p. 1028.
- ⁸⁸ See P.M.I., II, 117. The French edition was probably not *Voyage d'un américain à Londres, ou, Esquisses sur les mœurs anglaises et américaines*, traduit de l'anglais de M. Irwin Washington (Paris, 1822), which Irving could have seen in London and which was presumably the first edition of *The Sketch Book* in French, but *Esquisses morales et littéraires, ou, Observations sur les mœurs, les usages et la littérature des anglais . . .*, par M. Washington Irving (Paris, 1822). Thus two French editions of *The Sketch Book* were obtainable in Dresden. A

rumor about a Berlin edition of *Bracebridge Hall* proved to be true. This was *Bracebridge-Hall; oder, die Charaktere, aus dem englischen des Washington Irving* übersetzt von S. H. Spiker (Berlin, 1823). For other early editions see Bibliography.

⁸⁹ See *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (Leipzig), 1822, No. 257, pp. 1028 ff.

⁹⁰ *Christian Review*, April, 1850. See *Journal*, 1823, September 13 (T.).

⁹¹ "1824, im Jahre der Harzreise, veröffentlichte Spiker die Übersetzung der ersten Schrift von Irving." Heinrich Pröhle, *Heinrich Heine und der Harz* (Harzburg, 1888), p. 23. See also the account of Spiker in the *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie*.

⁹² Bd. 1, No. 19, January 22, 1823. "Wenn auch die Nordamerikaner noch weit von dem Ziele ihrer poetischen Vollkommenheit entfernt seyn sollten, welches sie schon erreicht zu haben glauben, so verdankt man ihnen doch bereits zwei Schriftsteller, welchs [sic] sich sehr rühmlich bemerkbar gemacht haben, nämlich Charles Brockden Brown und Washington Irving. Die Celebrität dieses letztern wird allgemein anerkannt seyn." *Idem*, Bd. 3, No. 175, July 23, 1822.

⁹³ *Ibid.* In the issue of January 22, 1823, is a long review of *Bracebridge Hall*, and a letter from Irving to Herr Spiker, in German, praising the translation. Irving himself supervised some of the earliest translations of his writings into French, German, and Spanish.

⁹⁴ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Dresden, December 22, 1822 (H.). Irving registered at Aix-la-Chapelle as "Irving, W., Kaufmann, von New-York." See Arens, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

⁹⁵ Treitschke, *op. cit.*, II, 235.

⁹⁶ See Busse, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

⁹⁷ Treitschke, *op. cit.*, II, 257.

⁹⁸ See E. H. Zeydel, *Ludwig Tieck and England . . .* (Princeton, 1931), *passim*, and in particular, p. 223 (1817-1823).

⁹⁹ The German reviews of Irving's writings manifest a surprise at his fame similar to that expressed in the first English criticism.

¹⁰⁰ See P. C. Weber, *America in Imaginative German Literature in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 1926), pp. 46-101.

¹⁰¹ Cooper's influence was at once wide-spread. See August Sauer, "Über den Einfluss der nordamerikanischen Literatur auf die deutsche," *Jahrbuch der Grillparzer-Gesellschaft* (Vienna, 1906), pp. 31-51.

¹⁰² See P. C. Weber, *op. cit.*, pp. 58-60.

¹⁰³ "The most influential factors in drawing the attention of Germany to America were economic hardship and political unrest at home. In 1817 twenty thousand Germans were driven by hunger to America. Between 1820 and 1830 fifteen thousand more followed. Between 1830 and 1840 the number reached one hundred and fifty thousand. . . . The emigrants looked to descriptive works and the prose fiction of emigration for guidance. One of the most influential works in directing emigration to America . . . was that of Gottfried Duden; but the stories of Cooper and his German imitators were also important factors." L. M. Price, *English > German Literary Influences . . .* (University of California Publications in Modern Philology, Berkeley, California, 1919), pp. 556-557. See also Hildegard Meyer, *Nord-Amerika im Urteil des deutschen Schrifttums . . .* (Hamburg, 1929), pp. 12-25.

¹⁰⁴ Note the popularity of these writings in German translations. See Bibliography.

¹⁰⁵ See *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (Leipzig), 1824, No. 41, p. 164, No. 136, p. 544, No. 235, p. 940; *Abendzeitung* (Dresden), No. 31, February 5, 1825; *Hermes, oder Kritisches Jahrbuch der Literatur* (Leipzig), 1824, III, 305-330. Irving's reputation in Germany solidified throughout his career. See the letter to him from the publisher Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig, August 4, 1855 (G.W.).

¹⁰⁶ *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (Stuttgart and Tübingen), 1829, No. 4, p. 13.

¹⁰⁷ Beginning in 1816, Goethe read widely about America. See Price, *op. cit.*, pp. 557-558. His diaries and letters reveal his interest in *The Sketch Book* and the *Columbus*. See *Tagebücher* (Weimarer Ausgabe, 1897-1900), August 29, 31, 1823; June 30, July 1, 22, 25, 1828. It is interesting to note that Goethe read *The Sketch Book* in conjunction with Scott's *The Black Dwarf* (August 29, 1823). At Karlsruhe on August 30, 1823, he wrote to his son, August von Goethe: "Meine frühere Freundin von Jaraczewska hat mir das *Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon* geborgt, welches ich mit Vergnügen lese. Sag dies Ottilien, die, wenn ich nicht irre, mir das Büchlein schon gerühmt hat. Auch les ich den schwarzen Zwerg von Walter Scott." *Briefe*, XXXVII (Weimar, 1906), 197. Goethe, however, much preferred Cooper to Irving. He was influenced in his opinions of the two writers by a series of articles on American literature in *Le Globe*, agreeing with *Le Globe's* condemnation of Irving for neglecting American themes in favor of European interests. See "De l'état de la poésie aux États-Unis d'Amérique; Prosateurs - Washington Irving," *Le Globe*, March 31, 1827. Goethe's attitude toward America during these years is expressed in his poem *Den Vereinigten Staaten*: "Amerika, du hast es besser," an attitude which explains his preference for Cooper over Irving. His point of view toward Irving has been defined by Walter Wadepuhl, in "Amerika, Du Hast Es Besser," *Germanic Review*, April, 1932.

¹⁰⁸ *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Ernst Elster (Leipzig [1890]), III, 4. "Das Hübscheste, was ich unterdessen schrieb, ist die Beschreibung einer Harzreise, die ich vorigen Herbst gemacht, eine Mischung von Naturschilderung, Witz, Poesie und Washington Irving'scher Beobachtung." Heine based poems upon passages in the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus and The Conquest of Granada*. See P. Kabel, "Die Quellen für Heines 'Bimini' und 'Mohrenkönig,'" *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, CXVII (1906), 256-267. See Pröhle, *op. cit.*, chap. ii.

¹⁰⁹ Chiefly through *Bracebridge Hall*. See Bertha Badt, *Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, ihre dichterische Entwicklung und ihr Verhältnis zur englischen Literatur* (Leipzig, 1909), p. 11.

¹¹⁰ Hauff's debt was to *Tales of a Traveller*. See Otto Plath, "Washington Irving's Einfluss auf Wilhelm Hauff," *Euphorion* (Leipzig, 1913), XX, 459-471. Hauff (d. 1827) was twenty years old when Irving reached Germany. No evidence exists that he and Irving met.

¹¹¹ e.g., Karl Postl (Charles Sealsfield, 1793-1864), who for political reasons fled to America in 1823, was probably influenced by Irving's writings. See Price, *op. cit.*, p. 84. See also W. Buchner, *Ferdinand Freiligrath. Ein Dichterleben in Briefen* (Lahr, 1882), I, 145, and Leopold Schefer, *Waldbrand* (1827). Besides affecting Sealsfield, Freiligrath, and Schefer, it is possible that Irving, through "The Phantom Ship" (*Bracebridge Hall*) helped to suggest Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer*. See M. Koch, "Ausländische Stoffe und Einflüsse in Richard Wagners Dichtung," *Studien zur vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte*, III (1903), 407, and Kurt Reichelt, *Richard Wagner und die englische Literatur* (Leipzig, 1912), p. 165. R. Sprenger, the student of the sources of "Rip Van Winkle" (see chap. viii, note 94), observes the debt of Fritz Reuter to the device of Knickerbocker's disappearance, used before the publication of *A History of New York*. See *Jahrbuch des Vereins für niederdeutsche Sprachforschung*, XXVIII (1901), 150, 151. See also Friedrich Heibel, *Sämtliche Werke* (Berlin [1917]), XV, 21: "Wegstehlen der Bücher zum Lesen. Irving. Schiller. Shakespeare." After 1824 Irving's name was linked with those of the younger German writers. See "Wilhelm Hauff: Die Bücher und die Lesewelt," *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (Stuttgart and Tübingen), April 12, 1827.

¹¹² Goethe associated Irving with Scott. "Irving, der nun für mehr als zehn Jahre in Deutschland fast eben so beliebt wurde wie Walter Scott." Pröhle, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

¹¹³ The writings of Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) may possibly have

influenced Irving in turning to frontier themes in 1832. He published in 1821 his *Reise um die Welt mit der Romanzoffischen Entdeckungs-Expedition in den Jahren 1815-1818 auf der Brig "Rurik."* Irving was reading Chamisso in 1824. See Journal, August 8 (T.).

¹¹⁴ Karl August Böttiger (1760-1835) had been since 1814 director of studies at the court academy. He was also inspector of the Museum of Antiquities. Longfellow, visiting him in 1829, found him eager to hear more of Irving. H. W. Longfellow, Journal, January 26, 1829 (H.W.L.D.). An amusing description of Böttiger occurs in the Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823 [48].

¹¹⁵ Irving's spelling of these names is erratic and has been corrected from the *Almanach de Gotha*, 1824. Other friends of Irving's in Dresden, some of whom reappeared in the next few years in Paris, were the Prussian diplomats, Jordan and Kuster, Baron Löwenstein, Captain Trotter, Captain Butler, and Captain Richard Airey. See Journal, 1823, 1824, 1825 (T.; N.Y.P.L.). Professor Walter Reichart, of the University of Michigan, is engaged upon a study of Irving and German literature which will contain information concerning these friends of the Dresden period. See also Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823, *passim*.

¹¹⁶ P. M. Irving believed Livius to be related to Mrs. Foster. The identity of Livius remains somewhat obscure. Mrs. Dawson alludes to him as "Barham Surás." Barham Livius may have been a pseudonym, as Professor Walter Reichart suggests. See, for a detailed description of Livius, Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823 [110]. Emily Foster alludes to him as "a cousin."

¹¹⁷ See I, 236-254.

¹¹⁸ Journal, 1822, December 22.

¹¹⁹ *Ibid.*

¹²⁰ *Le Château de Bracebridge*, par Geoffroy [*sic*]-Crayon, traduit de l'anglais par M. Jean Cohen (Paris, 1822), was probably known in Dresden. During April and May Irving was assisting Dr. Montucci in preparing for publication in Dresden an edition of *The Sketch Book*, containing a portrait of the author. See Journal, 1823, April 10, 11 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²¹ See Journal, 1823, January 29 and April 27 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²² See chaps. xxi-xxiv.

¹²³ Not, as has been stated, the novelist's son, who died in 1817.

¹²⁴ Journal, 1823, January 27 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁵ It has been several times said that Irving met Jean Paul Richter. This is unlikely, since the latter's last visit in Dresden was apparently from May 5 to June 12, 1822. See Paul Nerrlich, *Jean Paul. Sein Leben und seine Werke* (Berlin, 1889), pp. 639-644; and Eduard Berend, *Jean Pauls Persönlichkeit* (Munich, 1913), pp. 207-219. The entry in Irving's journal (December 25, 1822) is probably an echo of Jean Paul's visit in the preceding spring. It should be noted that Irving does not say specifically that he met this "comic or rather humorous German writer."

¹²⁶ Journal, 1822, December 29.

¹²⁷ Journal, 1823, April 20 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁸ Wife of the Hessian *Chargé d'Affaires*.

¹²⁹ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Dresden, March 7, 1823, P.M.I., II, 137-138.

¹³⁰ Dresden, March 15, 1823, P.M.I., II, 146.

¹³¹ See I, 236-254.

¹³² See I, 183.

¹³³ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Dresden, December 22, 1822.

¹³⁴ Journal, 1823, May 16-17 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹³⁵ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Dresden, March 7, 1823. The exact time in Irving's life when he first read German easily is difficult to name (see I, 154, 166), but it was probably not until now, the end of his Dresden period.

¹³⁶ That Irving actually knew Ludwig Tieck is a matter of some importance. A misreading of the manuscripts (see *Journals of Washington Irving*, ed. W. P.

Trent and G. S. Hellman, Boston, 1919, I, 155) has obscured this fact (Journal, 1823, January 10; N.Y.P.L.). See also *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley*, ed. G. W. Curtis (New York, 1889), I, 36: Tieck "spoke of Cooper, [and] Irving (whom he knew in Dresden, and whom he admired very much)." This fact was pointed out by E. H. Zeydel, "Washington Irving and Ludwig Tieck," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, September, 1931, p. 946.

¹⁸⁷ Irving apparently began *Abu Hassan* on April 20, using the libretto of Franz Karl Hiemers, and completing the first draft on April 25. From this date until May he and Livius composed the songs. On May 30 he commenced a translation from Kind's version of Weber's *Der Freischütz*. This was not completed until after his arrival in Paris. See Journal, 1824, May 24 (T.). See also in the present work, I, 271.

¹⁸⁸ For a compilation of German phrases collected by Irving, see H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour and Its Influence on His Tales," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, December, 1930, pp. 1157-1158.

¹⁸⁹ For a compilation from the journal, 1822-1823, of plays in Dresden witnessed by Irving, see *idem*, pp. 1154-1155.

¹⁴⁰ See I, 369.

¹⁴¹ John Foster's (1765-1831) third wife was Amelia Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, Recorder of Maidstone. *Genealogy of the Descendants of Roger Foster, . . . Northumberland* (London, 1897). His eighth and ninth children were Mary Amelia Foster (to whom Irving is said to have proposed marriage) and Flora Foster (who offered evidence to prove this). See Bernard Burke, *A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry* (London, 1925), p. 672.

¹⁴² Arthur Fitzjohn Foster (1813-1842); Morgan Hugh Foster (1815-1891). The eldest of the three brothers, Algernon, died in 1821, at the age of ten.

¹⁴³ Although search has been made in Bedford, chiefly through St. Paul's Vicarage, I have been unable to establish finally the precise date of birth of "Emily" Foster. The month and day (May 4) occur in her journal, but no year is given. From information supplied by the Vicarage, Lymington, Hampshire, we learn that she was buried at this place on March 14, 1885, at the age of seventy-seven. This must be incorrect, since if she had been born in 1808 she could hardly have entered society in Dresden at the age of twelve. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Margery Marten, of Bury St. Edmunds, believes the date of birth to have been 1804. This date, making her two years older than her sister Flora, and in her seventeenth year during her *début* in Dresden society, would seem to be right. Emily Foster Fuller died on March 11, 1885. Probate of will in possession of Sharman, Trethewy, Solicitors, Bedford.

Flora Foster was born on April 22, 1806, and died on February 16, 1876. From information supplied by the Vicar of Flitwick, Bedfordshire, and data from D. Dawson, Esq., of London. Flora Foster married the Reverend Alfred Dawson, Rector of Flitwick, Bedfordshire. Mary Amelia Foster ("Emily") may have already met her future husband, Henry Fuller (1800-1876). He matriculated at University College on February 4, 1818; took his B.A. from St. Alban's Hall in 1824, and was Vicar of Willington, Bedfordshire, from 1834 to 1858. From 1858 until his death, on April 17, 1876, he was Rector of Thornhaugh, Northamptonshire. Joseph Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses* (London, 1887), and probate of will in possession of Sharman and Trethewy. See also Bernard Burke, *op. cit.*, p. 672.

¹⁴⁴ Irving to Mrs. John Foster, Prague, June 13, 1823, P.M.I., II, 159.

¹⁴⁵ Journal, 1822, December 19.

¹⁴⁶ See P.M.I., IV, 219.

¹⁴⁷ Mrs. Henry Fuller to Irving, [n.p.] May 25, 1856 (W. R. Langfeld, Philadelphia).

¹⁴⁸ Mrs. Henry Fuller to P. M. Irving, Thornhaugh Rectory, Wansford, Northamptonshire, March 10, 1860, P.M.I., II, 128-129.

¹⁴⁹ See G. S. Hellman, *Washington Irving, Esquire* . . . (New York, 1925),

pp. 53-57; W. M. Payne, *Leading American Essayists* (New York, 1910), pp. 72-73.

¹⁵⁰ (London, 1863), III, 334-413. The circumstances and motives attending the publication are unknown. The London publisher inserted the material prior to the appearance of the fourth American volume, without the permission of P. M. Irving. The latter then included the letters, though with bitter reproaches and denials of the truth of Mrs. Dawson's assertions, as an appendix to his concluding volume. That Mrs. Dawson's act lacked the approval of Mrs. Fuller and the Fosters seems possible since, in 1860, Mrs. Fuller refused P. M. Irving the use of all her letters and since Mrs. Dawson made no allusion to the sanction of her mother and sister for publishing letters addressed to them. Quotations are from the American edition of Mrs. Dawson's papers.

¹⁵¹ *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), pp. 3-20, and *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823*. See chap. x, note 187. Minute details of Mrs. Dawson's narrative agree with those in Irving's journal, which in 1863 must have been inaccessible to her.

¹⁵² "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 358, 363.

¹⁵³ *Idem*, IV, 340-341.

¹⁵⁴ Margaret Foster, the daughter of John Foster and Margaret Place, his first wife.

¹⁵⁵ See "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 339-341. Emily Foster merely mentions the introduction, and seems to refer to it as a first meeting. *Journal*, 1820-1823 [105].

¹⁵⁶ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 347.

¹⁵⁷ See *Journal*, 1823, *passim* (N.Y.P.L.), and *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823, passim*.

¹⁵⁸ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 351.

¹⁵⁹ *Idem*, p. 358.

¹⁶⁰ *Ibid.* Since Flora alludes in the same letter to Emily's birthday (May 4), Irving's proposal of marriage took place, if at all, at about this date. No allusions to such a proposal occur in the *Journal of Emily Foster* though she mentions another offer of marriage.

¹⁶¹ P. M. Irving uses some of these sentences of the confession as proof that Irving did not contemplate marriage with Emily Foster. IV, 216.

¹⁶² This seems to date the manuscript as May or June, 1823. The date of composition may have been June 18, since on this day he wrote in the journal: "letter from Mrs. F. . . continued my letter giving anecdotes of self." The manuscript was perhaps written in the form of a letter and sent from Prague, although Mrs. Dawson speaks of it as having been brought to her home by Irving himself.

¹⁶³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.). The remainder is lost.

¹⁶⁴ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 363.

¹⁶⁵ See *Journal*, 1823, May 20-June 26 (N.Y.P.L.), for an account of this excursion. It includes interesting descriptions of the Moravians, the theaters, the military life of Prague, and the Erzgebirge.

¹⁶⁶ Irving to Mrs. John Foster, Prague, June 1, 1823, P.M.I., IV, 401.

¹⁶⁷ Irving to Mrs. John Foster, Prague, May 28, 1823, P.M.I., IV, 395.

¹⁶⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁶⁹ Irving to Mrs. John Foster [Prague, May, 1823], P.M.I., IV, 389.

¹⁷⁰ *Idem*, IV, 387-388. Apparently Emily Foster did not see these melancholy epistles of Irving to her mother. If she did, it is difficult to explain her description of them as "delightful" (see I, 248).

¹⁷¹ July 9, 1823. Irving's quarters during his entire stay in Dresden were at this hotel.

¹⁷² "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 364.

¹⁷³ Irving to Mrs. John Foster, Prague, June 2, 1823, P.M.I., IV, 398.

¹⁷⁴ P.M.I., IV, 366.

¹⁷⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁶ Journal, 1823, July 12-30 (T.).

¹⁷⁷ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 369; Journal, 1823, July 14 (T.).

¹⁷⁸ *Idem*, July 19.

¹⁷⁹ The route lay through Meissen, Leipzig, Merseburg, Eisleben, Alexisbad, Blankenburg, Stolberg, Cassel, Düsseldorf, Utrecht, and Rotterdam. Mrs. Dawson describes in detail incidents of the journey. For Irving's version see *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. Williams, and Introduction. See also *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823* [144-171].

¹⁸⁰ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 376.

¹⁸¹ *Idem*, p. 363.

¹⁸² *Idem*, p. 376. See *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823*, July 30 [166].

¹⁸³ Presumably a recollection of the Dutch family mentioned in *A History of New York*.

¹⁸⁴ Journal, 1823, July 30 (T.).

¹⁸⁵ *Idem*, July 31.

¹⁸⁶ Irving's journey, after parting with the Fosters at Rotterdam, continued through Antwerp, Brussels, Valenciennes, and Cambrai.

¹⁸⁷ Through the kindness of Mrs. Margery Marten, of Bury St. Edmunds, England, two journals of her grandmother, Emily Foster (Fuller) have been made available. The first journal, referred to in this biography as *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823*, is of paramount importance in the study of Irving. Although it does not explain completely the only real mystery in his life, it clarifies and defines his entire relationship with the Fosters, of Brickhill, Bedford. It indicates in detail Irving's attitude toward Emily Foster, and it offers an elaborate self-portrait of this woman with whom he was evidently in love. After this journal is published, we shall know more of Emily Foster than of any other woman associated with Irving. In addition, this document is interesting in itself as a graphic transcript of manners in Dresden from 1820 to 1823.

This journal, nearly octavo in size, consists of one hundred and seventy pages, with a considerable number of mutilations and deletions. Since a majority of its entries are undated, dates have, for the most part, been determined through Irving's journal and letters. After December, 1822, Irving's name appears frequently. For a description of the other volume, referred to in this biography as *Journal of Emily Foster, 1825-1831*, see chap. xi, note 89.

Mrs. Marten possesses numerous other manuscripts written by Emily Foster, none of which, however, adds to our knowledge of Irving. A diligent search has been made for other letters between Irving and Emily Foster through the descendants of the Fosters, Fullers, and Dawsons, but without results. It is highly probable that this correspondence, if it ever existed, was destroyed. No papers of importance bearing on the question are in the possession of Henry Fuller, of Hampton Road, Teddington, Middlesex, the grandson of Emily Foster, or of Miss Margaret L. Dawson, of Great Bardfield, Braintree, Essex, the granddaughter of Flora Foster. Mrs. Frances M. Foster, of Combe End, Dane's Hill, Woking, Surrey (whose husband was a descendant of the elder brother of John Foster), and Sir George A. Thomas, of London (a grandson of Morgan Hugh Foster), know of no family documents which concern Irving's friendship with the family. Records of the publishers of Flora Foster Dawson's journal (Bentley, Bell) furnish no further information. In the light of this investigation, it would appear unlikely that more will be learned concerning the story of Emily Foster and Irving. Indeed, since the discovery of Emily Foster's journal, new manuscripts could hardly tell us more than the mere fact of proposal.

¹⁸⁸ So Emily Foster describes it. I have been unable to identify this house or that to which the family moved in the spring of 1823. See *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823* [10, 117 (April 6, 1823)].

¹⁸⁹ *Idem*, *passim*.

¹⁹⁰ *Idem* [81].

¹⁹¹ *Idem* [48].

¹⁹² *Idem* [22-23].

¹⁹³ *Idem* [62].

¹⁹⁴ Among Emily Foster's papers (M.M.) is a manuscript called "Scenes from Saxon Life," an expansion of the Dresden journal, written apparently for publication, and a novel, *Crown-Harden*, bearing the date 1875, and in the form, it would seem, of printers' proofs. This contains an unimportant allusion to Irving. I have been unable to locate another copy of this book.

¹⁹⁵ Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823 [41-42]. See chap. x, notes 142, 242.

¹⁹⁶ See chap. x, note 143.

¹⁹⁷ *Idem* [105].

¹⁹⁸ *Idem* [106].

¹⁹⁹ See chap. ix, note 54.

²⁰⁰ *Idem* [107].

²⁰¹ *Idem* [111].

²⁰² Of the English family of Williams, then in Dresden and frequently mentioned in Irving's journal.

²⁰³ *Idem* [109].

²⁰⁴ *Idem* [116-117].

²⁰⁵ *Idem* [119].

²⁰⁶ *Idem* [126].

²⁰⁷ *Idem* [120].

²⁰⁸ *Idem* [123]. For these verses, see P.M.I., II, 152-153.

²⁰⁹ *Idem* [122]. The blank in the passage evidently stands for Irving's name.

²¹⁰ *Idem* [130 (May 19? 1823)].

²¹¹ *Idem* [132].

²¹² See *idem*, *passim*.

²¹³ *Idem* [139].

²¹⁴ *Idem* [158].

²¹⁵ *Ibid.*

²¹⁶ *Idem* [112].

²¹⁷ *Idem* [151].

²¹⁸ *Idem* [166].

²¹⁹ See I, 240.

²²⁰ As expressed in the Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

²²¹ It should be observed that at the time Flora Foster made this record she had barely passed her seventeenth birthday.

²²² D. G. Mitchell, who knew Irving well, comments on the exaggeration of Mrs. Dawson, and is convinced that Irving was not the "rejected suitor" of Emily Foster. "Washington Irving," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1864. *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women: Episodes in Real Life*, by Flora Dawson (London, 1864), is a curious book (L.C.), containing two articles on Irving: "The Author and the Divine; or Washington Irving and the Rev. Charles Simeon" (II, 131-142) and "Washington Irving's Political Influence" (II, 143-152).

²²³ See I, 106.

²²⁴ See Irving to J. K. Paulding, London, May 27, 1820, P.M.I., I, 457.

²²⁵ See chap. x, note 148.

²²⁶ Irving to Emily Foster, Paris, August 23, 1825, *Yale Review*, January, 1926.

²²⁷ Emily Foster once commented upon her own reticence in her journal [108]. It is, of course, possible that some of the heavily crossed out passages conceal the secret. On the other hand, few or none of these deletions occur in the passages associated with Irving, and such erased passages as I have been able to read are trivial. In the second journal, there are tell-tale references to Allegri and to Gumpenberg, but none to Irving. (It would be interesting to speculate whether the affair with the Bavarian did not deeply affect Emily Foster's life.)

We should be grateful, as already said, to Mr. G. S. Hellman for directing attention away from the sentimentalization of Irving and Matilda Hoffman to this experience of Irving's in Dresden. See *The Journals of Washington Irving*, ed.

Trent and Hellman. Here the editors, in their useful edition of these manuscripts in the New York Public Library, advance an ingenious theory as to the fact and time of Irving's proposal (I, 173-174). See also S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving, Matilda Hoffman, and Emily Foster," *Modern Language Notes*, March, 1933, pp. 182-186. Out of all the discussion emerge two facts, first that the tradition that Irving never married because of loyalty to Matilda Hoffman's memory is, as Mr. Hellman pointed out, untenable; second, that the fact of Irving's proposal to Emily Foster is probable, but not demonstrable. See, in the present work, chap. iv, note 185. See also Walter Reichart, "Washington Irving, the Fosters and the Forsters," *Modern Language Notes*, January, 1935. Professor Reichart shows that many of Irving's references in 1825 to the "Fosters" were to another family than that of John Foster, of Bedford.

²²⁸ Mrs. Margery Marten to the present writer, Bury St. Edmunds, March 26, 1935 (letter in my possession).

²²⁹ *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823* [123, 158].

²³⁰ See I, 286-288.

²³¹ Persuasive proof that these were the basic causes of his uneasiness may be found in the journal for 1823; e.g., August 11, "a dread of future evil - of failure in future literary attempts"; December 12, "Woke early - restless and anxious - full of doubts as to literary prospects."

²³² *Journal, 1824, July 6-15* (T.).

²³³ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

²³⁴ See chap. iv, note 183.

²³⁵ "Journal of Flora Foster," P.M.I., IV, 342.

²³⁶ He chatted freely with his nieces concerning Emily Foster, but seldom, if ever, mentioned Matilda Hoffman.

²³⁷ His "desire that his correspondence should be strictly private." Mrs. Henry Fuller to P. M. Irving, Thornhaugh Rectory, Wansford, Northamptonshire, March 10, 1860. No final deductions, however, can be made from this statement. Irving expressed this wish repeatedly to many correspondents. In America it had become a family custom to circulate his letters; some of these found their way into newspapers, to his intense annoyance. The inference that Irving's letters in Mrs. Fuller's possession contained new facts about their relations is not inevitable. See letter of Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, September 30, 1824 (Y.).

²³⁸ *Journal, 1823, May 5* (N.Y.P.L.).

²³⁹ See *idem*, May 28-June 24.

²⁴⁰ Manuscript Fragment (Y.).

²⁴¹ *Ibid.*

²⁴² *Journal, 1823, May 9* (N.Y.P.L.). Algernon Foster (1811-1821). See *Journal of Emily Foster, 1820-1823* [41-42]. In a cypress grove at Brickhill is a stone erected in memory of this son.

²⁴³ *Journal, passim.*

²⁴⁴ *Journal, 1822, September 21.*

²⁴⁵ Irving to Emily Foster, Paris, August 23, 1825 (W.T.).

²⁴⁶ Irving to Mrs. Henry Fuller, Sunnyside, July 2, 1856 (W. R. Langfeld).

²⁴⁷ *Journal, 1824, January 10* (T.).

²⁴⁸ *Bracebridge Hall*, p. 152.

²⁴⁹ See *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. Williams, pp. xi-xii; 62, footnote 5; 117, footnote 2.

CHAPTER XI

¹ Irving's determination to have done with idling is expressed to Peter and, in particular, in a letter to John Murray, Paris, November 14, 1823 (J.M.).

² Irving to Peter Irving, [Paris] September 4 [1823], P.M.I., II, 166.

³ Of these three rooms, whose interiors and furnishings Irving describes in several letters, Peter and Payne, when he was in Paris, occupied two, and Irving a third. The entire apartment was finally sublet by Payne to Irving, who lived here for more than a year. Another building now stands on this site of 89 Rue Richelieu.

⁴ Irving, probably through Storrow's friendship with the librarian Van Traet, was permitted to take to his room books from the library. See letters of Irving and Peter Irving to M. Van Traet, [Paris] December 1, 1823; January 22 and April 17, 1824. Two other notes survive, November 19, 1824, and January 18, 1825 (Van Traet Papers, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris).

⁵ Irving to J. H. Payne, Madrid, April 14, 1826 (T.T.P.L.).

⁶ See Journal, 1823-1824 (T.).

⁷ These facts have been derived from a privately printed pamphlet in the possession of E. C. Storrow, of Boston, [Walter Channing] *A Memoir of Thomas Wentworth Storrow* (Boston, 1863). See also *Washington Irving and the Storrows. Letters from England and the Continent 1821-1828*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1933). In 1828 Storrow failed in business.

⁸ These phrases recur in Irving's letters to the Storrows and their children. For a detailed description of his life in this family see *idem*, *passim*.

⁹ See II, 98.

¹⁰ Irving himself nursed Irving Van Wart through the smallpox, as he had nursed his friend John Cockburn through the scarlet fever in Prague. See Journal, 1824, March 2-14 (T.).

¹¹ On September 19, Irving left Paris for a stay with Peter and with Reuben Beasley at Havre, returning on October 4.

¹² See II, 179.

¹³ Luther Bradish (1783-1863), diplomat, traveled widely on government business between 1820 and 1826. He was an assiduous student of antiquities and languages.

¹⁴ This was probably Augustus Lucas Hillhouse (1791-1859), the brother of the American poet, James Abraham Hillhouse (1789-1841). See Irving to J. A. Hillhouse, [London] May 11 [1819] (James Hillhouse, New Haven, Connecticut). Irving had met the latter in London in 1819, and had aided him in his writing, in connection either with *Hadad* (1825) or, more probably, with later books. See also the *New Englander*, November, 1858, and J. A. Hillhouse, *Dramas, Discourses and Other Pieces* (Boston, 1839), II, 46.

¹⁵ Goodrich (1793-1860) had come abroad in this year (1823) and had met a number of Edinburgh celebrities.

¹⁶ S. G. Goodrich, *Recollections of a Lifetime* (New York, 1857), II, 442-443.

¹⁷ See S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930. From about this time (1823) Irving's reputation in France steadily increased, reaching its height shortly after his return to America in 1832. See *Revue des Deux Mondes*, VI (1832), 515-549; *La France Littéraire*, IV, 182; *La Revue Encyclopédique*, July, 1832. The substance of these notices is that, although Irving was regarded as an imitator, his writings were genuinely respected in France. It should be remembered that the French criticism of Irving first aroused the interest of Goethe. See chap. xi, note 107.

¹⁸ Journal, 1824, January 28 (T.). The location of this painting, if it has survived, is unknown.

¹⁹ Journal, 1823, October 23 (T.).

²⁰ Journal, 1824, April 8 (T.).

²¹ *Idem*, January 25.

²² The brothers John Anthony (1796-1873) and William Galignani (1798-1882) sponsored English books in Paris. Their bookstore included a reading room which was a popular resort for Englishmen and Americans. A history of the firm may be found in a privately printed pamphlet, *A Famous Bookstore* (Paris [1920?]). In the library of A. J. Galignani of Paris is the only complete set of Galignani's *Messenger* and the *Literary Gazette* (its sequel), containing notices of books in English, including Irving's.

²³ (1755-1847). For an account of Barton and Guestier, wine merchants of Bordeaux, see I, 290-291.

²⁴ Journal, 1824, February 17 (T.). Thomas Colley Grattan (1792-1864), author of *Highways and Byways* (1823-1829). See Journal, 1823-1824, *passim* (T.).

²⁵ George Forbes, sixth Earl of Granard (1760-1837).

²⁶ Henry Petty Fitzmaurice, third Marquis of Lansdowne (1780-1863).

²⁷ Wife of Sir Eliab Harvey (1758-1830). Irving wrote long accounts of incidents of British naval life, told by Admiral Harvey. Manuscript (T.).

²⁸ (1765?-1851), wit and society poet. *Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme* was published in 1820.

²⁹ William Etty (1787-1849). In 1822 Etty paid his second visit to Italy.

³⁰ (1788-1869), the biographer of Shelley and the author of *Conversations of Lord Byron*. This was one of the most interesting literary friendships of Irving's life. See chap. xiii, note 8.

³¹ Journal, 1824, January 15 (T.). Horace Smith (1779-1849), co-author with his brother, James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses*. Smith's admiration for Irving's humor is recorded in *The Literary Life*, ed. William Shepard (New York, 1884), III, 13.

³² Journal, 1823, December 13 (T.).

³³ Journal, 1823, September 12 (T.). See Mrs. Trollope's description of Irving's meeting with her husband, Thomas Anthony Trollope, and herself, in *Frances Trollope, Her Life and Literary Work* . . . (London, 1895), I, 62. Among Irving's other friends of this period were Theodore Hook (1788-1841), the wit and novelist; Frances Darusmont, or Wright (1795-1852), the philanthropist; Ellis Cornelia Knight (1757-1837).

³⁴ See II, 38.

³⁵ See II, 9.

³⁶ David Richard Morier (1784-1877), diplomat, now British consul-general in France, was a brother of John Philip Morier, whom Irving had known in Dresden.

³⁷ William O'Brien, second Marquis of Thomond (1765?-1846).

³⁸ Journal, 1824, January 11 (T.). Sir George Airey (1761-1833) was the father of Irving's Dresden friend, Richard Airey.

³⁹ Adelaide Dorothea (d. 1858) and Caroline Selina (d. 1872), daughters of the Earl of Granard.

⁴⁰ Journal, 1824, March 6 (T.).

⁴¹ Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow [Paris, May 6, 1824] (H.).

⁴² See I, 269.

⁴³ *The Romance of Mary W. Shelley, John Howard Payne and Washington Irving* (Boston, 1907), p. 17. Irving had probably first met Mrs. Shelley in Paris in 1823, when she was on her way from Italy to London. *Idem*, p. 14. See in the present work, I, 286-288.

⁴⁴ J. H. Payne to Irving, London, November 7, 1823, P.M.I., II, 171.

⁴⁵ *Memoirs of Captain Rock, the Celebrated Irish Chieftain* (London, 1824). See Journal, 1824, May 29 (T.).

⁴⁶ Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.). Moore referred to this sum as fifteen hundred pounds, not guineas. See I, 262.

⁴⁷ (1787-1874).

⁴⁸ Irving moved from Mills's lodgings at 22 Henrietta Street to 4 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. It is possible that Irving derived some hints for his tales from Spencer's (1769-1834) translations from Bürger.

⁴⁹ Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, Birmingham, June 25, 1824 (H.).

⁵⁰ Journal, 1824, May 30 (T.).

⁵¹ *Ibid.*

⁵² *Idem*, July 3. An article on Byron contributed by Irving at about this time to Galignani's *Messenger* is still unidentified.

⁵³ See *idem*, 1824, May 30.

⁵⁴ *Idem*, 1824, June 17.

⁵⁵ See *idem*, 1824, June 16.

⁵⁶ *Idem*, 1824, June 6.

⁵⁷ Richard Rush (1780-1859), United States Minister to England (1817-1825).

⁵⁸ Probably Samuel Sotheby (1771-1842), although Irving may allude to William Sotheby, the author.

⁵⁹ Edward Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, married Elizabeth Farren (1759?-1829), whose "fine-lady airs and graces" Hazlitt praised.

⁶⁰ January, 1825, "American Writers. No. V."

⁶¹ Journal, 1824, June 1 (T.).

⁶² *Idem*, June 7.

⁶³ See II, 293.

⁶⁴ Journal, 1824 (T.).

⁶⁵ Journal, 1824, June 15 (T.). This famous Italian singer reappeared in Paris in the following year, but with less success.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*

⁶⁷ Probably Marguerite, Countess of Blessington (1789-1849), whom both Moore and Irving knew well in London.

⁶⁸ Irving to W. A. Duer, Sunnyside, September 6, 1855 (N.Y.H.S.).

⁶⁹ See Autobiographical Notes (T.).

⁷⁰ For descriptions of Moore at this time and of the cottage at Sloperton, see "Memories of Authors," *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1865, p. 97.

⁷¹ At Birmingham Irving "Sketched adventure of the German student." Journal, 1824, June 23 (T.). Cf. *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 60-68.

⁷² *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," June 17, 1824.

⁷³ Journal, 1824, June 18 (T.). Irving's affection for Moore was reciprocated. See Moore's footnote to his song "And Doth Not a Meeting Like This," *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore . . .* (Philadelphia, 1829), p. 348.

⁷⁴ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," June 17, 1824. See also *idem*, May 31; June 15, 16, 18; July 15, 17; August 16.

⁷⁵ "Irving told Leslie he had read a part [of the Memoirs], and there was exquisite humour, though it could not all have been published." *The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon . . .*, ed. T. Taylor (New York [1926]), II, 514. The manuscript was, Irving said, "unfit for publication although interesting to the highest degree. One scene struck me particularly. Byron mentions his waking up early one morning soon after his marriage and thinking while looking at his wife and at the red curtains which surrounded the bed that he was fairly in hell with Proserpine lying beside him!" See J. C. Brevoort, Manuscript Notes (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

⁷⁶ Journal, 1824, June 18 (T.).

⁷⁷ *Idem*, June 22. Kennedy (1772-1851), poet and scholar. See also P.M.I., I, 360.

⁷⁸ Journal, 1824, August 8, 9 (T.).

⁷⁹ See I, 321-322.

⁸⁰ Thomas Brandram was Irving's fellow traveler in 1803 and 1822. See I, 29, 221. Irving had known Trotter in Germany. Campbell's present comment on Irving is amusingly similar to Moore's "half lamb, half lion." Campbell to an unknown correspondent, [London] July 5, 1824, *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, ed. William Beattie (New York, 1850), II, 159. For his next volumes in Galignani's ill-fated edition of the English poets, Irving was planning biographies of Campbell and Rogers. This Morier brother was James J. Morier (1780?-1849), author of the Oriental romance, which all London was now reading, *Hajji Baba* (1824). Basil Hall, the naval officer and author, had not yet written his famous book on America.

⁸¹ Irving was at Birmingham from June 19 to June 30; at Bedford from July 6 to July 15; on the excursion to Yorkshire from July 20 to July 25.

⁸² *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931). See Index.

⁸³ See R. B. Hankin, *History of the Town of Bedford* ([Bedford?] 1828). Mrs. Dawson describes Brickhill's Gothic windows and picturesque gardens. *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women: Episodes in Real Life* (London, 1864), II, 135-136.

⁸⁴ Irving had come, says Mrs. Dawson, in her usual vein, "to renew the deeply prized intimacy of the Dresden days. Some pleasures were past; some hopes had been crushed; some anticipations had faded away since then; but, poetry, music, converse sweet on many themes, still made those days a faint reflection of former happiness." *Idem*, pp. 136-137.

⁸⁵ Journal, 1824, July 6 (T.).

⁸⁶ *Idem*, July 7.

⁸⁷ Flora Dawson, *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women* . . . , II, 133-134.

⁸⁸ *Idem*, pp. 137-140. Irving describes the Reverend Charles Simeon in his journal, 1824, July 10 (T.).

⁸⁹ Irving to Emily Foster, Paris, August 23, 1825 (W.T.). For the entire letter, see S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving's Religion," *Yale Review*, January, 1926. This letter Emily Foster copied into her journal, 1825-1831. See, in the present work, I, 250. No journal recording Irving's visit in 1824 survives. This journal, which was kept irregularly and which served as a repository for numerous poems, some evidently of Emily's own composition, is in markedly different vein from that of the Dresden journal. It is serious and very religious in tone. In 1827 Allegri appeared at Brickhill, and Emily set down memories of Dresden. These include an affectionate reference to "Dear G—g," but none, unless such is in a deleted passage, to Irving.

⁹⁰ *The Sketch Book*, p. 246.

⁹¹ Irving's letters to Payne in these years dwell upon his own poverty (T.T.P.L.).

⁹² Irving to J. H. Payne, London, August 23, 1821, and June 8, 1822 (T.T.P.L.).

⁹³ Journal, 1824, February 13 (T.). For this essay as Irving left it, with an account of its origin, see *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. Williams, pp. 247-257.

⁹⁴ Journal, 1823, December 18 (T.). This paper was finally printed as "My French Neighbor," *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 219-221.

⁹⁵ Journal, 1824, July 5 (T.). Irving sent Payne an urgent letter requesting a copy. Paris, January 7, 1824 (T.T.P.L.). This edition of *Salmagundi*, published in 1823, was reviewed in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, December, 1823; *Literary Museum*, December 20, 1823; *Literary Sketch-Book*, December, 1823.

⁹⁶ See I, 293.

⁹⁷ Negotiations for this project began early in March, and Irving insisted, as the first condition, on an advance of £100. The contract (T.) with Galignani, dated March 14, 1824, reads: "Mr Washington Irving undertakes to edit the

collection of English literature, now publishing by the Messrs Galignani and Mr Didot Senr for the consideration of two hundred and fifty francs per volume, payable on the publication of the volume.

"He is to receive Twenty five Hundred Francs in hand, as payment in advance for the first ten volumes; but no part of which is to be refunded should the publishers desist from the undertaking before ten volumes are completed. . . ."

⁹⁸ Irving to John Murray, Paris, January 27, 1824 (T.).

⁹⁹ Journal, 1823, December 17 (T.).

¹⁰⁰ See I, 267-268.

¹⁰¹ See letter of H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 (Y.).

¹⁰² See *Journal of Washington Irving, 1823-1824*, ed. Williams, Index.

¹⁰³ See Journal, 1823-1824 (T.), *passim*.

¹⁰⁴ *Idem*, 1823, October 23.

¹⁰⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁷ *Idem*, November 13.

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁹ Irving to J. H. Payne, London, June 8, 1822.

¹¹⁰ No evidence exists for the contemporary statements that Irving wrote this song. See T. T. P. Luquer, "When Payne Wrote 'Home! Sweet Home!'" *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1915.

¹¹¹ "Fully one-half of the plays written between 1800 and 1850 must have been suggested by Parisian models, and many were literally adapted by English authors." Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of Early Nineteenth Century Drama 1800-1850* (Cambridge, 1930), I, 79. See *idem*, I, 77-88.

¹¹² From a draft of a letter to Mrs. Shelley [n.p., 1825] (H.E.H.), and from the same letter in *The Romance of Mary W. Shelley, John Howard Payne and Washington Irving*, pp. 70-71.

¹¹³ Journal, 1823, August 16 (T.). Irving's new rôle as producer was known to some persons in America who forwarded him plays in the hope that he and Payne would bring them out in London. See Charles Moore, *The Family Life of George Washington* (Boston, 1926), p. 183.

¹¹⁴ "In the little comedy of Charles the Second I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value." *Richelieu*, Dedication, quoted in P.M.I., II, 175. This dedication was in the form of a letter, dated Paris, February 13, 1826, and was printed in the *New-York Mirror*, October 28, 1826.

¹¹⁵ Acted at the Haymarket Theater, July 16, 1824.

¹¹⁶ Irving to J. H. Payne [Paris, October, 1823?] (T.T.P.L.).

¹¹⁷ Its other title was *La Jeunesse de Richelieu*. This play was acted under the name of *The French Libertine* at Covent Garden on February 11, 1826.

¹¹⁸ See Journal, 1823-1824 (T.), *passim*. Irving's changes in this and in other plays may be observed in the original manuscripts (H.).

¹¹⁹ *Charles II, or the Merry Monarch* was produced at Covent Garden on May 27, 1824, with Charles Kemble as King Charles. Captain Copp, a character which was almost wholly Irving's creation, was played by J. Fawcett.

¹²⁰ *Roulier*. Its fate is unknown.

¹²¹ At least five versions of this play were produced in 1824.

¹²² Other plays in which Irving had a hand were *Le Crime d'une mère*, *Le Contrebandier*, and an unidentified drama which Irving referred to as *Rochester*. A manuscript copy of *The Spanish Husband*, chiefly in Payne's hand, bears many notations in the writing of Irving (H.).

¹²³ Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, November 22, 1823 (T.T.P.L.).

¹²⁴ *Ibid.*

¹²⁵ Irving "assisted Payne in pruning it, and compressing it into two acts, after which Payne disposed of the copyright for fifty guineas. It was immediately put to press by Payne, who simply intimated in a brief preface that the manuscript had been revised 'by a literary friend, to whom he was indebted for valuable touches.'" See C. H. Brainard, *John Howard Payne* . . . (Boston, 1885), pp. 35-37.

¹²⁶ P.M.I., II, 172.

¹²⁷ Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, November 26, 1823 (T.T.P.L.).

¹²⁸ "Correspondence of Washington Irving and John Howard Payne," *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1910, p. 470, footnote 2.

¹²⁹ (H.).

¹³⁰ See Washington Irving, *The Wild Huntsman* and *Abu Hassan* (Boston, 1924). For Irving's accounts of the composition of these plays, see Journal, 1823-1824 (T.). *The Wild Huntsman* was probably the first English dramatization of Weber's German opera *Der Freischütz*.

¹³¹ Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, December 29, 1823 (T.T.P.L.). Irving directed Payne to offer *Abu Hassan* to Elliston as a play from the hand of Livius, who in Dresden had assisted Irving in its composition. Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, November 12, 1823 (T.T.P.L.). *Abu Hassan* was acted on November 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1927, at the Washington Irving High School, 46 Irving Place, New York City.

¹³² See II, 48.

¹³³ See chap. viii, note 144, and Bibliography.

¹³⁴ "The Story of Rosalie," *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), pp. 93-102.

¹³⁵ See W. R. Langfeld, "The Poems of Washington Irving," *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, November, 1930. The greater part of *Abu Hassan* is in verse, and *The Wild Huntsman* has many lyrics. The *New-York Mirror* included Irving's portrait among the "Eminent Living American Poets," January 26, 1828.

¹³⁶ Journal, 1824, February 15 (T.).

¹³⁷ See chap. xiii, note 8.

¹³⁸ Irving to J. H. Payne (T.T.P.L.).

¹³⁹ Journal, 1823, December 24 (T.).

¹⁴⁰ Irving to Peter Irving, [Paris] September 4 [1823]. Irving's visit to Germany had aroused interest in England, and a book on a German subject was expected from him. See *Public Characters of All Nations* . . . (London, 1823), II, 407.

¹⁴¹ Irving to Peter Irving, [Paris] September 4 [1823].

¹⁴² Journal, 1823, December 8 (T.).

¹⁴³ *Idem*, 1824 (T.).

¹⁴⁴ *Idem*, 1824, February 16.

¹⁴⁵ *Idem*, 1824.

¹⁴⁶ Colonel Thomas Aspinwall was for a number of years Irving's literary agent in London. "Such of the works," said Aspinwall, "of Washington Irving as were written out of England after 1824 were confided to my disposal." *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, Second Series, VII, 36 (November, 1891). See *idem*, pp. 32-38.

¹⁴⁷ Irving was on friendly terms during the winter with Count Gregory Vladimirovitch Orloff (1777-1826), who presented him with his *Voyage dans une partie de la France* . . . (Paris, 1824). Orloff described to Irving details of a robbery near Naples.

¹⁴⁸ For a discussion of the sources of *Tales of a Traveller*, see Appendix III, pp. 286-294.

¹⁴⁹ See W. L. Cross, *The Development of the English Novel* (New York, 1911), p. 160.

¹⁵⁰ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825; *Ladies' Monthly Museum*, October, 1824.

- ¹⁵¹ November, 1824.
¹⁵² *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, September, 1824.
¹⁵³ September, 1824.
¹⁵⁴ The following sneer was typical : "He lives upon the smiles of such people [aristocrats], and would strike out his best passage, dilute his best argument, or recant his sincerest opinion, in the fear of losing the next invitation to dinner he may expect from Grosvenor-Square." *Westminster Review*, October, 1824.
¹⁵⁵ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825.
¹⁵⁶ September, 1824.
¹⁵⁷ October, 1824. Irving was censured for the same offense by the *Eclectic Review*, July, 1825.
¹⁵⁸ *United States Literary Gazette*, November 15, 1824.
¹⁵⁹ November 15, 1824.
¹⁶⁰ October, 1824.
¹⁶¹ This charge was repeated in many English and American magazines; e.g., *Universal Review*, November, 1824; *Minerva* (New York), 1824.
¹⁶² *Westminster Review*, October, 1824.
¹⁶³ *Ibid.*
¹⁶⁴ For a discussion of the reputation of *Tales of a Traveller*, see Appendix III, pp. 294-296.
¹⁶⁵ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, December 11, 1824 (N.Y.P.L.).
¹⁶⁶ See Journal, 1824, November 25 (N.Y.P.L.).
¹⁶⁷ *Idem*, 1825, August 16 (N.Y.P.L.).

CHAPTER XII

- ¹ This tour included Orléans, Blois, Tours, and Chinon. See Journal, 1824, October 12-21 (N.Y.P.L.). See also Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, September 30, 1824 (Y.).
² Journal, 1824, November 7 (N.Y.P.L.).
³ *Idem*, November 23.
⁴ Journal, 1825, February 17 (N.Y.P.L.).
⁵ *Idem*, January 15.
⁶ See *idem*, May 4, 5.
⁷ Journal, 1824, December 14 (N.Y.P.L.).
⁸ A New York business man, and an old friend of Irving's and of Brevoort's, now living in London and Paris.
⁹ Journal, 1825, April 29.
¹⁰ This report was current in 1825. "Washington Irving, I now hope, is *not* dead. Do you hear anything of it?" Thomas Carlyle to Jane Baillie Welsh, Kinnaird House, January 8, 1824, *The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*, ed. Alexander Carlyle (London, 1909), I, 326.
¹¹ *Irv.*, p. xii, footnote. See also P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.), and the *New-York Mirror*, November 5, 1826.
¹² e.g., *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1824, p. 426; *European Magazine*, March, 1825; *Port Folio*, June, 1825, pp. 436-438.
¹³ June, 1825.
¹⁴ *Port Folio*, July-December, 1822; *idem*, January-June, 1824.
¹⁵ June 19, 1824.
¹⁶ September 15, 1824. At about this time a custom existed of drinking toasts to Irving as the representative of American literature. See the *New York American*, July 16, 1824.
¹⁷ August 24. *Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick*, ed. M. E. Dewey (New York, 1871), p. 169.
¹⁸ Six of Irving's books were translated into Swedish between 1825 and 1828

by Erik Sjöberg, a young romanticist who wrote under the name of Vitalis. See C. L. Östergren, *Om Vitalis, Hans Lif och Diktning* (Upsala, 1869), p. 36 and footnote. See Bibliography.

¹⁹ S. L. McGee, *La Littérature américaine dans la Revue des Deux Mondes (1831-1900)* (Montpellier, 1917), pp. 9-13. "C'est à Cooper et à Irving . . . que revient cette distinction d'être les premiers littérateurs américains, qui, comme tels, aient attiré l'attention de la France."

"On explora," says a reminiscence of this period, "toutes les littératures étrangères, on traduisit tous les chefs-d'œuvre étrangers." Louis Véron, *Mémoires d'un bourgeois de Paris* (Paris, 1856), I, 260. See also "French Opinion of American Authors," *United States Literary Gazette*, June 15, 1824. See also *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1835, p. 192; September 15, 1841, p. 961; August 15, 1844, p. 531; October 15, 1846, p. 365; November 15, 1849, p. 674.

²⁰ March 31.

²¹ *Histoire de New-York . . . par Diedrick Knickerbocker, . . . Ouvrage traduit de l'anglais . . .* (Paris, 1827).

²² See H. E. Mantz, *French Criticism of American Literature before 1850* (New York, 1917), Index.

²³ Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, October 27, 1856 (Y.).

²⁴ March, 1825.

²⁵ See William Hazlitt, *The Spirit of the Age: Or Contemporary Portraits* (2d ed., London, 1825), pp. 395-408. "By what concatenation of ideas that gentleman arrived at the necessity of placing his own portrait before a collection of Goldsmith's works, one must have been early imprisoned in transatlantic solitudes to understand." See *The Plain Speaker, Collected Works*, ed. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover . . . (London, 1902), VII, 311, footnote.

²⁶ One London advertisement of 1823 reads: "A Portrait of Washington Irving (Author of the Sketch Book, &c.) with Ten Plates to illustrate the Sketch Book, and Knickerbocker's New York; from designs by C. R. Leslie, A.R.A. engraved by Scriven, Heath, Rollo, Romney, W. & E. Finden and A. W. Warren. — Only Twenty-five copies, Proofs India. — Fifty Copies, only, Proofs 4to. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street." Quoted in the *Museum*, July-December, 1823, p. 71. See also C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 215. This edition had considerable circulation in Paris. A review of it in the *London Literary Gazette* was quoted in the *Port Folio*, January-June, 1824, p. 85. Editions of *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* were republished in London and New York in 1824. In this year also appeared in New York a new edition of *A History of New York*. Irving's first volume of Galignani's "British Classics" now had wide publicity. See the *United States Literary Gazette*, November 1, 1824, and the *Port Folio*, July-December, 1824, p. 259. See also the *New York American*, January 24, 1825.

²⁷ The Storrows now lived in the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière.

²⁸ A fairly accurate picture of Irving's habits at this time may be found in "Sketches in Paris in 1825," published in *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 215-252.

²⁹ Irving to J. H. Payne, [n.p.] June 20, 1825 (T.T.P.L.), and J. H. Payne to G. W. P. Sিনnett, London, February 7, 1825 (T.F.M.).

³⁰ Livius had come to Paris to adapt *Abu Hassan* for the French stage.

³¹ Carlyle declared himself anxious to see this "lion . . . whose Books [he] somewhat esteemed." *Reminiscences* (London, 1887), II, 161.

³² Louis XVIII died on September 16, 1824, "à quatre heures précises du matin." Irving describes the king's illness and funeral in his journal. On the same day he wrote an article on the monarch for Galignani's *Gazette*.

³³ See Journal, 1825, April 18. See also Allan Cunningham, *The Life of Sir David Wilkie* (London, 1843), II, 144, 149, 150, 154. Joseph Planche (1762-1853), distinguished author and scholar.

³⁴ Journal, 1825, February 3.

⁸⁵ William S. Shaler (1778–1833) was the American consul at Algiers. William E. West (1788–1857), the American portrait painter. "Among the first successful pieces of this artist were illustrations of Irving's 'Pride of the Village,' and Annette de l'Arbre. The latter, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, drew the attention of the poet Rogers. It represented the deranged girl at her lonely vigil on the beach, watching in vain for her lover's return." H. T. Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists* (New York, 1867), p. 202. See chap. viii, note 130. See Journal, 1824, December 25, 26, 29 (N.Y.P.L.); 1825, January 4, 15, 24, 28, 29, February 5, 16, 25, March 1, July 14, 22, and *passim*.

⁸⁶ See I, 258.

⁸⁷ Irving had first met the Duchess of Duras in the preceding year, but their friendship actually began about this time (1824). The following description of her has interest: "The Duchess of Duras, is one of the finest women of France, idolized in the world of talk & literature and extolled for her exemplary & amiable character. She has written several little works that are much esteemed: and her house is the resort of the most elegant & accomplished society of Paris." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, September 30, 1824. See Journal, 1824, October 9, 18, 27, 31, and *passim* (N.Y.P.L.).

⁸⁸ Journal, 1824, November 3 (N.Y.P.L.). Her daughter, Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856), Madame Vestris, later married Irving's friend, the actor, Charles Mathews.

⁸⁹ e.g., *The Spanish Husband or First and Last Love* (acted at Drury Lane Theater, May 25, 1829). Irving's services to Payne were now intermittent, and he maintained his resolve to do nothing for the theater on his own account. Irving's letters to Payne at this time deal almost wholly with the latter's theatrical affairs and show Irving in the rôle of a somewhat detached counselor, contributing "an occasional hint or a *coup de plume*." Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, March 28, 1824 (T.T.P.L.). See his letters to Payne, Bordeaux, January 3, 1825; Paris, January 20, 1825; Paris, March 4, 1825; Paris, July 21, 1825; Bordeaux, October 2, 1825; Bordeaux, October 25, 1825; Bordeaux, November 5, 1825; Bordeaux, January 27, 1826; Bordeaux, February 7, 1826; Madrid, February 25, 1826; Madrid, February 26, 1826; Madrid, April 14, 1826 (T.T.P.L.). Other plays for which he made suggestions were: *'Twas I*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Mazepa*, *Peter Smink*, *Norah*, or *the Girl of Erin*.

⁴⁰ See Journal, 1825, April 27. See in the present work, I, 267–268.

⁴¹ Irving to John Murray, Paris, August 19, 1825 (Morgan).

⁴² Journal, 1825, September 6, 11.

⁴³ Irving admired Brydges' writings, from which he made numerous extracts in his notebook of 1825 (T.). Brydges' impressions of Irving are recorded in *The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. R.I.* (London, 1834), I, 169. A copy of one of Brydges' books, with an inscription to Irving, is in the possession of F. J. Metcalfe, Washington, D. C.

⁴⁴ The notebook and journal of this year reflect Irving's constant reading of Byron.

⁴⁵ The plot of this play Irving outlined in the notebook of 1825. For its curious history, see chap. xiii, note 8. Irving talked for hours with Medwin concerning Byron, Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, and Byron's manuscript Memoirs. See also Thomas Medwin, *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (London, 1913), pp. 356, 405.

⁴⁶ Victor Joseph Étienne de Jouy (1764–1846), the play writer and essayist. For Irving's debt to the vogue of the European essay, see S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930. See also in the present work, chap. xv, note 100.

⁴⁷ *Friendship's Offering* (Journal, 1825, March 4); *Universal Review* (*idem*, July 17); *The Yearly Remembrancer* (*idem*, July 31).

⁴⁸ The letter to the Edinburgh publisher, declining this task, is printed, in

part, on II, 227. Irving also acted as Murray's agent in Paris. Irving to John Murray, Paris, January 26, 1825 (J.M.).

⁴⁹ See Journal, 1825, May 2, 30.

⁵⁰ "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1890, p. 744. Irving's inadequacy in French, apart from typographical errors in the newspaper, is well illustrated by a letter of his published by Jules Lecomte in Paris just after Irving's death, and reprinted in the *New York Times*, January 27, 1860:

"En écrivant comme cela sur mes ouvrages, vous avez été bien aimable, monsieur, mais bien plus vous l'avez été surtout pour me l'envoyer. Si je n'étais pas à la campagne quand arriva le paquet postal, bien sûr vous receviez ma réponse plus prochaine. Très-flatté je fus à vous lire, et très-flattée doit aussi être votre pays, car vous me paraissez un des vrais critiques qui y sont. Par malheur nous le voyons bien d'ici (et de loin comme il faut pour mieux voir ou bien juger des choses de la partie morale,) en France la critique n'est plus ! Après dix ans retiré dans ma retraite à Sunnyside, où vous admettre me rendrait bien flatté et chaleureux, j'ai arrangé mon affaire pour lire tous les journaux de Londres et de Paris relatifs à la littérature dont le mouvement en essor fut si magnifique depuis 1818 jusqu'à 1838, dix ans de grande commotion par la poésie et le théâtre. C'était mon goût de lire tout cela, et depuis plusieurs années tristement. Peu d'œuvres et surtout pas *du tout de critique*. On est trop passionné, trop vindicatif, trop compromis par des coteries pour juger noblement et avec utilité pour le public, bien occupé pour tous ses intérêts de l'argent, et indécis pour savoir où est le bien, ou est le mal dans la littérature. Anarchie dans cette littérature comme dans votre art ; plus d'écloie et pas de tradition, monsieur, pardonnez-moi ! C'est cela qui m'a flatté dans votre critique, car c'est *critique* et pas *louange* aveugle, c'est-à-dire une chose de compaisance, sans priz pour un cœur élevé qui la lit en ne s'abusant pas sur le mérite de ses ouvrages, et qui doit terminer de plus le bien qu'on dit des parties touables, si on condamne franchement les parties reprochables. Pour cela, monsieur, je vous honore, et je suis bien flatté que vous m'avez supposé un homme à entendre la vérité.

Non, plus de critique dans votre journalisme, et rien que des passions hostiles ou des complaisances coupables. On voit clairement que toujours le critique pense à l'auteur plus qu'il ne pense à l'œuvre, et que soit le désir de la flatter, soit l'intention de le peiner, dirige sa plume avec louanges trop chaleureuses ou dénigrement trop méprisant. Nous sommes quelquefois bien surpris et indignés des petites œuvres que nous trouvons après que, sur les éloges des critiques, nous avons avec confiance voulu nous en régaler ! Aussi bien souvent quelque chose de bon est maltraité, surtout dans les théâtres, parce que là il y a beaucoup de passions et d'intérêts agités plus que pour la librairie. Je citerai par exemple combien j'ai trouvé de scandale dans les excessifs et aveugles éloges donnés par (.) au sujet de (.) le même critique qui, avant trois mois, avait si malicieusement et hostilement traité (.) ce qui m'a indigné, ayant lu l'ouvrage, un bon ouvrage ! M. *** lui, troune que tout est bien et bon, a la Pangloss, et ne croit rien digne d'être par lui, sérieusement discuté. L'autre, M.*** ne se plait qu'à abattre ce qu'il serait je crois impossible à lui d'élever."

⁵¹ See J. T. Hatfield, *New Light on Longfellow* (Boston and New York, 1933) p. 159.

⁵² He noted particularly *Las tres justicias en una, Amar después de la muerte, La señora y la criada, Los cabellos de Absalón, Los tres afectos de amor, El sitio de Breda, La dama duende, El médico de su honra*.

⁵³ See I, 272.

⁵⁴ e.g., Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, January 17, 1824 ; January 31, 1824 ; July 9, 1824 (T.T.P.L.). In the last letter Irving urges : "Give up all these schemings about theatres ; renounce all ideas of becoming either manager or actor ; take to your pen sedulously, live economically." These remonstrances were to con-

tinue. See Irving to Payne, Madrid, May 25, 1826: "My dear Payne it [financial embarrassment] would always be your lot, even if the Bank of England were to be emptied into your pockets, so long as you will not take care to mend the bottom of them." On March 4, 1830, he loaned Payne £10 and on April 6, ten more. Irving to Payne on these dates (T.T.P.L.).

⁵⁵ e.g., Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, August 24, 1824; October 4, 1824 (T.T.P.L.).

⁵⁶ Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, August 22, 1824 (T.T.P.L.).

⁵⁷ Irving to J. H. Payne, [n.p.] June 20, 1825.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*

⁵⁹ Journal, 1825, August 5.

⁶⁰ *Idem*, August 8. Two days earlier Irving talked long and earnestly with Price in Payne's behalf. *Idem*, August 6.

⁶¹ This letter (H.E.H.) is dated "Tuesday evening, Paris." Since Irving would be likely to read the correspondence at once, and since he did read it late at night on Tuesday, August 16, 1825, it is safe to assume that this was the date of Payne's letter.

⁶² Here she witnessed a stage version of her novel *Frankenstein*.

⁶³ See her letters to Payne (H.E.H.).

⁶⁴ From the time of her husband's death in 1822, Mrs. Shelley's life was, on the whole, a melancholy one.

⁶⁵ Journal, 1825.

⁶⁶ J. H. Payne to Irving, Paris [August 16, 1825].

⁶⁷ See *Ibid.*

⁶⁸ J. H. Payne to Mrs. Shelley, London, June 24, 1825 (H.E.H.).

⁶⁹ J. H. Payne to Irving, Paris [August 16, 1825].

⁷⁰ Two letters from Mrs. Shelley to J. H. Payne [Kentish Town, May? 1825] (H.E.H.).

⁷¹ J. H. Payne to Mrs. Shelley [London, July, 1825] (H.E.H.).

⁷² Mrs. Shelley's spelling.

⁷³ Mrs. Shelley to J. H. Payne, Kentish Town, June 29 [1825] (H.E.H.).

⁷⁴ Mrs. Shelley to J. H. Payne, Kentish Town [July 28? 1825] (H.E.H.).

⁷⁵ Mrs. Shelley to J. H. Payne, [Kentish Town, July 29? 1825] (H.E.H.).

⁷⁶ Journal, 1824 (T.). Payne's letter to Irving implies that Irving and Mrs. Shelley were merely acquaintances, as do Mrs. Shelley's letters to Payne. Her first reference to him is "your American friend." [Kentish Town, October? 1824] (H.E.H.).

⁷⁷ Journal, July 17, 1824 (T.). Cf. *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary." This was probably Irving's first meeting with Mrs. Shelley. The editor of *The Romance of Mary W. Shelley* (Boston, 1907, p. 26) errs in naming October 17 as the date of this meeting. Irving was then in Paris.

⁷⁸ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," July 17, 1824. Mrs. Shelley was at work on her final novel, *The Last Man*. See Mrs. Julian Marshall, *The Life & Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* (London, 1889), II, 137.

⁷⁹ Journal, 1824 (T.).

⁸⁰ Apparently he mentions Mrs. Shelley but once in his correspondence, and then only to reprove Payne for informing her of his (Payne's) arrangements with Price. Madrid, February 26, 1826.

⁸¹ It would seem that the only successful part of the project was Beasley's steamboat service between Havre and Honfleur.

⁸² Irving described the perils of the business in a letter to C. B. Coles, Bordeaux, February 8, 1826 [?] (E.W.H.).

⁸³ *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," October 24, 1825.

⁸⁴ See *Washington Irving and the Storrrows. Letters from England and the Continent 1821-1828*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1933), pp. 40-45.

⁸⁵ This stood at the corner of the Rue d'Orléans and the Rue Esprit-de-Lois.

⁸⁶ *La Population de Bordeaux depuis le XVI^e siècle* (Bordeaux, 1912), p. 32.

⁸⁷ Henri Gradis, *Histoire de Bordeaux* (Paris, 1888), pp. 392, 395. See also *Les Anciennes familles dans la Gironde* (Bordeaux, 1895).

⁸⁸ See especially October 25, November 13, 1825, and January 7, 1826.

⁸⁹ See *Le Mémorial Bordelais*, February 21, 1826.

⁹⁰ Irving knew both Daniel Guestier (1755-1847), who, after a marriage into the Irish family of the Bartons, formed during the French revolution the wine merchants' firm of Barton and Guestier, and his son Pierre François Guestier (1793-1874). The latter married in 1818 the eldest daughter of William Johnston (1770-1821). Accounts of these families may be found in Pierre Bernadau, *Histoire de Bordeaux* (Bordeaux, 1840), chap. viii; *Almanach du département de la Gironde pour l'année 1825*; *Calendrier de la cour royale de Bordeaux pour l'année commune 1826*. These details have interest because of the present traditions in the families of Guestier and Barton concerning Irving's friendship. Undoubtedly some papers of Irving's were preserved in the family archives, but these were totally destroyed by fire on November 10, 1918. The house at No. 37 Cours du Pavé des Chartrons and the office at No. 35 are exactly as when Irving spent many days there in 1825 and 1826. A book furnishing details of the life of these families in Irving's time is the privately printed *Bi-centenaire de la maison Barton & Guestier* [Bordeaux 1925]. Irving's only English acquaintance in Bordeaux was apparently the novelist G. P. R. James.

⁹¹ This house, still standing, was Irving's residence when not at the château.

⁹² Irving to T. W. Storrow, Beycheville, October 4, 1825 (H.).

⁹³ Notebook, 1825.

⁹⁴ *Ibid.*

⁹⁵ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Beycheville, October 17, 1825 (H.).

⁹⁶ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Bordeaux, October 31, 1825 (H.).

⁹⁷ London newspapers described the uneasiness in the American trade. See the *Morning Chronicle*, October 26, 1825. For business distress in Birmingham, see *idem*, October 27. The *London Gazette*, October 29, 1825, announced under "Bankrupts": "SAMUEL WILLIAMS, of Finsbury-square, merchant." After this disaster Van Wart's fortune amounted to about £20,000.

⁹⁸ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Bordeaux, November 8, 1825 (H.).

⁹⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁰ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Bordeaux, December 2, 1825 (H.). Irving describes this period in considerable detail in this series of letters, which are now published in full. See *Washington Irving and the Storrows*, ed. Williams.

¹⁰¹ It is possible that Irving left this material with the Guestiers and that, with his other papers, it suffered destruction in the fire of 1918.

¹⁰² See II, 97.

¹⁰³ Quoted from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in the *Museum*, January-June, 1824.

¹⁰⁴ Journal, 1825, February 5.

¹⁰⁵ *Idem*, November 16.

¹⁰⁶ His only other writing was a brief flirtation with "a Bohemian story" and with a play called *Cavalier*. A brief outline of this play may be found in the Notebook, 1825.

¹⁰⁷ Notes on a buccaneer in New York City.

¹⁰⁸ "The Theatre"; "American Rural Life"; "American Scenery."

¹⁰⁹ See I, 106.

¹¹⁰ Paris, August 23, 1825 (W.T.). See I, 264.

¹¹¹ Notebook, 1825, dated Bordeaux, November 26, 1825.

¹¹² "The soul of sensibility cannot be distracted from the examination of itself. Its qualities, its vows, its wants, its destiny absorb all its thoughts. Always returning to this state of meditation, of privation, of secret fermentation, . . . to question and to know itself, to correct its faults, enjoy its dispositions, such is its sole

care and sole pleasure." From the *Bibliothèque universelle des romans* . . . (Paris, 1775-1789). Irving purchased the one hundred and twelve volumes of this series and made long excerpts from it in a small notebook, dated 1824 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹⁸ Journal, 1825.

¹¹⁴ Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, September 30, 1824. He warns against "a certain vivacity & quickness of intellect which often shows itself in boyhood. . . . A kind of poetical blossoming of the mind, which cannot be too greatly distrusted . . . when a boy shows early signs of this mental vivacity . . . care should instantly be taken to cultivate & strengthen the more solid & useful properties of the mind." See in the present work, I, 7.

¹¹⁵ Irving to P. P. Irving, Paris, December 7, 1824, March 29, 1829, P.M.I., II, 218-222, 233-238.

¹¹⁶ Notebook, 1825.

¹¹⁷ Journal, 1826, January 30 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹¹⁸ See chap. xiii, note 7.

¹¹⁹ Irving to J. H. Payne, Bordeaux, February 7, 1826.

¹²⁰ Journal, 1825, September 1.

¹²¹ P. Calderón de la Barca, *La niña de Gómez Arias*, Act III. See *Las comedias de D. Pedro Calderón* . . . (Leipzig, 1828), p. 410.

"Reina :

Bellísima Granada,
Ciudad de tantos rayos coronada,
Cuantos tus torres bellas
Sabén participar de las estrellas,
Y a cuyos riscos liberal se atreve
Tu sierra altiva á convertir en nieve."

CHAPTER XIII

¹ Irving apparently began the study of the language in Paris, in 1824. Journal, December 10 (N.Y.P.L.). He resumed this study in Madrid. Journal, 1826, March 18 (N.Y.P.L.). In 1842, Webster, then Secretary of State, considered his mastery of Spanish to be an important qualification for the post of Minister. Irving's opinions of the language have interest. See *Washington Irving and the Storrows. Letters from England and the Continent 1821-1828*, ed. S. T. Williams (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1933), pp. 114-115.

² Irving to T. W. Storrow, Bordeaux, February 3, 1826 (H.).

³ See *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 38 and footnote 1.

⁴ *The Alhambra*, p. 75. This passage Spanish writers have often translated ; e.g., " 'Desde mi primera juventud — escribio Washington Irving, — desde el día en que a orillas del Hudson puse por primera vez mis ojos sobre las páginas de las *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, ha sido esta ciudad. . . . ' " Ángel Ruiz, *La literatura española* (Madrid, 1916), II, 412.

⁵ "The Student of Salamanca." See in the present work, I, 204.

⁶ Notebook, 1825 (T.). This notebook, consisting of eighty pages, bears the heading "Spanish Literature." Apart from a few miscellaneous jottings, it is a record of Irving's reading, and contains lists of writers, with comments, and long excerpts from books, many of them in Spanish and German. The following indicate the nature of the entries, and of Irving's studies : "[9] *Fernandez de Acuña* [d. in Granada, 1580] — a minor poet of the 16 century friend of *Garcilaso de la Vega* [b. 1503 in Toledo, d. at Nice, 1536]. *Gutierra de Cetina* — lived about the same period — few of his poems have been printed, but from these few it is obvious that he had a fair chance of becoming the Anacreon of Spain. *Pedro de Padilla*

Knight of St Iago may be ranked in same class with Gutierrez. His poetry is still esteemed in Spain. . . . [11] *Louis (Ponce) de Leon* [b. 1527 in Belmonte de Cuenca, d. 1591] — Vide his life prefixed to his *Obras propias y traducciones* Valencia 1762 — or (which is better) a Biograph^e memoir prefixed to 6 vol of *Parnasso Español* Born at Granada thrown into prison by the inquisition for his translation of the Song of Solomon. Was confined for 5 years, without communication with any one — & in darkness. . . . vide Bouterwek *l.* 242. . . . [17] In the reign of Charles V the Spanish drama began to flourish. The only unadulterated source from which all authors have hitherto drawn their information relative to the earliest hist of the Span.^b drama is Cervantes well known preface to his *Ocho Comedias y [ocho] Entremeses* [nuevos, Madrid, 1615] an edition of which was published in 2 vols quarto by Blas Navarre, Madrid 1749 — (Schlegel says we find mention of the theatre in *Don Quixote*, in the conversation with the canonicos [Part I, chap. xlviii] — also in Cervantes preface to his later Dramas. . . .) . . . [18] *Lope de Rueda* [b. in Seville early in 16th century, d. 1565 in Cordova] called the great by Cervantes — . . . Juan de Cueva — author of *Learning & merit*. . . . [19] *Patrañas* (or Tales) of Juan Timoneda Sevilla 1583. . . . [22] *The Brothers Leonardo de Argensola* [Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola, 1562–1631, and Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, 1559–1613] — about the time of Lope de Vega. . . . [30] *Mariana* the Historian His diction faultless, descriptions picturesque. . . . *Quevedo* [Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Villegas, 1580–1645]. . . . [39] *La Huerta* [Vicente García de la Huerta, 1734–1787] — vide his *Rachel*. . . . [45] Schlegel in a note mentions a *Don Quixote* (play) by Calderon which is lost; was there such a play? [Sanz attributes to Calderon a play *Don Quixote*, published in 1691]. . . . [57] *El idioma Español es el que el día de hoy abunda de mas voces extrañas, á causa de la infinidad de naciones diferentes, que ó la dominaron, ó vinieron á ella, ó han sido sujetadas de sus armas. No por otra razon es tan difícil hallar la etymología, y origen de muchas voces Españolas. Martin Sarmiento [1695–1772] Memorias para la Historia de la Poesia y Poetas Españoles. . . . [67] VELASQUEZ *Origenes de la poesia castellana*. . . . [72] Velasquez attributes to Lope de Vega principally the corruption of the Spanish Drama. . . . [80] Guerra de Granada por Diego de Mendoza [Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, Lisbon, 1627].”*

Although the separate entries are undated, it is clear that the notebook reflects Irving's reading during 1825 and possibly during 1826. His chief sources were Friedrich Bouterwek, *Geschichte der Künste und Wissenschaften* . . . Dritter Band (Göttingen, 1804); A. W. Schlegel, *Lecciones de literatura dramática*; and Martin Sarmiento, *Memorias para la historia de la poesia, y poetas españoles* (Madrid, 1775). He was evidently attempting a general survey of Spanish literature, but the allusions to Moorish themes, as early as 1826, are significant.

⁷ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Bordeaux, February 3, 1826. “I have made acquaintance here with Moratin, the most celebrated Spanish dramatic writer of the present day. He is an old gentleman of amiable & simple manners, and is living here in a kind of exile, having been of the wrong party in politics. His comedies are charming — At least as far as I have read in them, and you had better purchase a copy of them as they are published in paris in Spanish.” This was Leandro Fernández de Moratín (1760–1828), son of Nicolás Fernández de Moratín (1737–1780). His *El sí de las niñas*, of which Irving was especially fond, was first produced on January 2, 1806. No other record of his meeting with Irving has survived. Moratín died in Paris in 1828.

⁸ See I, 272. Throughout these years Irving was reading the plays of Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600–1681). See Journal, 1825, 1826 (N.Y.P.L.), and Notebook, 1825, *passim*. He sent to Paris particularly for the comedies of Calderón. One by-product of his frequent discussions of Calderón with Peter and others was his interest in a lost play. “Medwin,” he wrote in his journal on March 16, 1825, “breakfastd with me . . . talked of Spanish Literature. . . . Speaks of a play by Calderon called sometimes ‘El Embozado’ and at other times ‘El Capotado.’

L[or]d B[yr]on] thot of writing something on it. Medw[in] promised to procure me a Ms. he had written on the subject." On March 24 Irving thought of a plan for a dramatic work based on this story, and on the next day sketched the plot. *Journal*, 1825, March 24, 25. The original play itself Irving was never able to find, although in Spain he enlisted the aid of able collectors. He merely heard of but never saw a play supposed to be called the *Embozado de Córdoba*.

Irving's notes for the play have survived, and in the Notebook, 1825, are also the memoranda of the story, taken down from Medwin or copied from the promised manuscript. (The suggestion of the editors of *The Journals of Washington Irving*, Boston, 1919, II, 103, that the lost play by Calderón was *El escondido y la tapada* is ill-founded.)

Professor T. O. Mabbott recently made the discovery that this story was used by Irving in a brief essay called *An Unwritten Drama of Lord Byron*, which he published in *The Gift. A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1836*, edited by Miss Leslie, printed by E. L. Carey and A. Hart, in Philadelphia, in 1835. See the *Americana Collector*, November, 1925, and also *An Unwritten Drama of Lord Byron*, by Washington Irving, with an introduction by Thomas Ollive Mabbott (Metuchen, New Jersey, 1925). See also the *New-York Mirror*, October 17, 1835, and H. E. Thorner, "Hawthorne, Poe, and a Literary Ghost," *New England Quarterly*, March, 1934. I may add that the story as related by Irving in *The Gift* is merely a polished repetition of the notes received from Medwin, with the addition of an opening sentence and two concluding paragraphs.

Professor Mabbott, in his introduction, points out that the presence of this sketch in *The Gift* may indicate the source of Edgar Allan Poe's "William Wilson," whose central idea has often been ascribed to a drama by Calderón. Since in this very issue of *The Gift* Poe published another tale, he must have seen Irving's sketch and may have taken his idea for "William Wilson" from Irving's version of *El embozado* (person hooded or masked), a story of a brilliant and dissipated Spaniard pursued and baffled by a phantom of himself. Moreover, on November 6, 1839, Irving, at Poe's request, sent him a criticism of "William Wilson." Hervey Allen, *Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, 1927), II, 457. In Irving the idea may be readily linked with his interest in the supernatural, and it seems probable that he was still concerned with the same striking idea when Don Manuel "lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself." "Don Juan: A Spectral Research," first published in the *Knickerbocker*, March, 1841.

⁹ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825, p. 59.

¹⁰ Notebook, 1825.

¹¹ Printed guides for Spain in 1826 are rare, but a description of the "Compañía de diligencias generales" and of the familiar route which Irving followed may be found in the guides of some years later. See F. de P. Mellado, *Guía del viajero en España* (Madrid, 1852), p. 163, "De Madrid á Bayona."

¹² Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, February 23, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 270.

¹³ For an interesting account of the traveling conditions in Spain at about this time, see C. E. Farnham, "American Travellers in Spain," *Romanic Review*, XIII (1922), 44-64; 252-262; 305-330. For a summary of Irving's contribution to the travel literature concerning Spain, see Arturo Farinelli, *Viajes por España y Portugal* . . . (Madrid, 1921), p. 364.

¹⁴ *Journal*, 1826, February 10-15. An English traveler, entering Spain from the north, four years later, comments on the romantic perils of the journey to Madrid, but adds: "In no part of Europe is it possible to travel with so much comfort, or with so great rapidity, as by the Spanish Courier. The coach is more commodious and roomy than an English private carriage . . . two passengers only are admitted inside: another is admitted into the cabriolet along with the guards. The coach is drawn by four mules, which are kept at a gallop the whole way, up hill and

down hill; and the road from Bayonne to Madrid, is generally as smooth as the very best roads in England. I ascertained that the rate of travelling exceeded twelve miles an hour." H. D. Inglis, *Spain in 1830* (London, 1831), I, 5-6. For descriptions of the towns through which Irving passed, see *idem*, I, 1-43. Other travelers, such as Irving's friend Mackenzie, are less eulogistic, but it was a relatively easy journey, very different from Irving's travels in 1828 in the vicinities of Granada, Ronda, and Málaga. See the detailed accounts of the northern route in 1834 in [Alexander Slidell Mackenzie] *Spain Revisited* (New York, 1836), II, 235-307. The only complete account of this journey from Irving's own pen is contained in a letter to his little friend Susan Storow, Madrid, February 26, 1826 (H.).

The Fonda del Angel, Irving's lodging place in the Calle Montera, not far from the Puerta del Sol, is no longer standing. The Fonda San Luis, a favorite haunt of his, has also disappeared.

¹⁵ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, February 23, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, pp. 270-271.

¹⁶ See Washington Irving, *Letters from Sunnyside and Spain*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1928). This building Mesonero Romanos calls "el ostentoso palacio de Buenavista, que hoy ocupa el Ministerio de la Guerra, obra verdaderamente régia." It commands a view of one of the most beautiful sections of Madrid. See Ramón de Mesonero Romanos, *El antiguo Madrid* . . . (Madrid, 1881), II, 89.

¹⁷ Ferdinand VII endeavored to repair the damage incurred in Madrid during the French occupation. He sponsored the completion of the Museum of the Prado, and assisted in the establishment and improvement of the Real Sitio del Buen Retiro, the Museo Militar y Parque de Artillería, and the Casino de la Reina, with its gardens. The famous decade called "Calomardina" (1823-1833), whose middle years saw Irving in Madrid, was distinguished by many developments in schools, colleges, and museums. New buildings and new streets appeared. There were finished: the Teatro de Oriente, the Puerta de Toledo, the cavalry barracks, near the Palace, the Bolsa de Comercio, and a statue of Cervantes. Mesonero Romanos, *El antiguo Madrid*, I, 115-119.

¹⁸ Fourteen years before Irving's arrival, Wellington received his ovation from the Spaniards in the Puerta del Sol. Here had been held the great gatherings on September 28, 1816, at the entrance of Princess Maria Isabel of Braganza, the second wife of Ferdinand VII, and also at that of his third wife, Maria Josephine Amelia of Saxony in 1819. At about this time it became, instead of a plaza of celebrations, "el gran teatro de la vida pública; el forum matritense de los tribunos populares; el Capitolio de los héroes de circunstancias." Mesonero Romanos, *El antiguo Madrid*, II, 121. See also Antonio Velasco Zazo, *Aneles y rutinas de Madrid* (Madrid, 1919), pp. 71-74.

¹⁹ Irving to Susan Storow, Madrid, February 26, 1826.

²⁰ In 1812, in this square were raised triumphal arches to receive the victorious troops of England, Spain, and Portugal, and it was then rechristened the Plaza de la Constitución. In 1823, it became the Plaza Real. Mesonero Romanos, *El antiguo Madrid*, I, 284. Irving must have known this square well, since the Real Academia de la Historia, at the time of his election (1828), was located here. An interesting history of the plaza up to the year of Irving's final departure from Spain and later is contained in Ricardo Sepúlveda, *Madrid viejo* . . . (Madrid, 1887), pp. 235-263.

²¹ See [Alexander Slidell Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain* (3d ed., enlarged, New York, 1836), I, 130-136, and chaps. v-x. This work was dedicated to Alexander H. Everett. Mackenzie's book is valuable as an extremely full record of the manners and customs of the country in the very year in which Irving began his sojourn there. *A Year in Spain* won Mackenzie the hostility of the Spanish government, but in 1836 he wrote *Spain Revisited*—an inferior book. Alexander Slidell, or Mackenzie (1803-1848), a commander in the United States Navy, attained fame

in England and America by these two anonymous books on Spain. The Peninsula was a popular subject, and Mackenzie's descriptive talent was marked. He was a reserved but kindly companion, and his presence in Madrid benefited Irving. See *Journal*, 1826, 1827, November 19, January 23, February 5, and *passim* (N.Y.P.L.). Irving reviewed *A Year in Spain* in the *London Quarterly* for February, 1831. This book was his constant solace during his last illness, in 1859. For further accounts of Irving's friendship with Mackenzie, see chap. xiii, note 105. Mackenzie died in Tarrytown in 1848.

²² See Inglis, *op. cit.*, I, 65-111; and *Madrid in 1835: Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula*, by a Resident Officer (New York, 1836), pp. 57-66. Both these books furnish details of life in Madrid during Irving's stay, but are far less suggestive and accurate than Mackenzie's.

²³ In 1842 Irving lived on or very near the Calle Mayor, for his rooms overlooked the small square now called the Plaza de Villa. From 1826 to 1828 he traversed the Calle Mayor many times, for it constituted the direct route from the Puerta del Sol to the Palace. Even in 1826 it was a street of noble memories. In the seventeenth century it was an *alameda*, or public walk. Lope de Vega had once lived at Number 82, and Calderón at Number 95. "Por esta calle," says Sepúlveda, "han desfilado todas las pompas de la monarquía, todas las comitivas de Reyes en su entrada y salida de Madrid." See "La Calle Mayor," Sepúlveda, *op. cit.*, pp. 193-214.

²⁴ See chaps. xxi-xxiv. Irving visited the Royal Palace twice during his first month in Madrid (*Journal*, 1826, February 22 and March 10), and many other times during this stay in the city.

²⁵ Irving was interested in the political questions of the day, but his journal reflects his preoccupation with his literary labors. His comments on current issues are few, compared with those of later years. This is emphasized by contrast with the searching analytical judgments of Ticknor, written about eight years earlier. Cf. the latter's comment on Ferdinand VII, "a vulgar blackguard"; on the corruption of justice; on the worthlessness of public institutions; on Spanish education, customs, and amusements. "The highest class of all is deplorable. I can conceive nothing more monotonous, gross, and disgraceful than their manner of passing their day and their life." *George Ticknor's Travels in Spain*, ed. G. T. Northup, University of Toronto Studies (Philological Series, No. 2, [Toronto] 1913), pp. 27-36. See also *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 200-214.

²⁶ See Ramón de Mesonero Romanos, *Manual de Madrid. Descripción de la corte y de la villa* (Madrid, 1831), *passim*.

²⁷ The Teatro de la Cruz and the Teatro del Príncipe each seated about fifteen hundred people. The first half of the pit had rows of seats called *lunetas*. The galleries consisted of private boxes. Except in one small section near the ceiling, known as the *tertulia*, the men in the public parts of the house were apart from the women. Directly in front of the stage, separated from the rest of the theater, was the *cazuela*, reserved solely for women. The actors offered, besides Spanish productions, many translations from the French. In 1826, the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderón were frequently performed, especially the latter. A popular play of Calderón's in this year was *A secreto agravio, secreta venganza*, from which Irving had made excerpts in his Notebook, 1825. At the Cruz acted García Luna; at the Príncipe, Guzmán and La Torre, the greatest Spanish tragedian of the day, trained in the traditions of Talma. Besides these dramas, Italian operas were offered at the same theaters, at which Irving was a regular attendant (*Journal*, 1826, October, November, December). The musical skits, the *tonadillas* and *seguidillas*, Irving does not mention. See [Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain*, pp. 198-210.

²⁸ Irving to Peter Irving, Paris, July 15, 1805, P.M.I., I, 148.

²⁹ President Andrew Jackson.

³⁰ Irving to A. H. Everett, Alhambra, July 22, 1829, P.M.I., II, 400-401.

³¹ At about this time Everett told Irving that he felt a strong temptation to fix his residence in London or Paris and devote himself to letters. A. H. Everett to Irving, Madrid, July 28, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

³² Everett, after graduation from Harvard in 1806, studied law in the office of John Quincy Adams, with whom he later spent two years as private secretary attached to the United States Legation in St. Petersburg. From 1818 to 1824 he was *Chargé d'Affaires* at The Hague, where Irving visited him in 1822. In 1825, he was placed in charge of the Legation in Spain. He was thus already, when associated with Irving at Madrid, a conspicuous political leader, as well as an author of merit, having published *Europe* (1822), *New Ideas on Population* (1823), and various articles in the *North American Review*. He continued both his public and his literary careers until his death in 1847, his two volumes of *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* appearing in 1845-1846.

The friendship of Everett and Irving was bound up in their literary interests. Irving thought his friend had "a terribly keen searching eye in literature" (Irving to Everett, Seville, May 7, 1828, P.M.I., II, 315), and was strongly influenced by his criticism. One of the most interesting proofs of his esteem for Everett is a letter in behalf of his book *America*. This letter is long, eulogistic, and sincere. "I understand," he wrote the indifferent Murray, "from Mr. Everett that he has offered you his book on America for publication, but that you have declined undertaking it. . . . His work appears to me to abound with new and extensive views; and ingenious and animated speculations; there are some public characters sketched with great spirit and candour. . . . The style is at all times clear, expressive, flowing and harmonious, and often possesses great vigour and eloquence. . . . As to Mr. Everett himself, . . . he greatly resembles his brother [Edward Everett]. . . . Like him he is an accomplished scholar, and remarkable for the variety, extent and accuracy of his information. . . . Mr. Everett has been for several years in diplomatic situations at various courts of Europe and I should not be surprised if before long he should be transferred to the court of St. James." Irving to John Murray, Madrid, January 14, 1828 (J.M.). Everett did not go to St. James's, but Murray published the book. For an instance of Everett's services to Irving, see I, 337-338.

³³ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 25, 1826 (H.).

³⁴ For an account of Navarrete, see chap. xiii, note 48. The volumes of Navarrete's history appeared as follows: I (1825), II (1825), III (1829, with Introduction discussing Irving's biography), IV (1837), and V (1837).

³⁵ A. H. Everett to Henry Clay, Madrid, March 25, 1826, United States Legation, Madrid, Official Papers, 1826 to 1827, No. 28, Duplicate. Everett referred to the first volumes of Navarrete's book. The copies which he purchased were in two volumes, quarto, and were part of a small number printed on large paper and sold for the moderate price of eight dollars per set.

³⁶ See C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 272. See M. Romera-Navarro, *El hispanismo en Norte-América*, "Introducción" and "Los precursores," pp. 15-87. See also the letters of Ticknor, Prescott, and others.

³⁷ Although the records of the American Embassy seem to offer no evidence that Irving was attached to the Legation during the tenure of Everett, he was unquestionably a member of its staff. Everett's letter of appointment, which Irving received on January 30, 1826, is lost, but Irving mentions the appointment in the journal for that day and also, in the acceptance which he wrote from Bordeaux on January 31 (P.M.I., II, 248-249). In addition, Everett wrote Sparks: "I . . . have given him, for the honor of letters and the credit of the country, the character of *attaché à la légation*." A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, Madrid, April 19, 1826, H. B. Adams, *The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks* (Boston, 1893), I, 286.

³⁸ For Irving's tributes to Rich, see Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, May 7,

1828, P.M.I. II, 316; Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, February 23, 1826, April 21, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, pp. 269, 272.

³⁹ *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Preface, p. 2.

⁴⁰ Obadiah Rich (1783–1850) had been consul at Valencia, and afterwards, during Irving's service as Minister to Spain (1842–1846), he was consul at Port Mahon, and the recipient of many dispatches from Irving. Consular and Miscellaneous Letters, 1840 to 1847 (American Embassy, Madrid), letters of August 19, 1842, November 14, 1842, June 11, 1843, April 19, 1845, etc. He was not actually consul at Madrid, as usually stated, until about the time of Irving's arrival. Everett's letter to Henry Clay, Madrid, April 9, 1826, indicates his status: "Mr. Rich's employment as acting Secretary of the Legation terminated with the close of the last quarter. . . . I consider him a valuable public servant as well as an upright industrious and intelligent man. Should the Government ever establish at this place any such employment as Consul General or agent for claims with a Salary, similar to the offices of that kind at London and Paris, Mr. Rich is the person who should on every account be invested with it." United States Legation, Madrid, Official Papers, 1826 to 1827, No. 30, Duplicate. Rich evidently had harassing experiences with the Spanish customs authorities in his avocation of book collecting. An interesting and acrimonious correspondence exists concerning such an incident between Everett, Rich, and Salmón, Principal Secretary of State to the Spanish Government. See *idem*, 1827–1828, Salmón to Everett, January 27, 1827, Everett to Salmón, February 9, 1827, Obadiah Rich to Everett, February 9, 1827.

The precise nature of Rich's superb library may be comprehended from catalogues, partly compiled by himself. See O. Rich, *Bibliotheca Americana nova* . . . (London and New York, 1835) . . . Part I, 1701–1800; Additions and Corrections (London, 1841); Vol. II of same, 1801–1830, 2 parts (London, 1844); *Bibliotheca* . . . 2 vols. (London, 1846). A plan to publish a *Bibliotheca Americana vetus* was not carried out. Rich's library was sold by Prittick and Simpson on June 25, 1850, and on April 30, 1872. An interesting description of this library may be found in J. Sabin, *A Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time* . . . (New York, 1868—), XVII, 206–210. Rich lived near the Prado just off Alcalá. The exact location cannot be named since Irving, as in this case, almost never said definitely where he himself lived. His letters were addressed to the American Legation. Irving speaks of this house, where he spent nearly two years, as in the midst of the city, but emphasizes its quiet: "We are buried in the very depths of a great rambling Spanish house; our windows look upon a small garden, three parts of which are surrounded by the house. Our windows open to the floor with iron grates to them, through one of which we have a wicket by which we can enter the garden. We have the stillness of a cloister, with now and then the bell of a neighbouring convent to help the illusion." Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, February 23, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 271. Socially, this house and Rich's later abode were meeting places for Americans in Madrid. Here came Longfellow and others. About November 15, Rich and his tenants moved to another part of the city, presumably Atocha. In this house the Riches occupied the first floor, the Irvings the second. Irving to Susan Storrow, Madrid, December 28, 1826 (H.). This letter contains a detailed account of the new domestic establishment.

⁴¹ February 16.

⁴² Irving to C. R. Leslie, April 21, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 272.

⁴³ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, April 14, 1826 (H.).

⁴⁴ Although Irving was not actually in want, it is certain that throughout the composition of the *Columbus* he felt constant financial anxiety. His letters to Storrow refer repeatedly to the need of money, and this uneasiness motivated in no small measure his unceasing labor. He and Henry Van Wart had invested heavily in copper mines. Their chief agent was a Mr. Myers, an honorable but oversanguine business man. Between February and October Irving experienced

concerning this investment complete ignorance, grave fears, and high hopes for the outcome. In the meantime, for expenses, he drew upon Storrow, who was repaid by Van Wart, who, in turn, was satisfied by Irving's brothers in New York, where reposed to the author's credit a few thousand dollars, his sole buffer against poverty. In so complicated a personal ledger there were frequent and irritating blunders. A passage in a letter to Storrow of August 31, 1826, describes a typical mood of Irving's in money matters: "I am infinitely chagrined at the situation of my account with you. By your letter it appears Mr Van Wart had not made the arrangement for your drawing on him which I requested. . . . I can only presume that he is daily expecting remittances from New York, & defers writing until he can inform me my request is complied with. I wrote several months since to my brother in New York . . . requesting him to remit you 200 £ sterling immediately as I intended to draw on you. . . . I have had no letter from him for months.

"By this seeming neglect of my brother and brother in law . . . I am left in a very unpleasant predicament. . . . [I am] doubly mortified and distressed." All this did not make for Irving's peace of mind. "I must," he said doggedly, "drive my pen hard to make up for these drawbacks." Irving to T. W. Storrow, July 9, 1826 (H.). See also letters of February 3, 1826, March 30, 1826, June 12, 1826, July 12, 1826, August 16, 1826, August 31, 1826, and October 26, 1826 (H.).

⁴⁵ Journal, 1826, 1827, *passim*.

⁴⁶ The important factor in the commencement of such a work was that Navarrete had made the materials available. See I, 322. Irving, a foreigner, could never have seen all the manuscripts. The difficulties of the scholar in Spain are well summed up by Pascual de Gayangos (see II, 115) in a letter to Prescott: "The State Paper Office is a disgrace to this country. Not only it requires great favour to obtain admission; but when admitted, the papers are only trusted into your hands after a succession of ridiculous formalities, and when you have distinctly stated the nature, contents, date, etc., of the paper you want. If to this be added that most of the papers are in the most lamentable state of confusion. . . ." London, February 2, 1843, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 335.

⁴⁷ *George Ticknor's Travels in Spain*, p. 34.

⁴⁸ The relations of Navarrete and Irving, culminating as late as 1841 in a charge against the latter of plagiarism, are discussed on II, 299-302. At the time of Irving's arrival in Spain, Don Martín Fernández de Navarrete (1765-1844) was at the crest of his career. This had included much practical and dangerous service in the Spanish navy, and literary honors of the highest character. Navarrete was a skilled navigator, and also an able scholar. He composed in 1815 his *Disertación histórica sobre la parte que tuvieron los españoles en las guerras de Ultramar ó de las cruzadas*. . . . In 1819 he published his *Vida de Miguel de Cervantes*, and in 1825, his *Colección de los viages*, which brought Irving to Spain. A good biography of Navarrete does not exist, but an essay on him may be found in *Galería de españoles célebres contemporáneos* (Madrid, 1852), II, 1-24. See also *Biografía de D. Martín Fernández de Navarrete* (Madrid, 1848), p. 20. Irving saw Navarrete frequently during 1826 and 1827 (Journal, *passim*), and was in correspondence with him as late as 1831. Navarrete to Irving, Madrid, April 1, 1831 (N.Y.P.L.). Their names were frequently linked by Spaniards after the publication of Irving's book. See *Galería* . . . , p. 22; Duflot de Mofras, *Mendoza et Navarrete, Notices biographiques* (Paris, 1845), p. 26; *Historia de la vida y viajes de Cristóbal Colón*, . . . traducida al castellano por D. José García de Villalta (Madrid, 1833-1834), Prólogo; *Semanario Pintoresco*, December 15, 1844; Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, "De los historiadores de Colón," *Estudios de crítica literaria* (2ª serie, Madrid, 1895), pp. 201ff.

The attack on Irving in 1841 raises the question concerning the friendliness of the two historians during Irving's composition of the *Columbus*, but there is no evi-

dence that there was enmity. Irving owed many kindnesses to Navarrete, among them his election to the Real Academia de la Historia, in December, 1828 (Navarrete was then president). Few other records of the association of Navarrete and Irving have survived. The mass of Navarrete's documents in the Depósitos Hidráulicos (Dirección General de Navegación) in Madrid make no allusion to Irving, and the Ministerio de la Marina possesses only a biographical sketch of Navarrete, which mentions Irving in conventional fashion. The various manuscripts of Navarrete in the Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid, contain no allusion to Irving. The family records at Logroño include merely a presentation copy to Navarrete from Irving of the *Columbus*.

⁴⁹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, March 15, 1826 (H.). This report came from Leslie, to whom Irving had written concerning his plan before leaving Bordeaux.

⁵⁰ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, March 30, 1826.

⁵¹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, April 14, 1826. Irving's final resolution was thus formed more painfully, from more definite reasons, and later than has been generally supposed. The letters between February 26 and April 14 show him in much confusion of mind; he had actually tried out the plan of the translation on the publishers; and late in March, he was still undecided. His previous biographers have assumed that an entry in the journal, March 25, 1826, proclaimed his change of purpose. Presumably his phrase "Wrote a little at life of Columbus" meant merely the sketches of certain difficult parts which might test the merits of his plan. See *idem*, March 27: "Rewrote article abt Columbus."

⁵² *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Preface, pp. 1-2.

⁵³ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, April 21, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 273.

⁵⁴ See II, 56.

⁵⁵ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, April 21, 1826, C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 273.

⁵⁶ A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, Madrid, April 19, 1826, H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, I, 285-286.

⁵⁷ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, April 14, 1826.

⁵⁸ Journal, 1826, May 14, 20.

⁵⁹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, June 12, 1826.

⁶⁰ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 9, 1826.

⁶¹ A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, Madrid, April 19, 1826, H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, I, 286.

⁶² Irving was presented to Ferdinand VII on March 18, 1826. This simple meeting was in marked contrast to the formal ceremony of his presentation to Isabella II, on August 1, 1842. See II, 140-142.

⁶³ See Journal, 1826, 1827, *passim*.

⁶⁴ Until the publication of the *Columbus* Irving as a man of letters was practically unknown in Spain. Spaniards knew vaguely that he was a writer, but sometimes confused him with Cooper. A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, April 19, 1826, H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, I, 286. It is improbable that any version of Irving's writings appeared in Spain prior to *Tareas de un solitario* (see II, 126-127). No evidence in his journal or in Spanish contemporary sources suggests that he was known between 1826 and 1828 to distinguished writers such as Francisco Martínez Marina, Don Juan Nicasio Gallego, Manuel José Quintana, or Diego Clemencín.

⁶⁵ Irving could have found little to interest him in the Retiro save his own thoughts. It differed utterly from the present umbrageous Parque de Madrid. He was evidently attracted by the solitude and the distant prospects. Mackenzie thought the place without attraction (*A Year in Spain*, I, 162); and it bored English visitors, though these admitted the charms which beguiled Irving. "My evening walk in Madrid was more frequently to the Retiro than to the Prado; this is a vast and ill-laid out garden and shrubbery, three or four miles in circumference, situated upon an elevation behind the Prado . . . I frequently walked to the Retiro for the sole purpose of looking at the glorious sky, and the gorgeous

sun-set. . . . From the Retiro, the eye ranges over nothing but a desert, bounded on one side by the *Sierra Guadarama*, on the other by the Toledo mountains ; and Madrid, standing alone in the midst of this treeless and lifeless plain, seemed, when the setting sun flamed upon its domes and spires, to have been placed there by enchantment." Inglis, *op. cit.*, I, 96-97. It is a Frenchman who is more acrid : "Planté il y a quinze ans, il a passé à Madrid pour une merveille. Je n'y ai vu que de vilaines fabriques chinoises, qui ressemblent à ce qu'on voit partout : pas un arbre n'y donne une ombre épaisse ; la végétation y est maigre et pauvre. Enfin c'est une des plus arides, des plus mesquines et des plus sottes promenades que je connaisse. On dit que la reine est de mon avis, au grand scandale des habitants de Madrid." Marquis de Custine, *L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII* (Paris, 1838), I, 287. In the Museum of the Prado, which already had, in Irving's day, its most notable acquisitions, he studied particularly the Murillos and Titians. Journal, 1826, March 14.

⁶⁶ Cf. Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, April 14, 1826 : "The little garden before our windows [is] in full verdure & the roses beginning to bloom. I am quite undisturbed by society : never dine out except now & then at Mr Everetts and have no evening parties to molest me. A walk about sundown in the beautiful garden of the Retiro, is our evenings refreshment, after which we generally take tea with the family of Mr Rich, in the other wing of the house, and go to roost before ten o'clock."

⁶⁷ One of the most interesting manuscripts in the collection of Irving letters in Harvard University is a joint letter to Susan and Minny Storrow, the two small daughters of his friend. Irving first wrote a letter to Susan and then across the face of this letter, at right angles, composed another, in red ink, to Minny. Some of Irving's most delightful letters to children were written between 1826 and 1829. See *Washington Irving and the Storrows*, ed. Williams, pp. 84-87. See also his letters to Kate Storrow, youthful daughter of Sarah Paris Storrow (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York).

⁶⁸ Perhaps the original of the "Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses," *The Alhambra*, pp. 318-348.

⁶⁹ A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, Madrid, April 19, 1826, H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, I, 286.

⁷⁰ During Irving's homesickness for the Storrows he passed much time in the household of M. d'Oubril, the Minister to Spain from Russia. Madame d'Oubril, in particular, who insisted on Irving's living a more social life, and her niece, Mademoiselle Antoinette Bolviller, helped him to forget Columbus for a few hours. See especially Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, January 22, 1828, P.M.I., II, 274 ; and to the same, in recollection of "the house of the D'Oubrils," Madrid, October 18, 1842, *idem*, III, 253. D'Oubril was, in 1826, an important figure in the diplomatic life of Madrid. See United States Legation, Madrid, Official Papers, 1826 to 1827, A. H. Everett to Henry Clay, Madrid, February 13, 1826, etc. George Washington Montgomery was attached to the Legation as translator. See II, 126-127. See also *idem*, A. H. Everett to Henry Clay, Madrid, January 8, 1826 ; and Journal, 1826, *passim*.

⁷¹ The Marchioness of Yrugo had been before her marriage a Philadelphian.

⁷² Irving's interest in this relic was due not to the beauty of the armor, which moved Mackenzie to a description of nearly a page (*A Year in Spain*, I, 175), but to his half-formed resolution to write of this Moorish king. Throughout his stay in Spain he manifested the same interest in all personal relics of Boabdil, such as his picture in the Generalife, the walled-up gate in the Alhambra, and *el Suspiro del Moro*. See *The Conquest of Granada*, *passim*.

⁷³ Irving was disappointed in securing suggestions for Payne from the drama in Madrid. He would have agreed with Ticknor (1818) that "the theatre is subsisting on the most meagre and undistinguishing translations of all that succeeds at Paris." *George Ticknor's Travels in Spain*, p. 34.

⁷⁴ The Plaza de Toros was, at this time, on an eminence just outside the

Alcalá gate. For this spectacle Irving several times gave up his evening walks in the Retiro, and probably saw the popular heroes of the day, the matadors "el Sombrero" and the sturdy Manuel Romanero. It is evident that he passed through a common experience of the American in Spain, from loathing to toleration and, finally, frequent attendance. "Depend upon it," he wrote of bullfights, "it is neither the better nor the braver parts of our nature that is gratified by them. There appears to me a mixture of cowardice and ferocity in looking on in selfish security and enjoying the perils and sufferings of others. The 'divinity that dwells within us' has nothing to do with pleasures of the kind, they belong to our earthly, our gross and savage nature. I have sunk considerably in my own estimation since I have found I could derive gratification from these sights." Irving to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Seville, May 28, 1828, P.M.I., II, 320. The hanging of criminals took place in the Plazuela de la Cebada, reached by the Calle Toledo.

⁷⁵ "A number of muleteers were teasing two girls – chasing them – throwing stones at them – One overtook one of the girls & was pulling her about rather rudely when a young soldier (who perhaps was her *cher ami*) came up, drew his sabre & struck the muleteer in the head – The latter drew off, and . . . found . . . that he was wounded. . . . His companions came up furious – A soldier on duty with a musket & bayonet approached – the soldier who had wounded the muleteer scampered. A companion of his kept the muleteers in check & covered his retreat. A muleteer in revenge attacked the other girl – I pushed him back – He was about to attack me when the young soldier's companion stepped in in my defence – The soldier on duty finally interfered & ordered back the muleteers & we continued our walk." Journal, 1826, March 20.

⁷⁶ P.M.I., II, 253. This meeting was the real beginning of an affection destined to end only after the last illness of Irving and in the protective biography of 1862–1864. The reunion for Irving meant more than seeing again the "very promising boy," now, he had been told, "very clever and very amiable." The eleven years' absence had included some reproaches, even from his family, about his alleged indifference to home, and in seeing Pierre, he somehow reunited himself with his brothers. His anxiety for the meeting, when he learned Pierre was in Spain, was increased by the slightly disconcerting knowledge that his brothers had not bothered to inform him of the journey. Irving liked his future "coy biographer," as C. D. Warner called him. See Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, June 12, and to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, July 9, 1826 (H.).

⁷⁷ Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

⁷⁸ Irving to John Murray, Madrid, December 21, 1826 (J.M.).

⁷⁹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, August 16, 1826.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

⁸¹ Journal, 1826, December 31.

⁸² For an account of Irving's life in the D'Oubril family, see his letter to Prince Dolgorouki, Madrid, January 22, 1828, P.M.I., II, 273.

⁸³ Journal, 1827, January 17, April 14.

⁸⁴ Alexander Slidell Mackenzie aided Irving in this work. Journal, 1827, February 15, 16.

⁸⁵ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall [Madrid, July 29, 1827] (H.E.H.). This anxiety is also evident in his communications to Storrow, e.g.: "It is an important affair for me, for on the success of this work so much of my future comfort and I may say my future subsistence depends." Madrid, July 9, 1827 (H.).

⁸⁶ Journal, 1827, March 6, 10. See also January 9, 10, 18, 19, 21; February 11.

⁸⁷ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 9, 1827.

⁸⁸ Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, Madrid, May 5, 1827 (H.). This mood persisted throughout Irving's stay in Madrid. See letter to the same, Madrid, December 1, 1827: "Would to heavens we had your fire side to resort to, that we might have a little social and domestic life to vary the monotony of study and labour. I have found nothing to compensate for the loss of it. I have endeavoured

to find something of the kind in Madrid, but there is no home scene here where my feelings take anchorage. I think if I could combine the days of constant literary application which I pass here, with the delightful domestic evenings I used to pass at your fire side I should be perfectly contented."

⁸⁹ "My brother Peter who looks over my Manuscript is too partial a judge; he approves of things which I find it necessary afterwards completely to correct and alter." Irving to Henry Brevoort, Madrid, April 4, 1827 (N.Y.P.L.). For Irving's anxiety about Peter's health at this time, see his letters to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 26, 1827 (H.), and Mrs. Storrow, Madrid, May 5, 1827. Irving describes his brother's reasons for coming to Madrid in the letter to A. H. Everett, Bordeaux, January 31, 1826.

⁹⁰ W. C. Preston, *Manuscript Autobiography* (University of South Carolina).

⁹¹ During 1826 and 1827 Irving continued to be a popular author. Reprints of his books appeared and were reviewed. "The Contented Man," which he had written in Paris in 1824, was published in the *New York American*, December 22, 1826, and the same newspaper (May 30, 1826) recorded his election, together with Washington Allston, as honorary member of "The Bread and Cheese Lunch." In England Irving's reputation remained substantial. "The Contented Man" appeared in the London *Literary Souvenir* (1827), pp. 1-9.

⁹² The misunderstanding which this correspondence reflects was due chiefly to faulty mail service. The last letter Brevoort had received from Irving was dated May 29, 1825. The last letter he had written to Irving was dated November 14, 1825. This letter Irving never received, and communication between the two friends ceased. I have been unable to locate the letter to Ebenezer Irving, to which Brevoort alludes. Irving, in reply to the letter quoted on I, 315, said: "I can hardly regret that what I said in my letter to my Brother should have wounded your feelings since it drew forth so explicit and satisfactory an expression of what those feelings were towards me. . . . Had I felt less friendship for you I should have expressed myself more smoothly but I spoke from feelings deeply grieved by your apparent neglect." Irving to Henry Brevoort, Madrid, April 4, 1827.

⁹³ Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, January 1, 1827 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁹⁴ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Madrid, April 4, 1827.

⁹⁵ *Ibid.*

⁹⁶ Tour in Scotland [I, 70] (P.D.).

⁹⁷ It was not yet fourteen months.

⁹⁸ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Madrid, April 4, 1827.

⁹⁹ A. H. Everett to Jared Sparks, Madrid, March 4, 1827, H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, I, 289.

¹⁰⁰ H. W. Longfellow to his mother, Boston, May 2, 1826 (H.W.L.D.).

¹⁰¹ Longfellow's letters from Bowdoin College reflect his interest in Irving. H. W. Longfellow to his sister Anne, October 25, 1823; to his mother, December 25, 1823. See his account of the Rip Van Winkle country in the letter to his sister Anne, New York, May 14, 1826. See also H. W. Longfellow to Caroline Doan, Portland, January 22, 1826; his Journal, October 5, 1826, June 25, 1829; and his Notebook, Göttingen, March 15, 1829 (Longfellow manuscripts, H.W.L.D.). While still at Bowdoin College, Longfellow wrote a series of prose sketches in the manner of Irving. See *United States Literary Gazette*, March 1, 15, April 15, June 1, October 1, 1825. For this information I am indebted to Professor C. R. Anderson, of Duke University.

¹⁰² *Irv.*, p. xxxvi.

¹⁰³ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁵ With Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, Irving's friendship continued to thrive. On April 11 Irving saw him off from Madrid, and on April 24 received a letter from him. In this letter, presumably, was the account of Mackenzie's being robbed which Irving made into so capital a story concerning Spanish robbers and concerning the character of the adventurous Mackenzie himself: "He has been

robbed. I expected the event. The diligence in which he started had been attacked on its way to Madrid, but the robbers were repulsed; I thought it probable they would make another attempt on it on its way back. The robbery took place about thirty leagues from Madrid. Eight robbers well mounted, and armed to the teeth attacked and drove off the guard consisting of four men. They then took all the money watches &c of the passengers; opened their trunks and helped themselves to whatever they fancied and then asking pardon of the passengers for the trouble they gave them, retired very slowly & tranquilly. They had the gallantry not to touch the trunks of a lady passenger—This I beg you will particularly mention to Susan as a proof of what *cavalleros* the robbers in this country are; and what power the *beau sexe* possesses even beyond the pyrenees. It is one great consolation to travellers that robberies are not often attended with personal injury here, unless in case of resistance. The robbers are generally content to demand the money & watches of the travellers; they rarely even meddle with their trunks. Should the travellers, however, have no money about them the robbers are apt to cudgel them a little to teach them to be better provided another time. Honest Slidell had purchased a four dollar silver watch to be robbed of, and had put his valuable watch in his trunk; but as in this instance the robbers were more curious in their reserches, his holyday watch fell into their clutches, and his sham watch followed it." Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, May 5, 1827.

¹⁰⁶ One of these was to Böttiger, whose inquiries concerning Irving are contained in Longfellow's notes, Dresden, January 25, 1829 (H.W.L.D.).

¹⁰⁷ *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* . . . , ed. Samuel Longfellow (Boston, 1886), I, 108.

¹⁰⁸ *Idem*, I, 118. Longfellow's description of the influence of *The Sketch Book* upon his early years occurs in his address on Irving, after his death, in 1859. "Every reader has his first book. I mean to say, one book among all others, which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving. I was a school-boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight; spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of the titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of the style." This meeting in 1827 was Longfellow's first glimpse of Irving. "I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain," he reminisced, "and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and, what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self—

'And rustling hears in every breeze,
The laurels of Miltiades.'"

Address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, December 15, 1859, *Irv.*, p. xxxvi. The letters of introduction were to Böttiger, Löwenstein, Scott, Sotheby, and Count de Rumigny. See also *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, I, 117; and Irving, *Journal*, 1827, August 27, 30, P.M.I., II, 265, 267. For the influence of Irving upon Longfellow's writing, see Paul Morin, *Les Sources de l'œuvre de Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Paris, 1913), pp. 14, 28, and chap. viii. Late in life, Longfellow wrote a tribute to Irving, "In the Churchyard at Tarrytown." See also I. L. Whitman, *Longfellow and Spain* (New York, 1927), pp. 40-46.

¹⁰⁹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 26 and August 29, 1827 (H.).

¹¹⁰ See Morin, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹¹¹ Irving to Mrs. T. W. Storrow, Madrid, May 5, 1827. See Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 9, 1827: "I had no idea of the nature of the task when I undertook it. Indeed had I seen it in the light in which I behold it at present, I should have been diffident of undertaking it at all." See also Irving to P. M. Irving, Madrid, February 22, 1827, P.M.I., II, 257.

¹¹² Irving to John Murray, Madrid, December 21, 1826.

¹¹³ A similar situation arose in 1828 as Irving was preparing a second edition of the *Columbus*. There can be no doubt of Navarrete's continued kindness to Irving, as to all Americans, during the writing of the *Columbus*. See the tributes to him from W. H. Prescott, *History of the Conquest of Peru* . . . (New York, 1847), Introduction; and Caleb Cushing, *Reminiscences of Spain* (Boston, 1833), II, 57-76.

¹¹⁴ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 26, 1827.

¹¹⁵ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, March 20, 1827 (H.).

¹¹⁶ Storrow constantly expressed to Irving his misgivings about the *Columbus* as a profitable venture. He also disturbed Irving by protests against his solitary life in Madrid, until he drew from him the following characteristic utterance: "As to what you say about its being necessary for me to keep up my intercourse with polished, or in other words fashionable society for the sake of my fame, I cannot see how that will conduce to it — The dissipation of Paris and London exhausted my time & my spirits while slightly mingling in it. I certainly consult my own comfort more when I have but little to do with the bustling world. I find the more I am shut up and occupied with books and with my pen the less I am oppressed by heavy thoughts; and I cannot think but that time so employed will be most likely to conduce to my fame; if any mental exertion of mine can secure so fleeting and questionable an object. At any rate, I have tasked myself severely during my residence in Spain, to make up for lost time and to endeavour to get a little a head of the world, which seemed to be treading on my heels. The result must prove whether or no I have toiled to no purpose." Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, January 3, 1827 (H.).

¹¹⁷ The manuscript which Irving first sent Aspinwall contained the first nine books, or seventy-three chapters of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. These seven hundred and sixteen pages constituted the first volume, lacking some forty pages and the preface. Irving planned two quarto volumes, each of about five hundred pages. Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Madrid, July 29, 1827 (T.).

¹¹⁸ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 9, 1827.

¹¹⁹ See Journal, 1827.

¹²⁰ See II, 22-23.

¹²¹ One reason for Murray's silence was that he had recently been tempted into a dubious adventure in publishing a magazine, the *Representative*, and had escaped, slightly singed. Irving was not absolutely sure that his standing as a publisher was wholly unaffected since his own departure from England. See Irving to John Murray, Madrid, April 4, 1827 (J.M.), and the postscript to Irving's letter to Colonel Aspinwall [Madrid, July 29, 1827] (H.E.H.): "I know nothing of the standing of Mr. Murray since the last convulsions in the busy world; but trust though he may have lost considerably, he is sound and safe." See Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . (London, 1891), II, 215.

¹²² Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 12, 1826.

¹²³ The expenses of copying the *Columbus* had brought Irving almost to the end of his resources. See, in particular, Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 26, 1827, and Madrid, August 29, 1827.

¹²⁴ The personal letter to Aspinwall is without place or date. The first sentence is as follows: "Accompanying this you have a business letter written in a business manner, in case you think proper to shew it to Murray to which I have no objection though my letter to him is to the same purport." The business letter to Aspinwall and the letter to Murray "to the same purport" (the phrasing in both is almost identical) are dated July 29, 1827. This personal letter deals with precisely the same issues. It was written, therefore, at about the same time, if not on the same day, July 29.

¹²⁵ The alternative of publishing on shares, which Irving professed to have learned from Scott, and which Murray rejected, was as follows: The number

of copies in the proposed edition was first stipulated, and the retail price for each was fixed. The number of copies was then multiplied by the retail price, and the total sum divided by six. For this sixth part the publisher engaged to give his note to the author. Irving to John Murray, July 29, 1827 (copy, T.).

¹²⁶ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Madrid, August 15, 1827 (T.).

¹²⁷ Irving forwarded three parcels on August 15 containing the second volume of the *Columbus*. This left in Madrid merely illustrations and documents. The packages were actually sent to Albert Gallatin, who notified Aspinwall. Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Madrid, August 15, 1827; and Albert Gallatin to Colonel Aspinwall, London, August 24, 1827 (T.). By the same letter to Colonel Aspinwall Irving directed that proof sheets of the work be sent to Ebenezer Irving, in New York, for publication in America. On November 19, 1827, Henry Brevoort wrote Irving from New York: "Your life &c of Columbus has been put to press — judging from the first sheet which your brother shewed me yesterday . . ." (N.Y.P.L.). Irving's original plan had been to leave the superintendence of the printing of the *Columbus* to P. M. Irving, who would be able to verify the quotations from foreign languages and also to forward the sheets to New York. Irving to P. M. Irving, Madrid, January 18, 1827, P.M.I., II, 256. This arrangement was defeated by his own delay and by Pierre's return to America.

¹²⁸ G. S. Newton to Irving, London, October 8, 1827 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁹ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, October 8, 1827 (H.).

¹³⁰ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Madrid, October 8, 1827 (T.).

¹³¹ Colonel Aspinwall to Irving, London, September 24, 1827, P.M.I., II, 268.

¹³² £300 down

450 in note at 6 months from January 1, 1828.

400 " 9 " " "

400 " 12 " " "

400 " 15 " " "

400 " 18 " " "

400 " 21 " " "

400 " 24 " " "

£3,150

Ibid. Cf. with Murray's letter to Irving on the losses from his books, including a full account of Murray's receipts from these, II, 22-23.

¹³³ Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, December 19, 1827 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹³⁴ G. S. Newton to Irving, London, October 8, 1827.

¹³⁵ See I, 175.

¹³⁶ Robert Southey to John Murray, [London?] September 8, 1827, Smiles, *op. cit.*, II, 256-257.

¹³⁷ This early criticism from Sharon Turner (1768-1847), the historian, was perhaps the first of the many judgments from such critics that the *Columbus* was, in effect, commonplace. Sharon Turner to John Murray, [n.p.] December, 1827 (J.M.).

¹³⁸ Although the entire history of the incident cannot be known, it is clear that, some time during September, Irving's impatience led him to write Newton to investigate matters, and, presumably, to make offers to other publishers. This is suggested by the opening sentences of Newton's letter to Irving on October 8, 1827: "I attended to your letter the instant I received it. . . . I found then that all the arrangements in question had been completed, and you informed thereof. . . . I hope you are satisfied with the pecuniary arrangements the Col. has made —." Although P. M. Irving owned this letter he suppressed the passage, with no other motive, apparently, than to conceal Murray's hesitation about the *Columbus* and also Irving's bargaining. That there was hesitation is evident also from a letter of J. G. Lockhart to Murray, December, 1827 (J.M.), in which he says that he thinks it wise to inform him that Leslie offered the *Columbus* to Colburn for £1500.

¹³⁹ For a discussion of the sources and history of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, see Appendix III, pp. 296-302.

¹⁴⁰ *Pensamiento* (Madrid), 1841, pp. 271 ff., quoted by J. De L. Ferguson, *American Literature in Spain* (New York, 1916), pp. 22, 223.

¹⁴¹ e.g., the Spanish chronicler records simply the fortunes and final fate of the Chieftain Caonabo. But Irving writes: "He maintained his haughty nature to the last, for his death is principally ascribed to the morbid melancholy of a proud but broken spirit." *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, II, 86. Cf. Andrés Bernaldez (Cura de Los Palacios), *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos Dⁿ Fernando y D^a Isabel* (Seville, 1870), chap. cxxxi.

¹⁴² See, in particular, Bk. II, chap. i, p. 77; Bk. II, chap. vii, p. 123: Columbus' "example should encourage the enterprising never to despair"; Bk. IV, chap. x, p. 248; Bk. V, chap. vii, pp. 309-310; Bk. VI, chap. iv, p. 364.

¹⁴³ In the revised edition.

¹⁴⁴ This was, in substance, Prescott's criticism. See George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (Philadelphia [1863]), p. 176. See also *Life and Letters of Joseph Story*, ed. his son (Boston, 1851), II, 229.

¹⁴⁵ See the *Edinburgh Review*, September, 1828.

¹⁴⁶ Bk. XI.

¹⁴⁷ Manuscript (T.).

¹⁴⁸ See especially I, 49, 148-153, 301-302; II, 296.

¹⁴⁹ See I, 190, 215, 225, 403-404, 461, 465, 467.

¹⁵⁰ Henry, Lord Brougham, *Lives of Men of Letters and Science* . . . (London, 1845), p. 296, footnote.

¹⁵¹ See the *Edinburgh Review*, September, 1828.

¹⁵² The description of the approach of Columbus to land is perhaps the finest portion of Irving's narrative. I, 154-166.

¹⁵³ Bk. VIII, chaps. vi and vii (II, 40-55).

¹⁵⁴ Bk. XI (II, 152-209).

¹⁵⁵ Bk. XVIII, chap. iv (II, 546-553).

¹⁵⁶ See I, 271.

¹⁵⁷ For a discussion of the reputation of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, see Appendix III, pp. 302-308.

¹⁵⁸ "I have not received a line from Murray since he bought the work, and at this moment I am in utter ignorance when it is to appear before the public or in what form it is to be published." Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, December 1, 1827 (H.).

¹⁵⁹ Journal, 1827, October 10.

¹⁶⁰ Irving returned to this hobby, copying out data on pictures. See David Wilkie to Andrew Wilson, Madrid, December 24, 1827, Allan Cunningham, *The Life of Sir David Wilkie* (London, 1843), II, 480.

¹⁶¹ See *The Works of Washington Irving*, ed. R. H. Stoddard [n.p., n.d.], "Life of Washington Irving," I, 317. Stanhope and his brother, Lord Mahon, Prince Dolgorouki, Wilkie, and Irving now traveled and studied painting together. See Cunningham, *op. cit.*, II, 460-468, 502, 517.

¹⁶² See [Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain*, II, 40-46. See Journal, 1827, October 19, P.M.I., II, 269. In Toledo his mind was on "The Legend of Don Roderick," still unfinished, for he sought for the magic cave of Hercules. See *Spanish Papers*, p. 115 (Irving dated his pilgrimage incorrectly, 1826). See also Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, December 1, 1827.

¹⁶³ The months between the sending of the *Columbus* to London and Irving's departure for Granada marked the conception of various miscellaneous Spanish sketches, destined not to appear until after his return to America. Among these manuscripts were notes on Don Roderick, Fernando González, Amerigo Vespucci, Abderahman, Mahomet, the Cid. Some of these took form in articles or books such as "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" or *Voyages and Discoveries of*

the Companions of Columbus. Others, such as the notes on the Cid, never reappeared. See Journal, 1827, August 30-December 31. For the material on Mahomet, which he revised during his second stay in Spain, Irving was indebted chiefly to manuscripts in the Jesuits' Library of the Convent of San Isidro. See *Mahomet and His Successors*, I, Preface, p. v. See also in the present work, II, 223-226.

¹⁸⁴ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, December 1, 1827.

CHAPTER XIV

¹ Irving's lodgings were near this building, apparently at the house of Firmina Rodriguez, No. 9 Plazuela St. Cruz. See Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, January 22, 1828 (Y.), and Notebook, 1828 (W.T.H.H.). This important notebook Irving used as a journal from March 1 to April 7, 1828. Since 1816 the Colegio Imperial de Jesuitas had included the Reales Estudios de San Isidro. Its fine library was sustained by the law requiring the gift of each published book, as in the case of the Royal Library. This library was in the Calle Estudio, entered by the Calle Toledo. See Ramón de Mesonero Romanos, *Manual de Madrid. Descripción de la corte y de la villa* (Madrid, 1831), pp. 198, 210, 336.

² Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, January 22, 1828.

³ "There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from noise and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries. . . . Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. . . . The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world." *The Sketch Book*, pp. 172-173.

⁴ The letters to Dolgorouki again lament this weakness. See chap. xii, note 50.

⁵ See letters of A. H. Everett to M. d'Oubril, 1826 (American Embassy, Madrid).

⁶ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, January 22, 1828. In this home Irving, by story-telling and letters, built up his usual attachment to the children of the household, especially to the little girls, Ina and Marie. To Antoinette Bolviller he wrote: "Tell my little Marie I kiss her hand and hold myself her loyal and devoted knight. If she wishes at any time the head of a giant or the tail of a fiery dragon, she has but to call upon me. My arm and my court sword are always at her command." Irving to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Seville, May 28, 1828, P.M.I., II, 323-324. See Irving to Mademoiselle Catherine d'Oubril, Seville, April 19, 1828, and Seville, April 21, 1829; to Madame d'Oubril, Seville, April 17, 1829, and December 1, 1829; and to Nathalie Richter, Seville, April 22, 1829 (see *Auktionskatalog* No. 437, Ulrico Hoepli, Mailand and Henning Oppermann, Basel). For the theory that Mademoiselle Bolviller and Irving were in love (see G. S. Hellman, *Washington Irving, Esquire* . . . , New York, 1925, p. 63), no proof exists. A letter from Irving [n.p., n.d.] to Madame d'Oubril is in the Bibliotheek der Universitat, Amsterdam.

⁷ Dolgorouki was born on August 10, 1797, and died on October 18, 1867. He was the great-grandson of Prince Ivan Alexeyevitch Dolgorouki, who was put to death by Biron during the reign of the Empress Anna. He was the son of the poet Prince Ivan M. Dolgorouki, and his own youthful poems had already appeared in the semi-official military paper, the *Russian Invalid*. In 1862 he published a volume of poems, which had two editions, and in 1863 another book of verse, in St. Petersburg, *The Sounds*. Many of his letters were published in *The Russian Archive* (1914-1916). Toward the end of his life he possessed a large library and a collection of autographs. (For this information I am indebted to George Arseniew, of Paris.) In 1828 Dolgorouki succeeded Stoffregen as secretary of the Russian Legation in Madrid. In their correspondence Dolgorouki employed French,

Irving English. A group of letters from Irving to Dolgorouki, describing their mutual pursuits and interests, is in the possession of Yale University.

⁸ Thomas Lawrence to David Wilkie, London, January 10, 1828, Allan Cunningham, *The Life of Sir David Wilkie* (London, 1843), II, 494.

⁹ See I, 63-65.

¹⁰ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Málaga, March 29, 1828 (Y.).

¹¹ This masterpiece of Francisco de Zurbarán's (1598-1662) was then in the Colegio de San Tomás, near the Alcázar. A Sevillian description, written at about this time, has interest: "... the famous picture of St. Thomas, ... the best of all his works. Its composition is confined in the upper part to St. Thomas, in the principal place, surrounded by the four fathers in bliss, and the Holy Trinity, Saint Peter and Saint Paul on high. In the lower part the archbishop of this city Don Diego Deza, accompanied by members, kneeling, of the same order, and at the other side Charles V with three other figures. Although this painting possesses some anachronisms which should not be in a work of art, there are no bounds in praising the naturalness and beautiful proportions of the different figures, which are a little less than life-size. The chapel in which this picture is situated is very ancient and has also a very fine paneled ceiling." P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros de la ciudad de Sevilla* (Seville, 1832), Segunda parte, pp. 34-35. See Journal, April 18, 1828 (N.Y.P.L.). "The Apotheosis of St. Thomas" now hangs in the Museo Provincial.

¹² From an unpublished essay on Wilkie by Irving (Y.), probably written for a Seville newspaper. See Irving to David Wilkie, Granada, May 15, 1829 (Good-speed's Book Shop, Boston).

¹³ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 23, 1828, and Seville, June 20, 1828 (H.). Irving compared his two nephews Theodore and Pierre M. Irving: "Theodore Irving arrived here a little more than a fortnight since. . . I am very much pleased with his appearance and deportment, and feel already attached to him from his amiable disposition. He bears a wild character among his New York relatives, but with us he is as quiet and orderly and regular as could be wished. . . He does not appear to have the talent of his cousin Pierre Munro, but he is as yet very young, and may turn out a very valuable man. . . He [Pierre] has only to persevere to rise to importance and high respectability." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 17, 1828 (Y.).

¹⁴ Irving to C. R. Leslie, Madrid, February 16, 1828, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 278.

¹⁵ Irving to John Murray, Madrid, January 14, 1828 (J.M.).

¹⁶ Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 23, 1828.

¹⁷ "His constitution, is generally enfeebled and requires care and quiet." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 17, 1828.

¹⁸ There was no direct service to Granada. The diligence to Seville, via Cordova, left Madrid three times a week. See Mesonero Romanos, *Manual de Madrid* . . . , p. 82.

¹⁹ The precise date is established in the Autobiography of Washington Irving (J.M.), though elsewhere Irving gives the date as February 11. See Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, February 23, 1828.

²⁰ See Notebook, 1828. See also H. D. Inglis, *Spain in 1830* (London, 1831), II, 36.

²¹ Many of Irving's friends were attacked by Spanish bandits, and his correspondence during these years is filled with hopes, half-humorous, half-sincere, that he may have a similar experience.

²² Irving to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Granada, March 15, 1828, P.M.I., II, 287. See also Notebook, 1828, for descriptions of Cordova and Granada.

²³ See P.M.I., II, 287-288.

²⁴ *Idem*, II, 288-289.

²⁵ *Idem*, II 290-291.

²⁶ Miscellaneous papers contain detailed descriptions of such sights. Notebook, 1829 (Y.); Manuscript (G.W.).

²⁷ For Irving's use of this tradition see *The Conquest of Granada*, p. 620. At the Alhambra to-day many of these details are now associated with Irving's recital of them. Irving's informant, on this first visit, "a tall, meagre varlet . . . lounging in the sunshine," was Mateo Ximénez, a source of many of the tales in *The Alhambra*. See Notebook, 1828, and in the present work, chap. xv. See *The Alhambra*, pp. 53-54.

²⁸ Irving to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Granada, March 15, 1828, P.M.I., II, 290.

²⁹ Irving had already encountered such a tale in books connected with the *Columbus* or the *Granada* (see I, 373), and it is probable that he heard a version of this story during his first visit to Granada, though the details of the legend appear in the later Notebook, 1829.

³⁰ Notebook, 1828. The notebook contains a sketch by Irving of "El Suspiro del Moro."

³¹ Notebook, 1828, March 23.

³² Lanjarón, now a point of excursion, lies, with its orange and chestnut groves and ruined castle, beneath the snowy summit of the Cerro Caballo, a mountain with an elevation of more than ten thousand feet.

³³ See Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Málaga, March 29, 1828; to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Málaga, April 2, 1828, P.M.I., II, 297-304; and to David Wilkie, Málaga, April 2, 1828 (Y.).

³⁴ See *The Conquest of Granada*, pp. 74-104, and *passim*.

³⁵ Irving to David Wilkie, Málaga, April 2, 1828.

³⁶ Irving long remembered the small cities on this route. He recalled, in particular, Adra, in an official letter written (Madrid, February 15, 1843) when Minister to Spain. Consular and Miscellaneous Letters (American Embassy, Madrid).

³⁷ [A. S. Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain* (3d ed., enlarged, New York, 1836), III, 18.

³⁸ The acquaintance with Barrell continued throughout the years 1828 and 1829. See Journal, 1828, 1829, *passim* (N.Y.P.L.). A number of letters on official business from Barrell to Irving exist in the files of the American Embassy, Madrid. The files of the United States Consulate at Málaga also contain letters from Irving to Barrell (1842-1846), with whom Irving renewed his friendship in Seville between February 3 and 14, 1829. Journal, 1829.

³⁹ Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, April 15, 1828, P.M.I., II, 306. Sir George Don is memorialized in a statue at Gibraltar.

⁴⁰ Horatio Sprague, who first came to Gibraltar in 1800 as supercargo in charge of three vessels, and who, on April 30, 1832, succeeded Bernard Henry, the second American consul at Gibraltar. See the *American Foreign Service Journal*, October, 1924.

⁴¹ "Dick McCall," who had been one of the "Lads of Kilkenny," in Newark. See I, 76. Richard McCall joined Bernard Henry in Gibraltar, and entered business with him under the name of Henry and McCall. (For information concerning Sir George Don, Horatio Sprague, and Richard McCall, I am indebted to R. L. Sprague, American Consul at Gibraltar.)

⁴² Journal, 1828, April 7-10.

⁴³ An anecdote told by Horatio Jones Sprague (American consul at Gibraltar, 1848-1901). R. L. Sprague to the present author, Gibraltar, April 5, 1928.

⁴⁴ William Jacob, *Travels in the South of Spain*, in *Letters Written A.D. 1809 and 1810* (London, 1811), p. 10.

⁴⁵ For concise accounts of the recent events, which Irving mentions, in Cádiz, "ever the stronghold of Liberals," see H. B. Clarke, *Modern Spain 1815-1898* (Cambridge, 1906), pp. 44-45 (the revolt of the army), 69-70 (the siege of the city). A recent and useful summary of the political and historical importance of

Cádiz is Pelayo Quintero y Atauri, *Compendio de la historia de Cádiz* (Cádiz, 1928). Other travelers in these years dwelt at length on the town's historical associations. "The commercial prosperity of the city, the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner of the Peninsula untrodden by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the constitution of the year 1812, by the Spanish Cortes, under the fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in this same Island of Leon by Riego and Quiroga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast-off fetters of the South Americans; and finally, the gloomy drama of 1823, are all things of yesterday in the recollection of every one." [Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain*, II, 207.

⁴⁶ *Idem*, II, 214-215.

⁴⁷ Cádiz had a national theater. The very scarce old guides of the city locate no places connected with Irving save his bankers, López and Company. See *Guía general de forasteros para el año de 1817* . . . (Cádiz, 1817). He stayed at the Hôtel Anglais, then in the Plaza Candelaria, now the Plaza de Castelar. The site of his inn is now occupied by a store. Alexander Burton was still consul in the city when Irving was Minister to Spain, some fourteen years later, and is mentioned in Irving's official dispatches. See also A. H. Everett to Henry Clay, Madrid, December 30, 1828, United States Legation, 1827-1828, No. 120 (American Embassy, Madrid). Copies of his letters to Irving during this period exist in the files of the American Consulate of Cádiz, now at Seville.

⁴⁸ Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, April 15, 1828, P.M.I., II, 307.

⁴⁹ David Wilkie to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, April 15, 1828 (Y.).

⁵⁰ Guides to Seville for these years are extremely rare, even in the large libraries of Spain. Thus none exists in the Archivo de Indias, and the earliest in the Biblioteca Municipal is dated 1861. Considerable information, however, may be derived from a guidebook, published in 1832, in my possession. *El Betis*, the steamer which brought Irving up the Guadalquivir, had been in operation only since January 13, 1824, and was a source of considerable pride to the city, possessing two engines and two cabins, one of which boasted sixty-eight seats of mahogany! The steamer carried arms for defense. The theater had been restored and improved in 1827. The Fonda de la Reina, where Irving lodged until his removal to Mrs. Stalker's English boarding house on April 30, was in the Calle Jimios, now the Calle Marqués de Sta. Ana, extending from the Calle García de Vinuesa to the Calle Zaragoza. It was thus but a few minutes' walk from the cathedral and Giralda, which Irving visited almost daily. The fonda has been destroyed; it apparently stood at about No. 12.

⁵¹ See Inglis, *op. cit.*, II, 46-87. A census in 1823 registered a total of 81,875. P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros* . . . Sevilla, Primera parte, p. 193.

⁵² *Idem*, Segunda parte, p. 13.

⁵³ [Mackenzie] *A Year in Spain*, II, 172. "It is a noble pile, of quadrangular form, and very solid construction, which, with the deep trench that surrounds it, and the drawbridge that rises every night and insulates it completely, give it the appearance of a fortress." *Ibid.* Here, in *tertulias*, or assemblies of his friends, Irving spent many evenings. Journal, 1828, *passim*. See also Félix González de León, *Inscripciones y curiosidades que contienen noticia artística y curiosa de todos los edificios* . . . de Sevilla (Seville, 1844), I, 243-250; and P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros* . . . Sevilla, Segunda parte, pp. 36-37.

⁵⁴ *Idem*, Segunda parte, p. 15.

⁵⁵ The description in Irving's book was suggested by the memory of the daring of Alonso de Ojeda. See *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Book V. Ojeda entertained Queen Isabella and the people by feats of agility on a beam projecting from the tower, at a great height above the ground.

⁵⁶ Then sometimes called Plaza del Rey, or, popularly, Plaza de San Francisco. This is now the Plaza de San Fernando. See P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros* . . . Sevilla, Segunda parte, pp. 47-48.

⁵⁷ *Idem*, Tercera parte, pp. 18, 30. Apparently the only periodicals in Seville at this time were the *Diario de Sevilla, de Comercio, Artes y Literatura* and a weekly, printed in London, *Semanario de Agricultura y Arte*. The archives and library of Seville lack files of the city's magazines and newspapers. No issues for 1828 of these two papers are available in the public collections, and no periodical is listed under 1828 in Manuel Aznar y Gómez, *El periodismo en Sevilla* (Seville, 1889).

⁵⁸ Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, April 15, 1828, P.M.I., II, 309. Cf. Irving to T. W. Storrow, Seville, June 20, 1828: "In all parts of Andalusia I find traces of our favorites the Moors, for if I recollect right, you are as great an admirer as myself of that gallant and elegant people. I find their taste and industry and ingenuity and sagacity, in the remains of public edifices, in the modes of irrigating and cultivating the fields; in aqueducts, fountains, baths and every thing that could counteract the heat and drought of the climate and promote fertility, freshness and cleanliness. In the public institutions of various kinds, in laws, customs and habitudes."

⁵⁹ Wilkie's occupations in Spain are described in the biographical essay by Irving. "While in Madrid Mr Wilkie composed three pictures on Spanish subjects. One was a scene in a Spanish Posada during the late wars. Another a guerrilla going to battle, a third, the defence of Saragossa, in which he introduced a likeness of General Palafox. to these he intends to add a fourth, the subject of which will be the Guerrilla, returning wounded to his family. In these paintings he has shewn the result of his studies of the Spanish painters as he has altered his former style of colouring and execution, and has introduced many effects of Murillo and Velazquez."

⁶⁰ Félix González de León, *Inscripciones y curiosidades . . .*, I, 167. Wetherell, then living in the Calle San Alberto, remained in Spain until about 1844. During all this time he and Irving continued their friendship. See Irving to John Wetherell, Madrid, January 19, 1843 (Francis Edwards, London); and to the same, 1828 (Morgan).

⁶¹ Journal, 1828, April 15.

⁶² *The Letters of Richard Ford, 1797-1858*, ed. R. E. Prothero (London, 1905), p. 14, footnote 1.

⁶³ "The gallery of Mr. Williams, rich in the works of Murillo." Inglis, *op. cit.*, II, 77.

⁶⁴ Félix González de León, *Inscripciones y curiosidades . . .*, I, 163. A list of Williams' paintings is contained in P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros . . . Sevilla*, Segunda parte, pp. 84-87. Williams lived at 26 Calle Abadas Alta. See also José Velásquez y Sánchez, *Anales de Sevilla de 1800 á 1850* (Seville, 1872), Libro tercero (1820-1829), pp. 243-262. (A copy of this rare book is in the Biblioteca Municipal, Seville.)

⁶⁵ Journal, 1828, April 18, 20.

⁶⁶ See Charles Lanman, "A Day with Washington Irving," from an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

⁶⁷ David Wilkie to Thomas Lawrence, Madrid, February 11, 1828, Cunningham, *op. cit.*, II, 502.

⁶⁸ A water color in the possession of Sir John Murray, who owns also the painting made on April 23, 1820, by Newton.

⁶⁹ Irving to R. C. Winthrop, Sunnyside, April 4, 1853 (Mass.). Irving's portrait was also painted at about this time by another friend, the painter José María Escayena y Daza (c. 1800-1858). ". . . en 1829 fué nombrado Teniente Director de sus estudios [en la Escuela de Bellas Artes de Sevilla] encargándose posteriormente de la clase de colorido y composición que desempeñó hasta su fallecimiento acaecido en 1858." M. Ossorio y Bernard, *Galería biográfica de artistas españoles del siglo XIX . . .* (Madrid, 1883-1884), p. 198. See Journal, 1829, January 25.

⁷⁰ Cunningham, *op. cit.*, III, 521. Sixteen years later Lord Mahon urged Irving

to write a book dealing with the manners and customs of contemporary Madrid. Lord Mahon to Irving, London, June 25, 1844 (G.W.).

⁷¹ David Wilkie to Miss Wilkie, Seville, April 23, 1828, Cunningham, *op. cit.*, II, 517.

⁷² Irving to David Wilkie, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 22, 1828 (Y.).

⁷³ P.M.I., II, 310, and under the year 1828, *passim*.

⁷⁴ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, May 28, 1828 (Y.). Irving used local descriptions of Seville in "Fernando the Saint" and "Don Juan: A Spectral Research." See II, 325.

⁷⁵ "I have two or three delicious little Murillos which I have found out in obscure and almost remote chapels of convents, and which I in a manner keep to myself. I carry on a kind of intrigue with them, visiting them quietly and alone; and I cannot tell you what delightful moments I pass in their company; enhanced by the idea of their being so private and retired." Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, May 18, 1828 (Y.).

⁷⁶ *El Noticiero Sevillano*, May 9, 1928. See also Irving to Mademoiselle Bollviller, Seville, July 20, 1828, P.M.I., II, 330.

⁷⁷ Journal, 1828, April 24, 27; May 15. Much attention is given to Itálica and San Juan de Aznalfarache in contemporary accounts of Seville. See P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros . . . Sevilla*, Segunda parte, pp. 75-79.

⁷⁸ Notebook, 1829.

⁷⁹ Now on exhibition, this manuscript includes a sheet which says: "*Washington Irving*, Author of the history of Christopher Columbus." Beside this is written, probably in another hand: "El que puso la nota siguiente." Attached is one of Irving's octavo manuscript pages, bearing his copy of a passage from Las Casas. Fr. D. Rafael Núñez, the librarian, informed me that Irving is still regarded as the person who first comprehended the significance of the *Tractatus de imagine mundi*.

⁸⁰ Irving secured these letters through the assistance of Everett. His letter to Salmón, Madrid, February 19, 1828; Salmón's "decreto," February 21, to furnish the letters; Everett's letter of thanks; the letter to the authorities of the three cities, dated February 22, 1828 — are in the Archivo Histórico Nacional, Madrid. No records exist in the city archives of Cádiz, Seville, or Granada concerning the presentation of these letters.

⁸¹ Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, May 7, 1828, P.M.I., II, 316.

⁸² This correspondence is in the Archivo Histórico Nacional, Madrid (Sección Estado. Legajo 5.575. Mr. Washington Irving. Agregado a la Legación de los Estados Unidos en esta Corte. Año 1828). The folder contains the letter, dated August 6, 1828, to the head of the Archives of the Indies granting the desired permission, and signed by Calomarde. Irving dispatched the corrected copy of the *Columbus* shortly before August 19. Irving to John Murray, Seville, of that date (J.M.). Irving returned Everett's kindness by endeavoring to secure for him, sixteen years later, Spanish documents on the Northeast Passage. Irving to Edward Everett, January 15, 1844, in Consular and Miscellaneous Letters 1843 to 1847 (American Embassy, Madrid).

⁸³ Marquis of Custine to Miss Bowles, Seville, May 8, 1831, Marquis de Custine, *L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII* (Paris, 1838), II, 164-165.

⁸⁴ See I, 351.

⁸⁵ "I am lodged in a house that formed a part of the ancient Alcazar or Moorish palace; perhaps one of the towers or outhouses of the Alcazar, which was a little town of itself. My chamber has the old Moorish walls of prodigious thickness, and I bless the Moors a dozen times a day, for having so completely sheltered me from the scorching heat that prevails out of doors." Irving to T. W. Storrow, Seville, June 20, 1828. See also Irving to Edgar Irving, Alhambra, May 26, 1829 (copy, N.Y.P.L.). See José Andrés Vázquez, *El barrio de Santa Cruz de Sevilla . . .* (Madrid, 1919). Wilkie's *pension* was the Fonda del Sol, in the Plaza de la Encar-

nación. Journal, 1828, April 14; P. D. J. H. D., *Guía de forasteros . . . Sevilla*, Segunda parte, p. 31.

⁸⁶ A. S. Mackenzie to H. W. Longfellow, Gibraltar, July 7, 1827 (H.W.L.D.).

⁸⁷ Journal, 1828, July 2-July 23.

⁸⁸ Irving states (Journal, 1828, July 1) that Casa Cera, belonging to Don Juan Wetherell, was loaned to Hall and himself. In the office of the Registry of Property, Seville, the house which answers Irving's description is called "Huerta Cera." Since the records of the Registry were destroyed by fire in 1906, it cannot be finally proved that this is the house occupied by the two friends. Nevertheless, the distance, position, approach, and other details of the setting indicate that the house known as "Huerta Cera" was Irving's "Casa Cera."

⁸⁹ In his Journal Irving records some twenty-seven visits to the theater during 1828, in Seville.

⁹⁰ Irving to Mademoiselle Bolviller, Madrid, July 20, 1828, P.M.I., II, 327-331.

⁹¹ *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, III, 587.

⁹² See *idem*, III, 575.

⁹³ The facts in this account of Irving's journey are drawn from the Journal, 1828, August 11-15, and from Irving's more finished version, written first as a letter to a friend, in the chapter, a delightful essay in itself, "A Visit to Palos," *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, III, 574-595.

⁹⁴ Statistics Reports &c. 1891-1893, Dispatch 177 [January, 1892?], "The Rabida and Palos," in the files of the United States Consulate of Cádiz (Seville).

⁹⁵ The shore road from Puerto de Santa María to Cádiz is about twenty miles, so that the journey in Irving's time was usually made across the bay. At Jerez, about six miles from Puerto de Santa María, Irving studied once more the industry with which he had become familiar in Bordeaux. His journal, 1828, August 28, has an exact and amusing account of the wine-making.

⁹⁶ Inglis, *op. cit.*, II, 115. Contemporary accounts by Spaniards of Puerto de Santa María are rare. An interesting description of the town at about the time of Irving's visit occurs in Agustín de Horozco, *Historia de la ciudad de Cádiz* (Cádiz, 1845), pp. 275-280.

⁹⁷ Irving's first lodgings in Puerto de Santa María were at No. 4 Calle de Palacios. Cerrillo was a cottage near the residence of the German writer Johann Nikolaus Böhl von Faber (see I, 348). Böhl's house is now occupied by his great-grandson, Count Osborne. The view, which Irving describes, offers a panorama of five towns, including Jerez.

⁹⁸ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Cádiz, August 31, 1828 (T.).

⁹⁹ Journal, 1828, September 12. An edict to this effect is preserved in the files of the United States Consulate of Cádiz (Seville).

¹⁰⁰ The death (November 24) of Hall, who was a consumptive, was hastened by a fall from his horse. See Irving's letter to a relative of Hall's, Seville, December 5, 1828, P.M.I., II, 356. One common interest of Hall's and Irving's, their curiosity concerning the supernatural, culminated in an odd incident. "Hall," said Irving, "was rather sceptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of a future life and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do? 'Why, Hall,' I replied, 'you are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come.' 'Nay,' said Hall, 'I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I am serious too, and I will.' 'Then,' said Hall, 'it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it.'" P.M.I., II, 359. Irving kept faith; he rode Hall's horse out to Casa Cera, and offered up a prayer for his friend's return. But, as always in such compacts, no whisper came from beyond the wall of death.

¹⁰¹ A map at Caracol shows clearly the arrangement of the estate during Irving's stay. The house is now used for the manufacture of the champagnes of Hijos de Jiménez Varela, of Puerto de Santa María.

¹⁰² Journal, 1828, September 15-October 30. Irving was also studying the voyages of the companions of Columbus, notably that of Vasco Núñez de Balboa. See *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, III, 159-286.

¹⁰³ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall [1828] (H.E.H.).

¹⁰⁴ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Cádiz, August 31, 1828.

¹⁰⁵ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, December 20, 1828 (H.E.H.).

¹⁰⁶ See Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 18, 1828 (T.). See also Irving to the same, Seville, December 27, 1828 (G. J. C. Grasberger, Philadelphia).

¹⁰⁷ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 18, 1828.

¹⁰⁸ See I, 176.

¹⁰⁹ Murray also offered Irving one hundred guineas for each contribution to the *Quarterly Review*. In declining this offer Irving gave as a reason his reluctance to be connected with any magazine which had been so hostile to his country. P.M.I., II, 346.

¹¹⁰ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, April 4, 1829 (H.E.H.).

¹¹¹ For a discussion of the sources and history of *The Conquest of Granada*, see Appendix III, pp. 308-310.

¹¹² The original manuscript of the Introduction to *The Conquest of Granada* Irving sent to London as part of a letter to Colonel Aspinwall, Puerto de Santa Maria, September 18, 1828 (Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston).

¹¹³ See Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Cádiz, August 31, 1828; to T. W. Storrow, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 22, 1828 (H.); and to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, December 13, 1828, P.M.I., II, 349.

¹¹⁴ Irving expressed similar fears in a letter to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, January 10, 1829 (Y.).

¹¹⁵ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, April 4, 1829.

¹¹⁶ *The Conquest of Granada*, pp. 20-46.

¹¹⁷ *Idem*, pp. 89, 236, 290, 299, 332, and *passim*.

¹¹⁸ For a discussion of types of heroes and scenes in the old chroniclers, see H. A. Deferrari, *The Sentimental Moor in Spanish Literature before 1600* (Philadelphia, 1927).

¹¹⁹ Introduction, p. xvii.

¹²⁰ "... the manuscript of the worthy Fray Antonio will be adopted, wherever it exists entire; but will be filled up, extended, illustrated, and corroborated, by citations from various authors, both Spanish and Arabian, who have treated of this subject. Those who may wish to know how far the work is indebted to the Chronicle of Fray Antonio Agapida, may readily satisfy their curiosity by referring to his manuscript fragments, carefully preserved in the library of the Escorial." *Idem*, p. xviii. The origin of the Friar's name is unknown.

¹²¹ See first English edition, London, 1829.

¹²² Irving to John Murray, Granada, May 9, 1829 (J.M.).

¹²³ A German critic observed that Fray Antonio occasionally forgot his rôle and spoke like a citizen of Philadelphia in the nineteenth century. *Allgemeine Literaturzeitung* (Halle, 1830), IV, *Ergänzungsblätter*, 671.

¹²⁴ Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

¹²⁵ Abdallah Ó Abu-Abdillah, son of Abul Hassán and the sultana Aixa, was known as Boabdil el Chico (the Little), and also as el Zogoybi (the Unfortunate). After the surrender of Granada, in 1492, he is said to have died in battle in Africa, in 1527.

¹²⁶ Irving read Rodd's translation of Pérez de Hita's *Guerras civiles de Granada*, in preparation for writing "The Student of Salamanca."

¹²⁷ *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (London, 1829), II, 398.

¹²⁸ *The Conquest of Granada*, p. 198.

¹²⁹ For a discussion of the reputation of *The Conquest of Granada*, see Appendix III, pp. 311-314.

¹³⁰ Sketches and studies of the life and work of Böhl (1770-1836) may be found in German; e.g., *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie* (1876), II, 59-61, and George Ticknor, *Geschichte der schönen Literatur in Spanien*, ed. N. H. Julius (Leipzig, 1852), II, 641-656. A brief biographical study, privately printed and difficult to obtain, is that by Elisa Hoffmann Campe, *Versuch einer Lebensskizze von Johan Nikolas Böhl von Faber nach seinen eigenen Briefen* ([Leipzig] 1858). See also Ángel Ruiz, *La literatura española* (Madrid, 1916), III, 458-462. Böhl's first connection with Spain had come about through his father, who had founded a business there. A second edition of his *Floresta*, in three volumes, was published at Hamburg in 1827.

¹³¹ *Teatro español anterior á Lope de Vega* (Hamburg, 1832).

¹³² See I, 284.

¹³³ After his death many of Böhl's books were acquired by the Biblioteca Nacional. The remainder of his library is still at Puerto de Santa María, in the possession of Count Osborne.

¹³⁴ Manuel José Quintana (1772-1857); Agustín Argüelles (1775-1844); Juan Nicasio Gallego (1777-1853); José María Toreno (1786-1843); Francisco Martínez de la Rosa (1787-1862); Ángel Saavedra, later Duke of Rivas (1791-1865). During his second stay in Spain Irving knew well both Argüelles and Martínez de la Rosa. See chaps. xxi-xxii.

¹³⁵ Quoted in Ruiz, *op. cit.*, III, 459.

¹³⁶ *Idem*, III, 462.

¹³⁷ *Ibid.*

¹³⁸ *Journal*, 1828, July 9.

¹³⁹ *Idem*, August 25, 26, 27, 31; September 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 17, 24, 27; October 1, 5, 8, etc.

¹⁴⁰ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Puerto de Santa Maria, November 2, 1828 (O.).

¹⁴¹ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, February 6, 1829 (O.).

¹⁴² Irving to J. N. Böhl, New York, April 20, 1833 (O.).

¹⁴³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴⁴ J. N. Böhl to Agustín Durán, Puerto [de] S[an]ta M[ar]ía, January 13, 1829, *Cartas de literatos a D. Agustín Durán*, containing thirty letters from Böhl, 1829-1834, one from Martínez de la Rosa, and nineteen from Bartolomé José Gallardo. MSS. 7820, in the Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid. (For this information I am indebted to Professor E. H. Hespelt, of New York University.) For an account of Irving's use of Böhl's library, see S. T. Williams, "Washington Irving and Fernán Caballero," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, July, 1930, p. 355, footnote 20.

¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁴⁶ A periodical which, unlike the *Gaceta* or the *Diario de Avisos*, gave particular attention to literary and theatrical topics.

¹⁴⁷ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, February 6, 1829.

¹⁴⁸ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, April 7, 1829 (O.). Cecilia Böhl told Irving of the anger which would be aroused by Count Cortina's translation of Bouterwek's German history of Spanish literature.

¹⁴⁹ His great-grandson writes of him: "Don Juan Nicolás Böhl de Faber, fué distinguido escritor hispanófilo, famoso propagandista de las doctrinas de Schlegel en España, debiéndosele a él que el teatro y el romancero español recobrasen todo su esplendor, en época en que era muy corriente en España la imitación servil y exclusiva de los modelos franceses; famosísima fué la polémica que sostuvo Don Juan-Nicolás con Don Antonio Alcalá-Galiano, que combatía desde 'La Crónica Científica' de Madrid y desde los periódicos de Cádiz a los esposos Böhl de Faber, a quienes llamaba Germano-Gaditano y Amazona Literaria, respondiendo éstos con el famoso Pasatiempo Crítico, obra de gran mérito." Count Osborne to the present writer, Puerto de Santa María, November 13, 1930.

¹⁵⁰ See illustrations facing I, 348, 352.

¹⁵¹ Fernán Caballero is the subject of numerous brief studies. Among these are J. M. Asensio, *Fernán Caballero y la novela contemporánea* (Colección de Escritores Castellanos, Madrid, 1893); Alfred Morel-Fatio, "Fernán Caballero d'après sa correspondance avec Antoine de Latour," *Bulletin Hispanique*, III (1901), 252-294. See also Luis de Coloma, *Recuerdos de Fernán Caballero* (Bilbao [1910]), and Camille Pitollot, "Les Premiers essais littéraires de Fernán Caballero . . .," *Bulletin Hispanique*, IX (1907), 67-86; X (1908), 286-306, 378-396. A complete biography is now in process of writing by Professor E. H. Hespelt, of New York University.

¹⁵² Asensio, *Fernán Caballero* . . . , p. 74. An interesting description of Fernán Caballero's *tertulias* in Seville occurs in Fernán Caballero, *Deux nouvelles andalouses posthumes*, précédées de sa vie et ses œuvres, by the Comte de Bonneu-Avenant (Paris, 1882), pp. 51-56. Asensio says the house of the author was in the Plaza San Vicente, but tradition places it at No. 8 Calle Jesús, in the same quarter. A tablet and marble sculpture are erected to her memory at No. 14 Calle Fernán Caballero: "En Esta Casa Falleció Fernán Caballero, Abril, 1877." A portrait of her, made in this year by Madrazo, hangs in the library of the University of Seville.

¹⁵³ Asensio, *Fernán Caballero* . . . , p. 74. See Antoine de Latour, *La Baie de Cadix* (Paris, 1858), p. 272.

¹⁵⁴ Revised code of laws of Spain, promulgated July 15, 1805.

¹⁵⁵ Quoted by Asensio, *Fernán Caballero* . . . , p. 75.

¹⁵⁶ Fernán Caballero published her first story, *Sola*, in 1840, in Germany, where she had sent it in 1833. Other important books appeared as follows: *La familia de Alameda*, 1849, 1856; *La gaviota*, 1849; *Lágrimas*, 1850; *Clemencia*, 1852.

¹⁵⁷ Angélica Palma, *Fernán Caballero la novelista novelable* (*Vidas españoles e hispano-americanas del siglo XIX*, XVI, Madrid, 1931), p. 87.

¹⁵⁸ *Ibid.* Angélica Palma reconstructs skilfully, but in the medium of fiction, Irving's career and his friendship with Fernán Caballero: "En aquellos días de su presentación en la casa de los Arco Hermoso aún no se había impuesto a la privilegiada sensibilidad artística de Washington Irving ni a su aguzado espíritu crítico el legado de belleza que los árabes dejaron en Andalucía junto con la perduración de determinadas condiciones étnicas y psicológicas. Todavía no había escrito la *Crónica de la conquista de Granada* ni *Mahomet y sus sucesores* ni las leyendas maravillosas de la Alhambra; pero la poderosa sugestión de España cautivaba ya su fantasía. . . Amable acogida encontraba en ellas Irving, que por entonces aún no completaba los ocho lustros y era varón cortesano y de apuesto talante. Un retrato de Lawrence nos lo presenta con el cuello ceñido por el corbatín romántico, las facciones de fino y seguro trazo, la expresión entre melancólica y burlona y un tanto despeinados los sedosos cabellos, como si una ráfaga de brisa los alborotara. A las ventajas físicas se unía el prestigio de su historia amorosa: Washington Irving era el novio viudo, guardador del recuerdo de Matilde Hoffmann, la dulce prometida, muerta en vísperas del gozo; además estaba enamorado de España y, probablemente, pese a añejas remembranzas, de alguna o de algunas españolas. . . " — ¡ Oh, esta España pródiga en leyendas! — exclamó Irving muy interesado —. Ruego a usted que me cuente el suceso, marquesa, pues imagino que con él podría escribirse una bonita narración.

" — Le tomo a usted la palabra — replicó con viveza Cecilia —, y para obligarlo más a cumplirla voy, no a referirle el hecho, sino a darle a leer unos apuntes que hice acerca de él."

There follows their supposed conversation concerning *La familia de Alameda*. See Palma, *Fernán Caballero* . . . , pp. 89-94. This book should be regarded merely as an imaginative reconstruction; it is unreliable in matters of fact. See E. H. Hespelt's review in *Hispania*, December, 1931, p. 510.

¹⁵⁹ Journal, 1828, December 31; 1829, January 1, 2. " *Dos Hermanas*," says De Latour, "a hamlet surrounded by olive trees, at two leagues from Seville, still filled

with memories of the Christian conquest and of the tradition of Saint Ferdinand." "Fernán Caballero," *Le Correspondant*, August 25, 1857, p. 620. The same "anecdotes" to which Irving alludes, have recently been found in two manuscripts (Y.). One of these, called "Anecdotas," reads: "En el verano de 1828 se refirieron en varias tertulias de Sevilla las dos anecdotas siguientes, y que de los informes que despues se han tomado se duda de su certeza." The other recounts legends which Irving heard directly from Fernán Caballero. It has now been proved that the manuscript "Anecdotas" is in the handwriting of the Spanish novelist, and that similar themes reappeared in her writings. See E. H. Hespelt and S. T. Williams, "Two Unpublished Anecdotes by Fernán Caballero Preserved by Washington Irving," *Modern Language Notes*, January, 1934; and "Washington Irving's Notes on Fernán Caballero's Stories," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, December, 1934. See also E. H. Hespelt, "The Genesis of *La familia de Alvarada*," *Hispanic Review*, July, 1934.

¹⁸⁰ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, February 6, 1829.

¹⁸¹ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, April 7, 1829.

¹⁸² *Ibid.*

¹⁸³ From a draft of a letter from J. N. Böhl to Irving [1833] (O.).

¹⁸⁴ See I, 318; II, 101.

¹⁸⁵ Fernán Caballero, *Deudas pagadas*, con un prólogo de D. Manuel Cañete (Madrid, 1902). Cañete quotes (pp. xxii, xxiii) a passage on Irving, evidently a translation into Spanish from the French of De Latour in the *Revue Britannique*, January, 1860: "Washington Irving, who passed through Seville some time later than Baron Taylor . . . was permitted to read *La familia de Alvarada*." Cf. Matilda Barbara Betham-Edwards, *Six Life Studies of Famous Women* (London, 1880), "Fernán Caballero," p. 5.

¹⁸⁶ CXIV, 99-129, "Obras completas de Fernán Caballero. 13 vols. Madrid: 1856-1859." See also Fernán Caballero, *La familia de Alvarada, novela original de costumbres populares*, ed. P. B. Burnet (New York, 1901), p. iv; and, in particular, Fernán Caballero, *La familia de Alvarada*, ed. W. S. Hendrix and E. H. Hespelt (Boston [1928]).

¹⁸⁷ "She had written the *Familia Alvarada* under the lively emotion of narration from a witness. Then she had given it to read to Washington Irving, who was by chance passing through Seville, and the endorsement of the famous compatriot of Fenimore Cooper had satisfied her ambition." *Le Correspondant*, August 25, 1857, p. 612.

¹⁸⁸ Pitollet, *op. cit.* Pitollet wrongly believes this to have been the manuscript of *Élia*.

¹⁸⁹ Irving to J. N. Böhl, Seville, April 7, 1829.

¹⁹⁰ See Hespelt, "The Genesis of *La familia de Alvarada*," and Hespelt and Williams, "Washington Irving's Notes on Fernán Caballero's Stories." See also Irving to J. N. Böhl, New York, April 20, 1833. For further study of this friendship see Williams, "Washington Irving and Fernán Caballero," and Hespelt and Williams, "Two Unpublished Anecdotes by Fernán Caballero. . . ." There is every reason to believe that Fernán Caballero in her later writings was completely uninfluenced by Irving, and it is unlikely that she mentioned him in any of her books. Such biographies of her as that by José María Asensio ("Estudio biográfico," Madrid [1893]) do not allude to him. Such published collections of her letters as *Epistolario de Fernán Caballero, una colección de cartas inéditas de la novelista*, publicada por Alberto López Argüello (Barcelona, 1922), mention often Balzac, Chateaubriand, Sand, Dumas, and Scott, but never Irving. The same is true of the collection edited by A. Morel-Fatio, republished in *Études sur l'Espagne* (Troisième série, Paris, 1904), pp. 281-370. No allusion to Irving occurs in the letters in the collection of the Sociedad de Menéndez y Pelayo, Santander (letter of Miguel Arugas to Ricardo León, Santander, May 12, 1928, in my possession), or in the six hundred letters in the possession of the University of Chicago (letter of Professor Elizabeth Wallace

to the present writer, Woodstock, New York, March 29, 1928). Nevertheless, Fernán Caballero's repeated use of this early material which had been praised by Irving may suggest that he influenced and oriented her in this early period of her career.

¹⁷¹ Peter Irving to Irving [Caen, December, 1828?] P.M.I., II, 351. See also Peter Irving to Henry Brevoort [Caen, December, 1828?] (Grenville Kane, New York City).

¹⁷² Irving to John Murray, Seville, November 23, 1828 (J.M.).

¹⁷³ This "Advertisement," dated "Seville, December, 1828," appeared on April 4, 1829. "The following notice," said the editor, "from the author of the *Life of Columbus*, presents an appeal, that his countrymen will not, we are sure, be insensible to. . . ." After an account of his plan Irving said: "I have felt the more hurt at this attempt to supersede my work with the public, from having always considered it as a peculiar offering to my countrymen, whose good opinion, however the contrary may have been insinuated, has never ceased to be the leading object of my ambition, and the dearest wish of my heart: and I must confess that, in assiduously laboring at this history of the first discovery of our country, I have been chiefly animated by the hope, that the interest of the subject would cause the work to remain among my countrymen, and with it, a remembrance of the author, when all the frail productions of his fancy might have perished and been forgotten."

¹⁷⁴ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, December 20, 1828.

¹⁷⁵ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, December 27, 1828.

¹⁷⁶ Journal, 1828, December 31.

¹⁷⁷ A passage in the journal, 1828, suggests Irving's escape from English associates: "Wednesday, Nov. 12. After breakfast . . . accompan^d John Wetherell to see Mr Ramon Felieu, formerly minister, now steward of the Duke of Medina Sidonia . . . Felieu a small, dirty, ugly man, abominable mouth, hanging lip, but pleasant eyes—great talent—engaged on a Dictionary of Don Quixote, tells me Clemencin has been several years writing commentaries on Don Quixote." Diego Clemencin's *Comentario al Quijote* was published in 1833–1839. Irving sent information concerning Felieu's work to Lockhart, who was then preparing his life of Cervantes. Irving to John Murray, Seville, February 14, 1829 (J.M.). Isolation of this kind was a blessing, for in such periods, as later at Granada, Irving associated more freely with the Spaniards. One interesting acquaintance of these months was Pedro Agustín Girón, Marquis of Amarillas. Irving first saw General Girón on April 27, 1828, on an excursion to Mairena. Later the two met at the home of Julian Williams, and at each other's lodgings. Journal, 1828, April 29, May 2, November 24; 1829, January 22. Irving lent the Marquis the first volume of Napier's history and later sent on to London a long analysis of the weaknesses of this book from the Spaniard's point of view. "I mention these things," wrote Irving, "as they may be of service to Col. Napier in the progress of his work. The Marquis of Amarillas is a gentleman of high honours and great delicacy of deportment. An admirer of the English nation and a friend of Lord Wellington. He has spoken on the subject more in sorrow than in anger. . . ." Irving to John Murray, Seville, February 14, 1829.

¹⁷⁸ *Actos*, December 5, 1828 (Real Academia de la Historia, Madrid). The garbled allusion to a French translation is probably to C. A. Defaunconpret's version of the *Columbus* (1828).

¹⁷⁹ *Actos*, December 12, 1828.

¹⁸⁰ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, January 10, 1829; Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, February 14, 1829, P.M.I., II, 370.

¹⁸¹ The Real Academia de la Historia was established in 1738. "Its purpose is to illumine all aspects of the history of Spain, purifying it of errors and myths; to discuss doubts concerning facts, distinguishing in each one the greater or lesser probability, and placing in a clear light the most significant events, their results, their influence on the moral and physical state of the nation, and their connections

with other powers and peoples." Mesonero Romanos, *Manual de Madrid* . . . , p. 193. In 1831 the membership numbered twenty-four persons in Madrid and twenty-four outside the city. In the *Memorias* of the Academy is a list of American members. These were:

"Sr. J. Ticknor
Sr. Washington Irving.
Sr. Roberto Walsh
Dr. Nataniel Chapman
Sr. José Hopkinson
Sr. W. Prescott
Sr. Severn Teackle Wallis."

Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia (Madrid, 1796-1910), VIII (1852), p. lxii.

¹⁸² W. H. Prescott to Arthur Middleton, [Boston?] April 4, 1839, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), pp. 61-64.

¹⁸³ There are many grateful references to Navarrete in the correspondence of Ticknor and in that of Prescott. See, especially, *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), *passim*, and *Prescott: Unpublished Letters to Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), *passim*.

¹⁸⁴ Irving to Don Diego Clemencín, Seville, January 8, 1829 (Real Academia de la Historia, Madrid). See illustration facing II, 126. "Next was read a letter from Sr. Washington Irving, written from Seville on the eighth of the present month, thanking the Academy for his election to corresponding membership." Actos, January 16, 1829.

¹⁸⁵ See II, 125-127.

¹⁸⁶ *Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia*, VII (1832), p. xxx. In the catalogue of members (p. xlv) occurs also the record of Irving's election.

¹⁸⁷ See chap. ix, note 82.

¹⁸⁸ See also *Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia*, VIII, p. lxii.

¹⁸⁹ See I, 363-366.

¹⁹⁰ See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Seville, December 20, 1828 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹⁹¹ Irving was refused permission to see the papers of Balboa in the Archives of the Indies. Journal, 1828, January 5.

¹⁹² Three manuscript notebooks on Mahomet. See II, 223-226.

¹⁹³ See II, 321-323. It is probable that at this time Irving began a translation, which he never finished, of Bernardino Sahagún's *Historia de la conquista de México* (Mexico, 1829). Eighty-six leaves of manuscript (N.Y.P.L.). During these last weeks in Seville he collected additional material for his series of legends. A notebook, 1829, contains a detailed description of the old convent which once stood in the present Plaza de San Fernando.

¹⁹⁴ For a comment on Irving's interest in the portraits of Columbus, see II, 297. "As to Cervantes, I had feared the search after any new documents would be fruitless, as I knew Mr Navarrete had made diligent research, and where he searches, there is likely to be little left to discover by those who come after him. The work of Mr Navarrete, and its accompanying documents will form I presume the grand foundation and substance of Mr Lockhart's work." Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, February 4, 1829 (Y.).

¹⁹⁵ Journal, 1829, January 5, 6, 15, 19, 24, 26; February 5, 7, 9, 12, 13, etc.

¹⁹⁶ Irving's tentative title for this book, which he never completed, was "The Conquest of Spain." Journal, 1829, February 3-6.

¹⁹⁷ Irving to Peter Irving, Seville, March 3, 1829, P.M.I., II, 372. This letter contains his plan for a series of Spanish chronicles.

¹⁹⁸ Irving to Peter Irving, Seville, February 7, 1829, P.M.I., II, 367.

¹⁹⁹ "I wish you would procure me a cheap edition of Southey's 'Roderick the

last of the Goths' and a work recently published called I think 'Arias Gomez or the Moors of the Alpujarras.' . . . I wish to see what these writers have said about the Moors, that, in case I write any more on the subject I may not run into their traces — *Say nothing on this subject to any one.*" Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Puerto de Santa Maria, October 22, 1828 (T.).

²⁰⁰ Allan Cunningham had requested Irving's "exclusive help" in a contribution to a yearly miscellany, which was to include articles from Lockhart, Wilson, and Southey, and drawings by Wilkie, Newton, and Leslie. Out of regard for Cunningham, Irving offered, without binding himself to write other articles, "The Widow's Ordeal, or a Judicial Trial by Combat." (This was not published until 1837. See II, 73.) Irving to Allan Cunningham, Seville, January 10, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁰¹ See I, 330.

²⁰² Journal, 1829, January 10.

²⁰³ *Idem*, January 3, 22. These were evidently the rough drafts of the "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" and "The Tower of Las Infantas."

²⁰⁴ "The only future event from which I promise myself any extraordinary gratification is the return to my native country, which I trust will now soon take place." Journal, 1828, December 31.

²⁰⁵ Although not a profound scholar in the history of the Moors, Irving's studies for the *Columbus* and *The Conquest of Granada* had rendered him well-equipped to derive profit from such a journey. It is to be regretted that he never visited Tetuan, often mentioned in his writings and, even in 1829, within easy reach from Cádiz. It is not generally known how close he was to making this pilgrimage. "I may suddenly take my departure. I came very near doing so about a fortnight since, with some officers of a British Frigate which was lying at Cadiz. I had made up my mind to sail in the Frigate to the Coast of Barbary, but could not make my arrangements in time." Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, March 11, 1829 (Y.).

²⁰⁶ To his Spanish pictures, which Irving watched develop as the two friends were together in Madrid and Seville, Wilkie devoted, with pardonable pride, much space in his letters. It is an interesting sequel to Wilkie's stay in Spain with Irving. "Of my Spanish Pictures three are now finished — the two you saw, the *Passada* and the *Guerillas Departure*, and the third & largest, which you have not seen, the [*sic*] *Defence of Saragassée* — You will be surprised that this last is thought for subject & style by much the best of the three — judging from its impression, I consider this a singularly fortunate subject — it is equally new with the others & belongs to a higher walk of art.

"13 Feby — yesterday I had the honor of submitting to our gracious Sovereign at Windsor the above pictures of which he has become the purchaser — the impression they appeared to make upon His Majesty was to me of the most satisfactory kind — he detained me about an hour and examined all the pictures twice over — the one he preferred was the *Passada* — he enjoyed the scene much said civil things — that the colouring & execution were new, and beyond my former works — entered much into the spirit of the characters who resembled people he knew — and was pleased in pointing out the similitude of parts to Rembrandt & Murillo and Velazquez. . . . Modesty as well as delicacy should perhaps restrain me in the above statement to you but your discretion will judge best in what way it would be considered or repeated." David Wilkie to Irving, Kensington, January 30, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

²⁰⁷ From the time of appointment by Everett in 1825 to the American Legation in Madrid, Irving had a wide circle of friends in the consular and diplomatic service. His interest, therefore, in Jackson's replacements was not impersonal. Irving mentions this frequently in his letters of 1829. "I hope," he wrote Colonel Aspinwall, "you stand well with the old General who I am told is making slashing work at home among the public offices." Granada, May 27, 1829 (H.E.H.).

²⁰⁸ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, March 25, 1829 (Y.). Irving had urged Dolgorouki repeatedly to make an excursion with him to Granada, but Dolgorouki, preoccupied in Madrid, had been noncommittal. Finally, Irving threatened to wait no longer. Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, February 4 and March 11, 1829. Dolgorouki was accompanied by the French Ambassadress and a large party, but he left these friends to be with Irving. This group evidently visited the Alhambra on May 9. See I, 362.

²⁰⁹ Journal, 1829, April 17.

²¹⁰ Irving to Peter Irving, Seville, April 29, 1829, P.M.I., II, 380.

²¹¹ Irving to Peter Irving, Seville, March 3, 1829.

²¹² Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, April 29, 1829 (T.).

CHAPTER XV

¹ *The Alhambra*, p. 9.

² Wilkie was constantly in Irving's mind throughout the composition of *The Alhambra*. See Dedication, "To David Wilkie, Esq., R. A.," *The Alhambra* (London, 1832), I, pp. v-vi.

³ *The Alhambra* (London, 1832), I, 19, 21, 24.

⁴ Irving writes "arrieros."

⁵ For several weeks Irving had been in correspondence with Dolgorouki concerning material on Cervantes, which Murray desired, apparently for Lockhart. See Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, February 4, 1829 (Y.). In 1822 Lockhart had edited with notes Motteux's translation of *Don Quixote*.

⁶ Irving to Peter Irving, Granada, May 9, 1829 (copy, C. O. Parsons, American University. The original is in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh).

⁷ *The Alhambra*, p. 38.

⁸ This ancient outpost of Granada Irving discussed fully in *The Conquest of Granada* (pp. 63 ff.) and in *The Alhambra* (p. 37).

⁹ Irving described, however, the city in three notebooks (1821, S.; 1828, W.T.H.H.; 1829, Y.) and in various unpublished letters and miscellaneous notes (Y.; G.W.). His haunts in the city were, particularly, the Puerta de las Molinas and the libraries of the University and of the Duke of Gor. He also inspected carefully the Casa del Gallo de Viento, a relic of the Alcázar of Badiz, the Moorish king. Its tower formerly bore the vane which Irving celebrated in the "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" (*The Alhambra*, pp. 195-220).

¹⁰ Near the Bibarrambla, the main square of Granada. Irving described in detail the living conditions for foreigners in a letter to Bernard Henry, Alhambra, June 3, 1829 (Penn.). Of the many traditions surviving in Granada of Irving's sojourn, one declares that he stayed at an inn, on the site of the present Washington Hotel, "a 'ventorrillo,' on the border of the Alhambra park." *Washington Irving, His Visit to Granada in 1829 . . .* (Granada [1928?]). Granada's interest in Irving, which is partly commercial in motive, is evident in many ways—pictures, pamphlets, legends of the planting of trees, etc. See *Alhambra Today* (Granada, 1925); *El Defensor de Granada*, August 10, 11, 1926; *Noticiero Granadino*, August 17, 1926. This interest, however, is a modern revival. Old guidebooks do not discuss him, and important local magazines published long accounts of the Alhambra without mentioning his name; e.g., *La Constancia*, April 22, 1853. For an account of the fiesta in honor of Irving in the Teatro de Isabel la Católica, see the *New York Times*, December 31, 1933.

¹¹ *The Alhambra*, p. 53.

¹² *Idem*, p. 75.

¹³ Statements of this kind were made by such travelers as Inglis and Mackenzie, in works previously cited.

¹⁴ "Some of the invalids of the alhambra have 90 reals a month—others 38—

others 76—49 . . . Their dress they have to find themselves . . . Some have families — who live either in the Alhambra or in town." Manuscript notes on the Alhambra (Y.).

¹⁵ See *The Alhambra*, pp. 53-54.

¹⁶ In the care of Leopoldo Torres Balbás, Supervising Architect of the Alhambra.

¹⁷ Register, in the Alhambra, p. 1.

¹⁸ *Idem*, p. 3. Among the signatures on this page is that of Irving's nephew Edgar Irving, on May 12. Page 2 bears an inscription written in Spanish on January 20, 1873, at the completion of the Register: "This book contains 351 pages. The last person to sign it was George Dosolins [?] on May 20, 1872. Prince Dolgorouki established it with the praiseworthy object which is explained on the preceding page, with Washington Irving and his companions and friends on May 9, 1829. It has therefore required to fill it, forty-three years and eleven days. The undersigned plans to publish in due time a work in which will be made known the principal contemporary writers and the most important thoughts in this book — Granada January 20, 1873 Juan Quiros de los Rios."

¹⁹ See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Alhambra, June 16, 1829 (Y.); Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Alhambra, May 23, 1829 (Y.); Irving to Edgar Irving, Alhambra, May 23, 1829 (G.W.); Irving to Bernard Henry, Granada, May 13, 1829 (Penn.). The letter to Edgar Irving contains an interesting record of Irving's conversations with his nephew, particularly on the subject of marriage.

²⁰ This notebook (Y.) consists of one hundred and twenty-four pages, and bears the following inscription: "Memoranda by Washington Irving of Sunnyside. Alhambra, Spain, 1829." Irving's journals, as said, are nearly always uniform in their brief records of events. But this notebook differs from others of its kind in the variety of its contents: reading (including many passages in French and Spanish); records of experiences and conversations; introspective comments; and, particularly, the rough drafts of stories evidently written down at the time. (For a discussion of this notebook as a source for *The Alhambra*, see I, 375-376.) A list of subjects treated by Irving in this important notebook would include: the story of Peter and the two thieves; Seville in early morning; a Spanish robber; the bells of evening; the study of Arabian history and art; the Spanish character; the Goths; the cathedral of Seville; the difference between English and French soldiers; Triana; the convent of San Francisco, Seville; character of Count de Luque; the tenants of the Alhambra; adventures with Mateo Ximénez; maxims; legends of the Alhambra; the Duke of Gor; Boabdil; the capture of Granada; the Hegira; French agriculture; the French character.

²¹ Called "Inhabitants of the Alhambra" in later editions. *The Alhambra*, pp. 76-81.

²² Notebook, 1829 [25, 37].

²³ *Idem* [29]. Irving first met Mateo on March 15, 1828. Notebook, 1828.

²⁴ In the possession of Doña Carmen Jiménez, of Granada, the granddaughter of Mateo. A son of Mateo Ximénez was a guide in the Alhambra in 1859. Richard Roberts, *An Autumn Tour in Spain in the Year 1859* (London, 1860), p. 401.

²⁵ "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1890, p. 744.

²⁶ *A Handbook for Travellers in Spain* (London, 1845), I, 366.

²⁷ S. T. Wallis, *Glimpses of Spain; or, Notes of an Unfinished Tour in 1847* (New York, 1849), p. 335.

²⁸ e.g., *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 205.

²⁹ "Matteo's grandfather died in September 1827 — aged 96 years. He was curious in reading & writing, had papers in possession more than 300 years old. He used to sit until late in the night talking over old times the history & conditions of the Alhambra — &c &c and did not go to bed until one or two o'clock at night. He was a master taylor — was born brought up died & was buried in the alhambra,

as had been his father before him—The family of Ximenes one of the first that took residence in Alhambra. . . ." Manuscript notes on the Alhambra (Y.).

³⁰ "Went to Sunnyside with Colonel C— and daughter. After tea Irving sat at the feet of Annie, a beautiful girl, and heard her sing a little song she had learned of Mateo. . . . Old Mateo, who had married his fourth wife, was as gay and lively as a boy. He taught Annie to dance the bolero, and this song." "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," p. 744.

³¹ Irving to Henry Brevoort, Alhambra, May 23, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

³² Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Alhambra, June 16, 1829.

³³ Notebook, 1829 [39].

³⁴ "Miguel the young physician. . . . During vacation went about begging alms to enable him to pay his way in term time—says it is a very merry life." Notebook, 1829 [97].

³⁵ *Idem* [38].

³⁶ *Idem* [42]. Mateo told a tale of a bricklayer, engaged by a clergyman to be blindfolded and bury four large jars of money. This story is obviously the first form of "The Adventure of the Mason," *The Alhambra*, pp. 140–144.

³⁷ Notebook, 1829 [30].

³⁸ *Idem* [31].

³⁹ *Ibid.*

⁴⁰ *Idem* [33].

⁴¹ See *ibid.*

⁴² *Idem* [33–34].

⁴³ *Idem* [37].

⁴⁴ *Idem* [51].

⁴⁵ Among the reflections of Irving on this subject is: "The Spaniard is distrustful & reserved, his wariness is of long continuance, but when ever overcome, when he thinks he discovers in his superiors and even in his equals the loyal & generous qualities which form the basis of his own character, he passes to the opposite extreme & his confidence, like his attachment has no bounds." Notebook, 1829 [8]. During his stay in the Alhambra Irving was reading and making excerpts from Alexander de Laborde, *A View of Spain* . . . (London, 1809). Notebook, 1829 [8].

⁴⁶ "You remember," he wrote Dolgorouki, "the little suite of rooms locked up, where the Italian artist worked, who had been repairing the Alhambra." Alhambra, June 15, 1829 (Y.).

⁴⁷ Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 19, 1845 (Y.). This was Ferdinand's third wife, Maria Josephine Amelia, daughter of Maximilian of Saxony, whom he married in 1819.

⁴⁸ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Alhambra, June 15, 1829.

⁴⁹ The University of Granada possesses no records of Irving's stay, but owns one bibliographical item, not obtainable, I believe, elsewhere in Spain or in other countries. This is a small duodecimo volume, *Colección de novelas traducidas por Don Rafael García Tapia* (Granada, 1849). The collection includes a translation of "The Rose of the Alhambra," and the Introduction has the following comment on Irving: "From the remote banks of the Mississippi he came to Spain, he studied conscientiously our language, he searched the archives, he meditated upon our chronicles and tales, and finally he established himself in the Moorish palace and investigated minutely the legends of the people." See Bibliography.

⁵⁰ This two-volume London edition of 1828 bears the inscription: "Dado Por El Autor Al Duque De Gor En Granada Año 1829." The library of the Duke of Gor (No. 4 Placeta de los Girones, Granada) contains some five thousand books and manuscripts and is especially rich in Spanish books of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It has also interesting editions of English authors such as Milton and Richardson. Of the books expressly named by Irving as sources of *The*

Alhambra four are in this collection. The Duke of Gor was an "amateur painter." Irving to Peter Irving, Granada, May 9, 1829.

⁵¹ See Irving to Peter Irving, *Alhambra*, June 13, 1829, and July 4, 1829, P.M.I., II, 392-395; and Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, *Alhambra*, June 15, 1829.

⁵² Notebook, 1829 [78-80, 85-86]. The "Letter from Granada" (see *Works*, ed. R. H. Stoddard, III, 427-429) employs some of the material in the notebook, and refers to "El de las Hazañas." This hero, with the drama concerning him, were the subjects of Irving's conversation with the Duke of Gor and the Marquis of Salar. Irving dated his published version of the "Letter from Granada" 1828, an error for 1829 since the letter contains his recollections of the Marquis of Salar, whom he did not meet until the latter date.

⁵³ See Notebook, 1829 [86, 69].

⁵⁴ See *idem* [79, 85].

⁵⁵ Irving to Peter Irving, *Alhambra*, July 22, 1829, P.M.I., II, 403.

⁵⁶ Born at Granada, May 5, 1826. Irving knew her later as "a gay young belle at her mothers house in Madrid." This acquaintance with the future Empress of France made upon him a deep impression. See letter dated May 4, 1854, *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), pp. 547-548. See also P.M.I., III, 322, 323; IV, 134, 138-139; and F. de Llanos y Torriglia, *Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick* . . . (Madrid, 1932), p. 36.

⁵⁷ Aspinwall had written Irving that he was "hard upon Newton's taste," which elicited from Irving the following remarks concerning Newton: "I have a high opinion of his taste in his art, it is that aided by his graceful facility, which is the making of him. I own I do feel a little vexed with him at times when I think him squandering himself away upon mere fashionable society - however high its rank: but I feel so because I am interested in his fame, more than in his mere fashionable currency." Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, *Alhambra*, June 23, 1829 (H.E.H.).

⁵⁸ Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, *Alhambra*, May 27, 1829 (H.E.H.).

⁵⁹ Sprague threatened to use harsh measures against Obadiah Rich, for failure to pay an old debt. Irving describes the dispute in detail in his long letter to Colonel Aspinwall, *Alhambra*, June 23, 1829.

⁶⁰ Irving to David Wilkie, Granada, May 15, 1829 (Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston). This letter describes the portrait which Escazena made of Irving in compliance with Wilkie's request, the purchase by Dolgorouki of a picture believed to be a Leonardo da Vinci, Newton's miraculous rise to success, Wilkie's Spanish pictures, and Irving's article on Wilkie.

⁶¹ "Recollections of the Alhambra," *Wolfert's Roost*, p. 412.

⁶² See chap. xvi.

⁶³ P.M.I., II, 389. See Journal, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶⁴ P.M.I., II, 396.

⁶⁵ Irving to Peter Irving, *Alhambra*, June 13, 1829.

⁶⁶ Irving to Peter Irving, *Alhambra*, July 18, 1829, P.M.I., II, 399.

⁶⁷ *Idem*, p. 398.

⁶⁸ "The only regret which I feel upon the occasion is that the office which has been conferred upon you is so much below your talents & standing in the world. - In order to do the thing handsomely Mr. Van Buren should have given you at the very least an independent Mission of the second rank." A. H. Everett to Irving, Madrid, July 28, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁶⁹ Irving to Peter Irving, *Alhambra*, July 18, 1829, P.M.I., II, 398.

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

⁷¹ Irving to Don Juan Wetherell, *Alhambra*, July 18, 1829, P.M.I., II, 396.

⁷² See II, 111-113.

⁷³ Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, *Alhambra*, July 29 [?], 1829 (H.E.H.).

⁷⁴ Irving to Louis McLane, *Alhambra*, Granada, July 22, 1829, P.M.I., II, 400.

⁷⁵ See P.M.I., II, 397.

⁷⁶ Martin Van Buren to J. T. Irving, Washington, May, 1829 (L.C.).

⁷⁷ Paulding wrote Irving a letter entreating his acceptance. P.M.I., II, 399.

⁷⁸ Brevoort's letter left no doubt concerning the opinions of Irving's closest friends: "The Ju[d]ge [J. T. Irving] & Ebenezer upon a thorough deliberation of the proposal were of opinion that you would not, or rather that you ought not to refuse, in which I entirely agree with them; accordingly an answer was written to the Honble Secretary [Van Buren] to this effect, — and I think there is no doubt that the appointment will be made." New York, May 31, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

⁷⁹ See I, 170-171.

⁸⁰ See I, 281.

⁸¹ Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Alhambra, June 16, 1829.

⁸² P.M.I., II, 397.

⁸³ Irving to Ebenezer Irving, Alhambra, July 22, 1829, P.M.I., II, 402. A typical instance of the favorable comments on Irving's appointment occurs in the *Philadelphia Album*, July 1, 1829.

⁸⁴ Irving to Peter Irving, Alhambra, July 25, 1829, P.M.I., II, 404.

⁸⁵ *Idem*, p. 405.

⁸⁶ Irving's letters to intimate friends continued to express profound regret at leaving the Alhambra; e.g., Irving to Henry Brevoort [Valencia, August 9, 1829], P.M.I., II, 407.

⁸⁷ Irving next saw the Duke of Gor in July, 1842. See II, 142-143.

⁸⁸ Notebook, 1829 [64].

⁸⁹ A round-topped, two-wheeled carriage. Irving later described this Spanish mode of travel in a letter to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Valencia, August 10, 1829 (Y.). "This is a Vehicle something like one of our milk or market carts . . . and is drawn by a single horse or mule; ornamented with worsted tufts to his head and a profusion of bells round his neck. The driver walks beside the horse, occasionally leading him where the road is difficult, and beating him with a cudgel where the road is smooth. The horse never goes off of a walk. . . . In this tartana we had two mattresses on which we lolled and which broke the jolting of the machine." He adds: "These served us likewise as beds at night; for the mattresses of the Spanish Inns are apt to be too dirty and *populous* to be slept upon with comfort. . . . We have been about twelve days in reaching this place in all which time I have not taken off my clothes to go to bed. . . . You cannot imagine any thing more squalid and comfortless than some of these Spanish Inns among the mountains or on the cross roads."

⁹⁰ "Recollections of the Alhambra," *Works*, ed. Stoddard, III, 607.

⁹¹ Irving to A. H. Everett, Alhambra, July 27, 1829 (T.).

⁹² See Journal, 1829, July 28 — August 4.

⁹³ The resemblances include the assembling in the same volume of history, essay, and short story; the preamble, or story within a story; the continuation of a slender thread of narrative to unify the book.

⁹⁴ It has seemed best to place this discussion of *The Alhambra* within the chapter describing Irving's last months in Spain, rather than after the year 1832, the date of its publication.

⁹⁵ The revised edition (1848). The first edition has thirty-one sections.

⁹⁶ For a discussion of the sources of *The Alhambra*, see Appendix III, pp. 314-315.

⁹⁷ See Luis del Mármol Carvajal, *Historia del rebelión y castigo de los moriscos del reyno de Granada* (Madrid, 1797), I, 109-110.

⁹⁸ Published five years earlier (1843).

⁹⁹ *The Alhambra*, pp. 145-176.

¹⁰⁰ This form was by no means new. Examples exist in Spanish literature of the eighteenth century, and it had attained popularity through Victor Joseph Étienne de Jouy (1764-1846. See I, 283), whom Irving had known in Paris. He had almost certainly read this French writer's *L'Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin ou Observations sur les mœurs et les usages français au commencement du XIX^e siècle*, pub-

lished in 1824, just after his return to Paris from Germany. The vogue of the *artículo de costumbres* seems to have had its real beginnings about 1820, in the *Cartas del pobrecito holgazán* of Sebastián Miñano (1797-1845). About the time of the writing of Irving's *Alhambra*, it was popular in Spain through the works of Serafín Estébanez Calderón, Mariana José de Larra, and Mesonero Romanos (see Ángel Ruiz, *La literatura española*, Madrid, 1916, III, 482-484); and it gained later real power in the works of Fernán Caballero, in, for example, *Clemencia*, *La gaviota*, or *La familia de Alvareda*. In these are "impresiones de la vida ordinaria." Andrés González-Blanco, *Historia de la novela en España desde el romanticismo á nuestros días* (Madrid, 1909), p. 218. One of the qualities ascribed to the Spanish novel, as the enthusiasm for the romantic waned, is "el amor á la realidad viva y concreta, despertado en cierto modo por los escritores de costumbres." Quoted from Pedro Blanco García, *La literatura española en el siglo XIX*, *idem*, p. 196. For a bibliography of the writings of Fernán Caballero (1796-1877), see Julio Cejador y Frauca, *Historia de la lengua y literatura castellana* (Madrid, 1918), VIII, 105-106. The resemblance to Irving's point of view is striking, particularly in such a book as Fernán Caballero's *Cuadros de costumbres* (Madrid, 1858. A reading of Fernán Caballero's "El autor a sus lectores," pp. 1-2, and of the sketches will suggest various resemblances to Irving's aims and technique in such writings as *The Sketch Book*).

¹⁰¹ "Carta a mi lector de las Batuecas," in *Clemencia, Obras Completas* (Madrid, 1898), III, 40.

¹⁰² See M. Romera-Navarro, *Historia de la literatura española* (Boston [1928]), p. 502, footnote.

¹⁰³ Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [85] (Y.).

¹⁰⁴ See *The Sketch Book*, pp. 55, 154, 187-202, 203-205, 465-467.

¹⁰⁵ e.g., *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 114-119; *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 456-458.

¹⁰⁶ *The Sketch Book*, pp. 15-18.

¹⁰⁷ *Idem*, p. 49.

¹⁰⁸ e.g., *The Alhambra*, pp. 76-81.

¹⁰⁹ *Idem*, p. vii.

¹¹⁰ These range from *Cuentos de la Alhambra*, de Washington Irving, traducidos por D.L.L. (Valencia 1833), to a modern edition in the "Nueva biblioteca de literatura," *Cuentos de la Alhambra*, ed. J. Ventura Traveset (Valencia [1926?]). See S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930. See also Bibliography.

¹¹¹ Descriptions of these persons, which recur in the Notebook, 1829, are apparently accurate, though Richard Ford declared that Irving had idealized them. *A Handbook for Travellers in Spain*, I, 366.

¹¹² "Preface to the Revised Edition," p. vii.

¹¹³ Irving to S. A. Allibone, Sunnyside, November 2, 1857, S. A. Allibone, *A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors* . . . (Philadelphia, 1891), I, 943.

¹¹⁴ It is not unusual to find English or Spanish editions of *The Alhambra* in the hands of visitors in the palace. Irving's description of his own quarters overlooking the garden in the Court of Lindaraxa is particularly exact.

¹¹⁵ See I, 365. Various other passages in *The Alhambra* are related as autobiography in the Notebook, 1829. Almost all the material for such sketches as "Public Fêtes of Granada" may be found in this notebook.

¹¹⁶ Descriptions in the notebook of the inhabitants of the Alhambra have been enlarged but not changed substantially; e.g., Alonzo de Aguilar (*The Alhambra*, p. 77), María Antonia Sabonea (*idem*, pp. 76-77). To comprehend Irving's method such descriptions may be compared with the originals in the notebook: "La Reyna Cuquina María Antonia Sabonea a little old woman who lives in a hole under the stair case and sews for a living - Has had five husbands and a half - one having died during courtship - is lively and droll. . . ." Notebook, 1829 [25].

¹¹⁷ For a discussion of the sources of the tales in *The Alhambra*, see Appendix III, pp. 315-316.

¹¹⁸ *Diary of William Dunlap* (New York, 1931), August 27, 1832.

¹¹⁹ e.g., H. A. Beers, *An Outline Sketch of American Literature* (New York, 1887), p. 100.

¹²⁰ There have been occasional reprints of separate stories of *The Alhambra*. See the *Independent*, May 22, 1916. See Bibliography.

¹²¹ For a discussion of the reputation of *The Alhambra*, see Appendix III, pp. 316-319.

¹²² *Journal*, 1829, August 10.

¹²³ *Idem*, August 16. Irving describes this meeting and another thirteen years later in a letter to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 5, 1842 (Y.).

¹²⁴ Carlos José Enrique de España (1775-1839).

¹²⁵ *Journal*, 1829, August 17.

¹²⁶ See chap. xxiii.

¹²⁷ See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Valencia, August 10, 1829 (N.Y.P.L.).

¹²⁸ *Idem*, under date of October 6, 1829. It was imperative for Sneyd to reach England by September, since he was to be presented to a living of a thousand pounds a year. Engaged to be married to the daughter of the British consul at Cádiz, he was anxious to return at once to Spain. "All these prospects," said Irving, "which had animated him throughout our journey and had been the themes of our frequent conversation, had made him more and more impatient to get on, the nearer he arrived to his journey's end. After being several days in bed at Paris, he took advantage of the first return of strength to set off with all haste for England. Poor fellow! on my arrival in London I was shocked at receiving intelligence of his death! The scenes I have had with his afflicted parents are too painful to be repeated." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Valencia, August 10 [London, October 6], 1829.

¹²⁹ In Paris Irving remained about a fortnight. He discussed with Caleb Cushing the latter's plan for a "Spanish Sketch Book." See *Reminiscences of Spain* . . . (Boston, 1833). See also C. M. Fuess, *The Life of Caleb Cushing* (New York [1923]), I, 114.

